

Radio MIRROR

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WG-12

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**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups —
dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm**

A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says . . . "You're a charming woman."

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Radio MIRROR

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN,
EDITOR

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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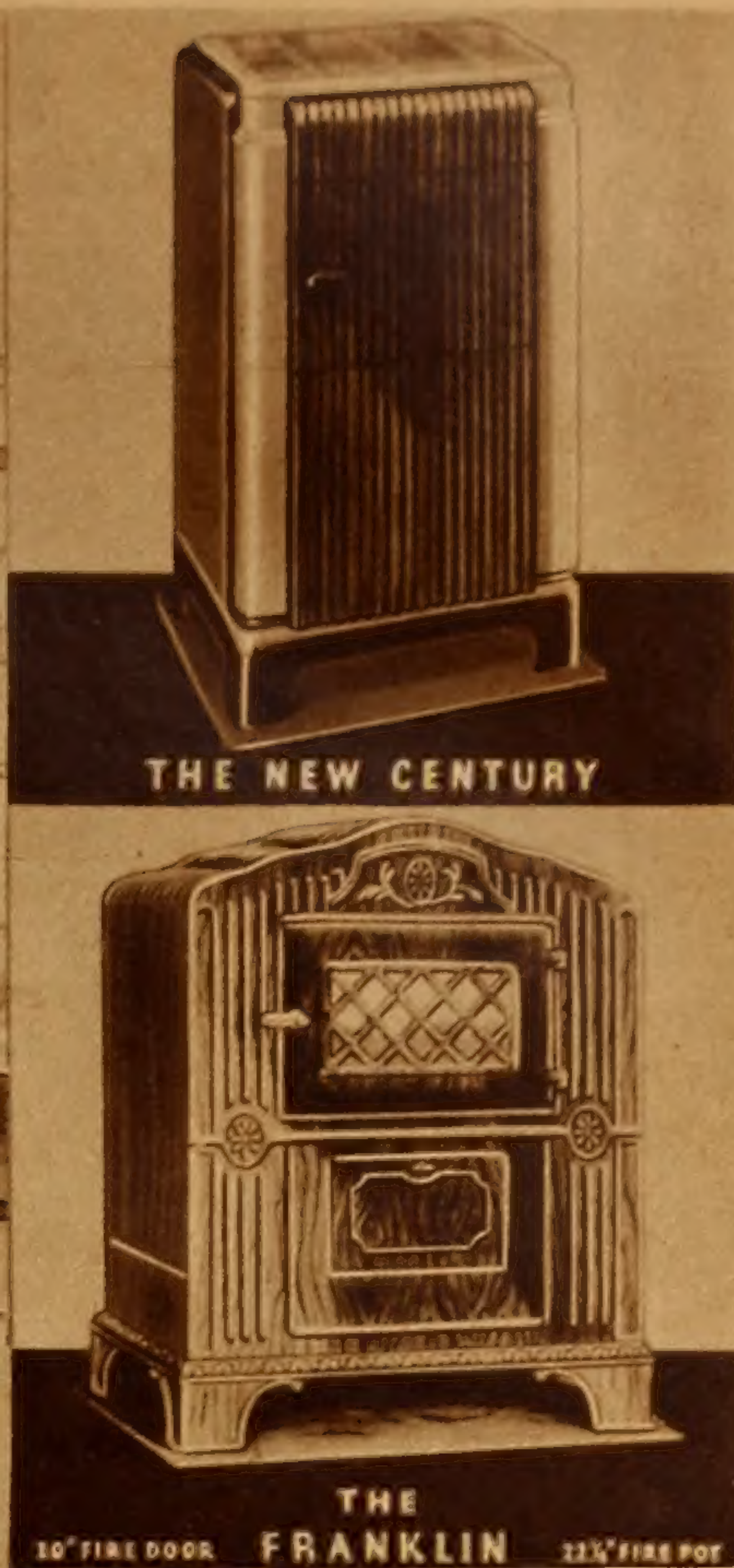
Cover

—PORTRAIT OF GLADYS SWARTHOUT
BY TCHETCHET

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(Please Print Name Plainly)

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(It costs only 1c to mail this coupon. Paste or copy it on the back of a Govt. Post Card)

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?



This is your page, readers! Here's a chance to get your opinions in print! Write your letter today, have your say, and maybe you'll win the big prize!

This is Columbia's newest singing attraction, Lois Ravel. The blue-eyed, auburn-haired gal was born in Baltimore, Maryland. She's been choir singer, night club entertainer and musical comedy star.

NOW that the new and old fall programs are in full swing and you're bursting with criticism for and against, why not relieve your mind and let the radio program makers know how their shows are taking effect? Prizes for best letters, of course—\$20.00 for the best, \$10.00 for the second best and \$1.00 each for the next five selected. Address your criticism to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and mail it by November 22.

\$20.00 PRIZE

In common with other radio fans I am beginning to fear that some of our brightest stars are lost in the wilds of Hollywood. They "go for a few weeks to make a picture," but the weeks become months and they are still absent. If contracts require them to stay indefinitely why shouldn't all of them be aired from the Coast as a few now are? Radio popularity is often a very ephemeral thing, and new talent is crowding the airways. We welcome the newcomers, but do not want them to supplant our favorites.

There is another risk for the radio star who goes into pictures. Will his work on the screen enhance or diminish his popularity on the air? I recall one feature film which certainly added nothing to the appeal of the star as actor or singer.

LYDIA KING, Drexel Hill, Pa.

\$10.00 PRIZE

It seems to me that radio is becoming more and more like a record playing the same thing over and over again. One radio star starts an amateur contest and in a month's time no matter when you turn on your radio, an amateur's voice gives you the earache. Even on Sunday there are two nation-wide amateur hours closely following one another. Then too, take the comedians, there is hardly any difference between Joe Cook and Joe Penner or Block and Sully and Burns and Allen. Is there? I think that when one program starts a certain type of entertainment no other person should be allowed to imitate it.

CONRAD F. DAVIES, Baltimore, Md.

\$1.00 PRIZE

My favorite of daytime programs is the "Breakfast Club of the Air" for it does "stick" with you all day.

Its toastmaster, Don McNeil, offers cheerful chatter that is just as crisp and crunchy as toast itself.

The good "coffee-like" refreshing and sparkling music of Walter Blaufuss and his boys is very stimulating.

For sugar and cream we have Edna Odell and Jack Owens, both grand singers of songs!

And for variety, the "Merry Macs," the Morin Sisters and the Three Flats lend their pleasing voices, all of which comprise a musical menu that should tickle the most fastidious palate.

AGNES A. ALLAN, Lakewood, Ohio.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Golden Rules for radio listeners—and aren't we all!

PERMIT others to have their own notions of radio entertainment; don't spoil what may be fine amusement for someone else by your personal criticism.

SUBMIT to advertising talks even though you may dislike them—if it weren't for the advertisers you might as well disconnect your radio (they're the guys that make the finest programs possible). Also use their products whenever you legitimately can.

TRANSMIT your special enjoyment of a program by mentioning it to your friends, and finally:

REMIT a note of thanks occasionally to sponsors of artists who have given you particular pleasure—the inspiration of artists, the incentive to sponsors to continue a program, comes from expressed public appreciation as well as sales.

CATHERINE MERVICK, Providence, R. I.

\$1.00 PRIZE

We are very much isolated from the rest of the world up here in the Tusayan pines. No movies, no good music, and no shopping facilities. Nothing but our radio for entertainment and from it we have our pleasure, education, religion and news.

Every evening our radio takes us to the theaters to enjoy the latest dramas and brings to us messages from the important and interesting personalities in the limelight

of the day. We listen to the latest music and enjoy the old airs of yesterday played by the best orchestras in the country.

We enjoy our window shopping through the advertisements.

We eagerly wait for the news broadcasts bringing us the daily events of the world
MRS. J. V. GALINDO,
Tusayan, Arizona.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I think that the greatest star on the radio today is Rudy Vallee. I cannot attend many movies or plays, but he brings the leading actors into my home each week. He presents some of the best comedians of the screen, radio and stage. His novelty acts such as the talking parrot, which he presented a few months ago, Robert L. Ripley, Tom Terris, the adventurer, etc., are of the best. His singing is very good and the orchestra is one of the best on the air. The atmosphere of his program is that of a theater and when I listen to it I feel that I am in a real theater. That's why I say "orchids to Rudy Vallee."

JOSEPH W. CURTIS,
Dorchester, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

For the funniest, snappiest, dizziest, daffiest piece of entertainment on the air, I'll take George Burns and Gracie Allen with their whimsical, nonsensical foolishness. Without a doubt, they thoroughly deserve the title of "radio's brightest dimwits."

You need not be dubious about letting the kiddies hear George and Gracie, either, because their chatter is full of good, clean fun. When you're feeling down in the dumps some Wednesday evening, just give them a trial and I think you will agree with me when I say that they are the best medicine for chasing the blues.

ELIZABETH VAN GEUDER,
Washington, D. C.

HONORABLE MENTION

"If I were Czar of radio I would engage the incomparable Jessica Dragonette as prima donna of light operas and request that she take the speaking as well as the singing role, for her speaking voice is equally as lovely as her singing."—GERALDINE CLEAVER, Anita, Iowa.

"I want to give three big cheers to the unknown sound-effects men."—JACK DORFMAN, St. Paul, Minnesota.

"There is no need for anyone not to be informed on any subject these days with men like Edwin C. Hill, Boake Carter, Lowell Thomas, etc., giving us the best they have."—MRS. MINNIE B. MARX, Chicago, Ill.

"We must remember that we are getting, absolutely free, a billion dollars worth of amusement for the mere trouble of twisting a dial."—JOSEPH FISCHER, San Antonio, Texas.

"My pet peeve is the droll announcer who puts the soft pedal on my favorite tune in transcripts, in favor of advertising."—GEORGE A. KREMER, Granite City, Ill.

"My husband always says that if the house caught on fire I would tuck the baby under one arm and the radio under the other."—MRS. A. STOPPEL, Los Angeles, Calif.

"It burns me up to have a program like "Mary Marlin," called "sugary."—CATHERINE FUELLING, Canton, Ohio.



REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous massage-like action gently reduces surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

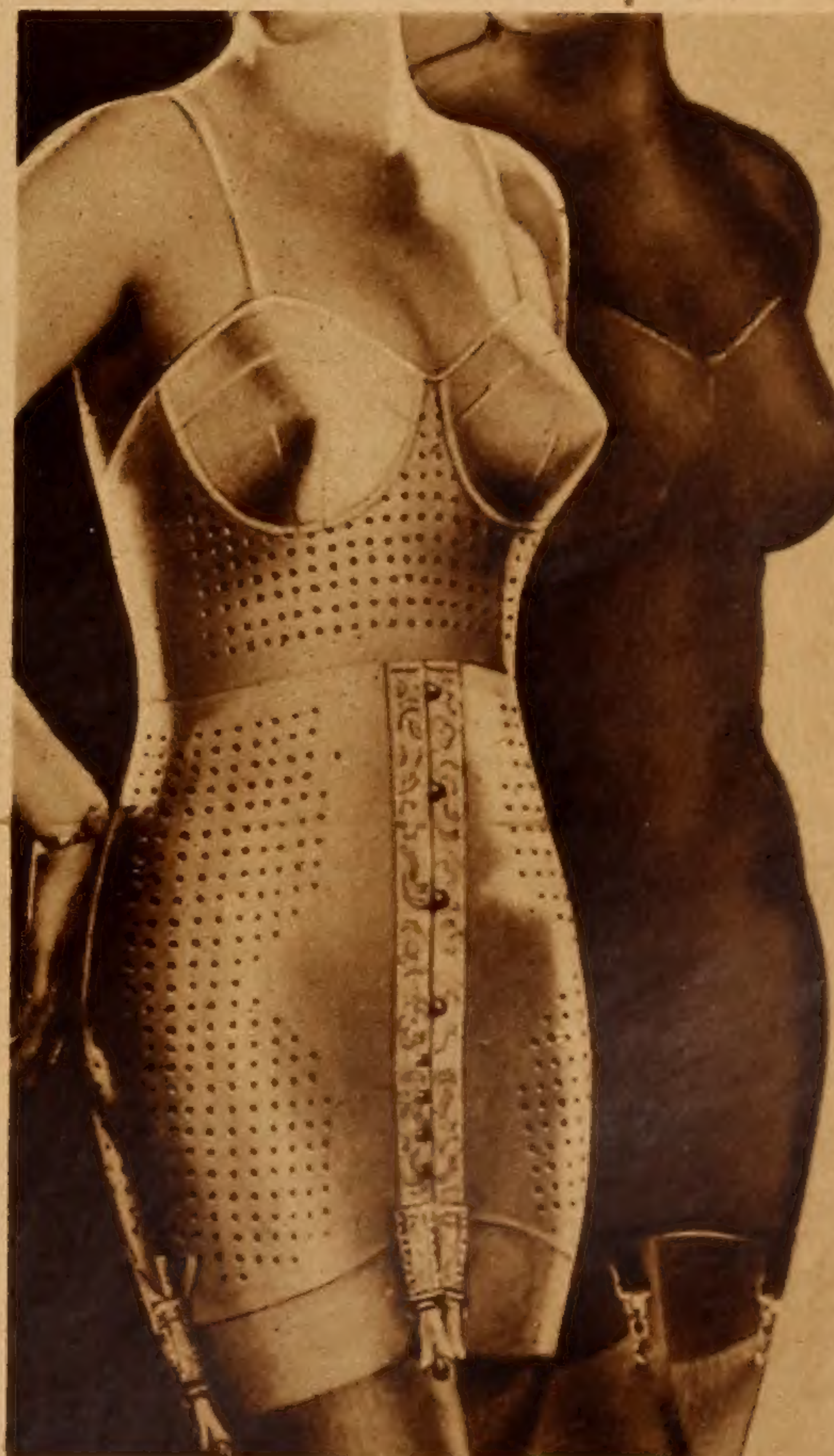
● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinated fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

"I have . . .
**REDUCED MY HIPS
9 INCHES with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"**
... writes Miss Jean Healy

**»TEST . . . the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
FOR 10 DAYS
... at our expense!**



SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW

By JAY PETERS

JEALOUSY among professional folk is no secret. It has been the theme of many an engaging novel, play and picture, and the whole world knows how the green-eyed monster rules the lives of artists. But to learn that the Sherlock Holmeses of one detective department in Washington are jealous of the publicity given the super-sleuths of another government division—well, that IS NEWS!

It all comes to the surface, this alleged craving for the spotlight by rival departments of criminal-catchers, through the fading from the kilocycles of Phillips Lord's "G-Men" series. The lowdown, as Radio Row hears it, is that the Secret Service Bureau of the United States Treasury, resenting the exploitation of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation of the United States Department of Justice, brought so much pressure to bear, directly and indirectly, that the sponsor found it discreet to drop the program.

Whether or not this is the fact—and the truth, probably, never will be known—it is true that the "G-men" stories were the source of much irritation and the cause of many headaches in the NBC studios from the very beginning. Lord had to exercise extraordinary care in the preparation of the scripts and observe so many "don'ts" imposed by the Department of Justice that he almost despaired of ever fulfilling his end of the contract. The continuity had to be okayed by Washington and then, to make sure there had been no deviation from the script, the complete program was piped from Radio City to Washington for final approval before the actual broadcast. At the start J. Edgar Hoover, brilliant head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, appeared as one of the characters, the part being played by Matt Crowley. After a few episodes orders came to cut Hoover from the proceedings and Radio Row understood those orders originated with United States Attorney General Cummings, Hoover's boss.

And now you know why you are no longer hearing "G-Men" exploited on the air. They can exterminate Dillingers and Baby Face Nelsons and capture or kill desperate kidnapping gangs after machine-gun duels, but you will have to become acquainted with these heroic doings via the news-

papers and magazines. Unless, of course, the Secret Service, which runs to justice less glamorous characters, like counterfeiters and smugglers, can find some way of preventing the journals from functioning. Which is extremely doubtful, for the press isn't so susceptible to official Washington as the radio.

CAN you imagine Shirley Temple and Kate Smith co-starred in a movie? Well, that is just what's in the offing. However, there are several matters which will have to be adjusted before this picture partnership can occur. Kate must get permission from her sponsor to transfer the broadcasts to Hollywood, so she can be handy to the lots, and a satisfactory script must be provided. Her cinema experiences have been unhappy and Kate won't take another chance unless the story gives her the opportunities she thinks she deserves.

THE death of Janet Lee, one of the most promising of the younger radio actresses, on the eve of her greatest triumph, climaxed a series of sinister events that has be-deviled the Court of Human Relations cast. In the memory of your correspondent there is no story of mishaps to compare with this one. Here are the highlights of this eerie tale, all the evils befalling the performers in a period of seven weeks:

First, Florence Baker, the leading lady, broke (Continued on page 46)

Jimmy Wallington sails to join Cantor on the Coast. His mother and some friends bid him adieu. Jimmy's the one with the mustache and Mother Wallington is on his right.

Grace Line

The return of Father Coughlin to the airwaves will mark a radical change in the Fighting Priest's attitude—from critic to staunch supporter of the Roosevelt Administration. Oysters "R" in season, and Maestro Paul Whiteman (below) knows when and where to get them on the half shell.

Wide World



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By Weldon Melick

Brief Reviews of the New Programs

WORLD PEACEWAYS. Orchids, palms (brought together rapidly) and huzzas to a program devoted to engendering the thought and wish for world peace in public consciousness. And showers of praise because this difficult type of program has been so well-balanced that it is prime entertainment throughout. It includes eminent speakers whose words mean something, Howard Barlow's orchestra and chorus, guest soloists of the first caliber, dramatic sketches in keeping with the theme, and my favorite master of ceremonies, Deems Taylor.

CBS Thurs., 9:30 P. M., 30 min.

RICHARD LEIBERT. He winds the Radio City Music Hall pipe organ around his nimble fingers in a manner that would shame a piccolo player. What I'm trying to say is that this program is the nuts, no foolin'.

NBC Mon. through Fri., 7:00 P. M., 15 min.

MUSIC IS MY HOBBY. One of the brighter ideas of the month. "Amateur" musicians among famous people who have made their mark in other fields, air their melodious talents. Not a gong in a car-load.

NBC Thurs., 7:30 P. M., 15 min.

HARV AND ESTHER. The product is ballyhooed in this comedy (?) musical program as being "sweet as a nut," which perhaps refers to its star comedian, Teddy Bergman. Teddy is sweet in the script, but not as nutty as we have every right to expect after those side-splitting commentaries he does in the newsreels. His puns are the weakest heard this season. The singing voices, Audrey Marsh, Jack Arthur, and the Rhythm Girls, and Vic Arden's orchestra, are pleasing, but it will take a better program than this to compete with Vallee's Varieties, at the same hour.

CBS Thurs., 8:00 P. M., 30 min.

ATWATER KENT, however will give Rudy plenty to worry about. Looks as if the Battle of the Guest Stars will be fought out on this front if it takes all winter. CBS will flaunt the best musical talent available to draw that Thursday night audience. The Yeasters will inwardly rage, and procure even better guest stars, if possible. And will *we* have fun!

CBS Thurs., 8:30 P. M., 30 min.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL. Four more guest stars every week! The sure fire success formula for a radio program has at last been discovered. All you have to do is put Lindbergh, Einstein, the Dionne Quintet, Greta Garbo, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera, and six comedians on the same program. Personally, I like the idea. We're getting several times a week the kind of shows we used to get a couple of times a year at monster benefit shows.

NBC Thursdays 10:00 P. M., 60 min.

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET. Eddie and Ralph are now in the bodyguard business—corsets to you. Too bad television isn't here. They'd be a scream giving demonstrations.

CBS Sundays 1:45 P. M., 15 min.

Why does **NEMO** *tag*
its corsets:



WASH WITH IVORY FLAKES

"Your corsets—since you wear them next to your skin—need frequent washings," declares Nemo. "Not only to preserve their looks and fit, but because perspiration when allowed to remain in fine corsets actually rots away the strength of the fabric!"

A DANGER. Your corsets are made of "live" fabric—need gentle treatment. Don't make the mistake of washing them with hot water or a *strong soap*! Any soap less pure than Ivory is apt to make the elastic *flabby*. Use chifon-thin Ivory Flakes, made of pure Ivory Soap—"safe even for a baby's skin."

A PRECAUTION. "If you give your corsets Ivory Flakes care you can keep them looking as they did in the fitting room," promises Nemo. "Ivory Flakes are an absolutely *pure* soap—they preserve the elasticity and fit, prolong the *life* of fine corsets!"

NEMO foundation of silk batiste; Alençon lace and two-way stretch back with convenient talon closing. Light front boning. Very low back. Sold in fine stores everywhere.

"SHE WEARS A NEMO BECAUSE SHE'S SMART"

DO's and DON'Ts in Corset-washing

DO use lukewarm water and pure Ivory Flakes.

DON'T use a less-pure soap—it weakens fabrics.

DO squeeze suds through, using a soft brush on soiled spots—Rinse in lukewarm water.

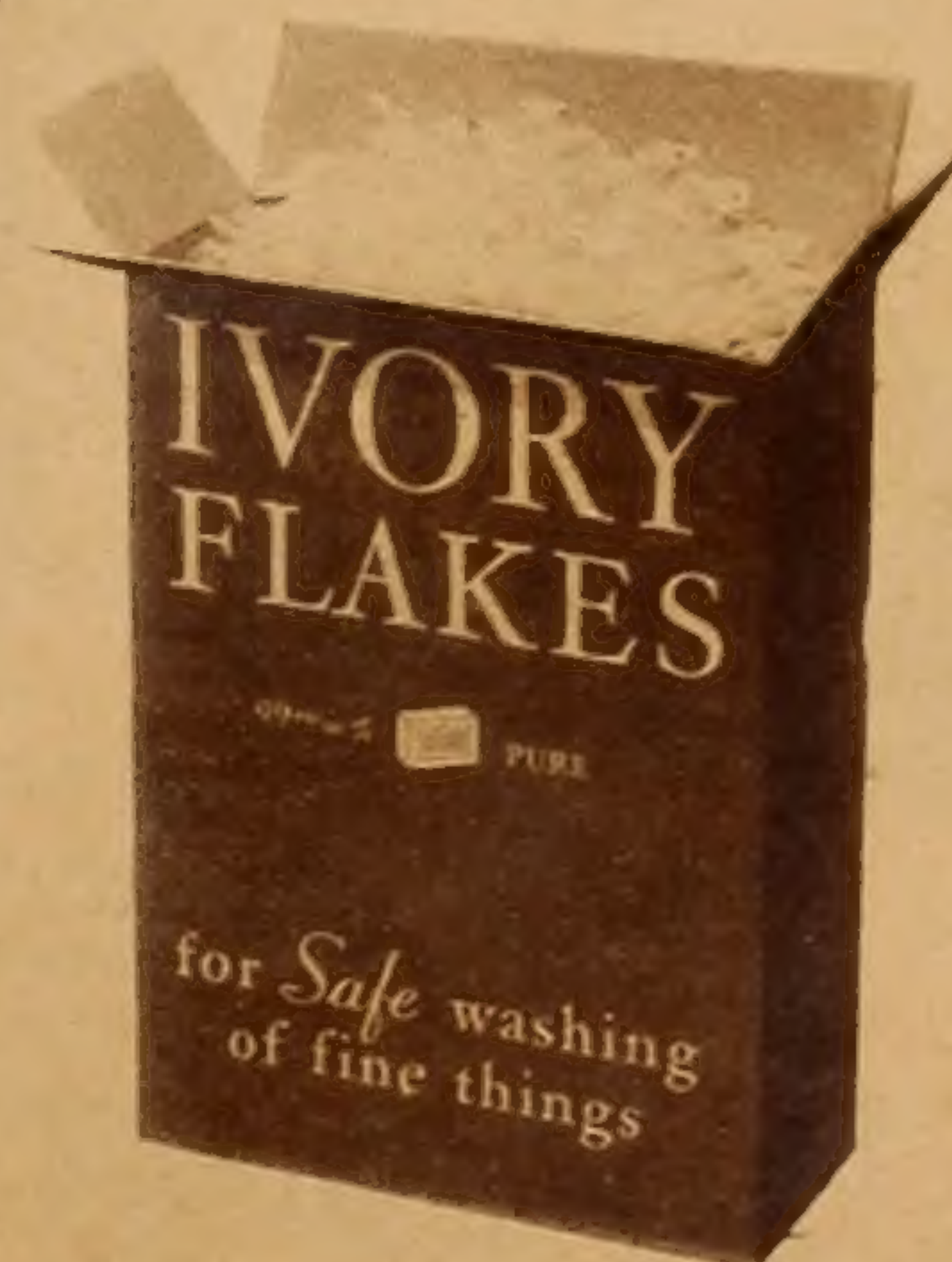
DON'T rub, wring or twist—it may distort the garment.

DO roll in towel and knead to remove excess moisture.

DON'T allow to remain rolled up.

DO dry garment away from heat—Press fabric parts on wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

DON'T use hot iron—Don't iron elastic.



IVORY FLAKES 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE

PROOF BY EVERYDAY PEOPLE HOW

LISTERINE FIGHTS COLDS and SORE THROAT



"Listerine nipped my cold in the bud"
"My husband and I were at the theatre and evidently got in a draft. My throat tightened up and I felt as if I were in for a severe cold. I gargled several times with Listerine before retiring, and in the morning the congestion was gone." Signed MRS. R. B., Tuckahoe, N.Y.



"Son has fewer colds"

"My youngest son, age 6, has always until this winter, been subject to sore throat and head colds. Since using Listerine regularly before going to school or to bed, I am glad to say he has been free from these troubles ever since." Signed MRS. C. E. J., Marion, Ind.



"No more colds now"

"I can't say too much in favor of Listerine. I use it daily as a mouth wash and nasal spray, and I have been free from colds since I began using it regularly." Signed E. K. H., Maynard, Mass.



"My throat was almost completely healed"

"One time I had a sore throat so badly that the soreness extended back to the roof of my mouth. I used Listerine 3 times as a gargle and my throat was almost completely healed." Signed MRS. H. B. G., Pontiac, Mich.

ONE-HALF AS MANY COLDS FOR LISTERINE USERS, TESTS SHOW

Listerine's amazing results against the common cold, proved in 1931, 1932 and 1934

Are you subject to frequent colds, or troubled with sore throat? Try gargling with Listerine every morning and every night for a while. You may find, as scores of others have, that this delightful treatment is a wonderful aid in warding off these troubles.

People have been telling us that for years. Their experience is corroborated by careful tests made during the winters of 1931, 1932 and 1934. Conducted under medical supervision, these tests revealed this astonishing fact:

That those who gargled with Listerine twice a day or oftener caught cold approximately only one-half as often as those who did not gargle with it. Moreover, when they did catch cold, the colds were mild in comparison with those contracted by non-users of Listerine.

The explanation of Listerine's success lies in the fact that when used as a gargle, it kills, on mouth and throat surfaces, millions of the germs associated with colds and ordinary sore throat.

Get in the habit of using undiluted Listerine regularly, morning and night. And at the first sign of a cold, increase the gargle to once every three hours. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Try this new, finer
COUGH DROP
ends throat tickle
relieves irritation
checks coughs

10c



MRS. LANNY ROSS
ANSWERS ALL OF
YOUR QUESTIONS

REFLECTIONS IN THE RADIO MIRROR

DEAR FRIENDS:

Olive White, who still calls herself that even though she's Mrs. Lanny Ross, is one of the most attractive, energetic and charming women in the radio world. And she is certainly the most harassed!

Where was she born? What sort of life has she led? How did her career bring her into the life and career of Lanny Ross? How do she and her husband adjust their mutual business and personal life? Where do they live? What sort of life do they lead now? What are their social contacts, their recreations, their plans for the future? Olive White Ross is being deluged with these and many other questions. Which is understandable.

Although they don't intend to have gushy, romantic stories written about their private life—and rightly so—and although at the moment they are mainly concerned with the great new plans for "Lanny Ross and the Maxwell House Show Boat," and the signing up of a new "girl" for Lanny Ross (Louise Massey) here, first and for the last time, those questions are to be answered! So for this brief moment let's look behind the scenes—and after that the meteoric career of Lanny Ross must curtain their private lives.

In that little town of Baraboo, Wisconsin, also the birth place of the famous Ringling Brothers, a little girl dreamed of the exciting career she knew lay before her. Her sister and brother, so much older than she, and her widowed mother encouraged her successful forays into amateur theatricals. But it was not until she stood on the threshold of life, on the eve of her graduation from the University of Wisconsin, that Olive White made up her mind that she was going to become a famous singer! Her mother had died that year and, in that sobering tragedy, Olive found herself closer than ever to reality. So on her own initiative she took the daring step—and went to Paris to study with M. Bertram the intricacies of vocal technique. She continued her studies in Chicago and then set out for New York to try her luck in the theater.

A woman friend, aware of the pitfalls of a theatrical career, told her: "Give yourself a time limit—and if at the end of it you haven't succeeded in what you set out to do, *change your line!*" That's what Olive White did! At the end of two years, despite an occasional engagement, she had not accomplished what she'd dreamed of—and so she changed her line. She went to Chicago, got a job on a newspaper, and in a few short months found herself firmly entrenched in the maelstrom of theatrical publicity. She was managing people like Marion Harris, Phil Baker, and the whole troupe of a Shubert musical!

She wrote a novel about her work, "Woven Threads,"

which was looked upon with interest by several big publishers. But she says it wasn't published because it wasn't written well enough! Be that as it may, she had come to New York and now devoted herself to the furthering of other people's careers, rather than her own. She represented a textile designer and an industrial designer and a young singer who was not meeting with any great success in his chosen career. His name was Launcelot Ross, late of Yale and the Columbia Law School!

In Lanny Ross, Olive White saw the same handicaps she had faced. To the run-of-the-mill Broadway agent this Ross boy seemed too conservative, too modest and shy, to fight the Broadway battle. And, good Lord, he has a college education yet! These "handicaps" Olive White turned into advantages. It is Lanny's very conservatism, modesty and shyness which have made him so beloved today by fans and confreres. And the college education—well, when he was called upon to learn ninety sides of dialogue for a little theater engagement in

"Petticoat Fever" Lanny's well-trained mind enabled him to memorize the part in two days and give a finished, intelligent performance ten days after he'd picked up the script. Handicap? Not on your life!

You know what

happened after that. Olive puts it this way: "Lanny Ross and I have worked together for three years and as a natural result, much of our leisure time has also been spent together—so what happened? Harry Leon Wilson made it famous a number of years ago—I became Lanny's 'best friend and severest critic.' The only possible conclusion was that we were married on Monday, July 29th, by a minister in Milbrook, New York."

During those three years they *have* worked together, solving the intricate problems which a young radio star faces, battling the complicated Hollywood set-up, removing Lanny from the battle, unscathed, when they saw that he wasn't getting the proper vehicles in pictures. And today, because of that battle, Lanny can write his own ticket for radio, movies or personal appearances!

What kind of life do they lead? Well, at the moment Olive still has her apartment and Lanny has his. But in a few weeks they will be settled in a duplex apartment overlooking the East River, the apartment with the two-story studio room, and the peaceful, quiet atmosphere which Olive knows is so important for both of them. For you must remember that their business life isn't over at five in the afternoon. It continues from the moment they arise to the moment they retire. Frequently there are business conferences at night, made charming by the gracious hostessing of Olive and the friendly good fellowship of Lanny. And if you wonder how (Continued on page 82)



Mrs. Lanny Ross still calls herself Olive White and is continuing her career.

WRITE ME YOUR OPINIONS. PRIZES FOR BEST
LETTERS ARE ON PAGE FOUR

Ernest V. Heyn

THE MAD, MAD



From 8:30 in the morning to 10:45 at night, "Time Marches On." That's how long it takes to prepare and broadcast this sensational program. In the scenes enfolded in the arc across these pages, from left to right: Bill Geer, chief news editor at his desk, sorting the day's events with the aid of his able lieutenants; script rehearsal without the orchestra; Arthur Pryor, Jr., the program director; next we see the final assembling of the finished scripts one and a half hours before the broadcast goes on the air. Finally, dress rehearsal—a half hour before the broadcast. That's Howard Barlow with the baton. Left, Ted di Corsia is the radio voice of Mussolini and opposite page, lower left, Haile Selassie, Ethiopia's ruler, with his radio impersonator, Edwin Jerome.

Photographs made especially for RADIO MIRROR by Wide World

EVERY twenty-four hours, as the world turns once in its orbit, earth's farthest flung outposts of civilization become the birth places of one of America's most exciting radio programs. A news event, springing into being in Addis Ababa, Tokyo, or Moscow, speeds along, full born, across cables fathoms deep under the Atlantic ocean, under the pavements of New York City, into fifteenth-floor rooms of the Columbia Broadcasting System building.

While the city desks of metropolitan newspapers are still reading over the latest war bulletins from Ethiopia, the newest demand of Mussolini, these life dramas of tumultuous nations are being transformed into radio scripts that will reach listeners five, three, or even one hour later.

That is why five-time-a-week March of Time comes through your loudspeaker with all the punch, suspense, and excitement of an early morning extra; why, listening to it, you sit attentively in anticipation.

This show, unrehearsed in comparison with other, more elaborate programs, uses in its battle against the fleeting minutes the most modern system of communication any GHQ headquarters could devise—one of the world's largest syndicate news services, cablegrams from private reporters, private wires to a research library, inter-connecting phone systems with the radio studio, the program's advertising agency, the studio's control room.

In order to paint the vivid picture of the conception and

delivery of a March of Time, it is necessary to step into those rooms on the fifteenth floor of the CBS building. The time is 8:30 in the morning.

Since last night's program ended at a quarter to eleven, news reports have been ticking in on a teletypewriter, a heavy, glass-enclosed machine that automatically types out on long sheets of paper stories that are being cabled in from every important capital in the world.

Five lieutenants, their general, and his secretary gather about the machine, pick up the sheets, and adjourn to the general's private office. On his desk are piled the morning editions of New York's many newspapers. The general is Bill Geer, tall, blond, a writer since 1929 for the magazine that sponsors the program. The lieutenants are experienced script men hired exclusively for the show.

For an hour the news is sorted. Then the general—by now in shirt sleeves—issues his orders. The five best stories have been selected. Each script man gets his assignment, goes out into the outer room, uncovers his typewriter, and begins the job of turning the story into a dramatic skit suitable for radio presentation.

For the rest of the morning general Geer is in constant telephonic communication with the research library of his magazine, checking the names, dates, and background of the stories he hopes will be used on the night's program. As each new fact is uncovered, his secretary rushes it to the five lieutenants who incorporate *(Continued on page 83)*

BEHIND THE SCENES OF ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST EXCITING RADIO

PROGRAMS, THE FIVE-TIME-A-WEEK NEWS EVENTS WHICH

COME TO YOU LIKE AN EARLY MORNING EXTRA!

MARCH OF TIME

By FRED
RUTLEDGE

*For the March of
Time, sponsored
by Time Maga-
zine and Rem-
ington Rand,
see page 53—
10 o'clock col.*



RADIO MIRROR

Proudly Presents

CURTIS MITCHELL

Well known writer, editor
and friend of radio per-
sonalities, in a fascinating
series of articles beginning
with—



T A L E N T A N D J I T T E R S



OFF-HAND, I'd say the average radio star is made up of two parts sheer talent, three parts grit, four parts peacock, and five parts jitters. They vary according to their stamping grounds, of course, running to higher proportions of peacock especially in New York and Hollywood. Wherever you find them, though, there are two things you can't get away from—talent and jitters.

It's funny, but a surprising number of my friendships with people who make their living broadcasting came about as a result of those jitters, as a result of my happening along with a blow-torch just when their nerves had turned their bodies into sticks of dynamite.

The first one who blew up—all over me, by the way—was the Singing Lady. The second was a red-eyed threat to my life and limb named Rudy Vallee. The third was a blonde with curls clear down to here who was facing something of a crisis when I butted in. That's how I came to know Jessica Dragonette.

The Singing Lady thing was a mistake, pure and simple. But how was Irene Wicker to know that way out in Chi-

"'Don't you dare,' I advised. Next day Jessica Dragonette cut her hair."

cago? You see, I was the bright boy detective who had discovered who the Singing Lady actually was. It was a great mystery in those days. The mention of her name brought "sush-sushings" down around my ears in every studio I visited until the day one undisciplined

THOSE HIDDEN MOMENTS IN THE LIVES OF THE STARS



"Rudy Vallee didn't like the story. He didn't like me. . . . Later, I watched him while he struggled with the decision that put his whole future in perill"

employee inadvertently told me the Singing Lady's real name. I rushed it into print, scooping the opposition, scooping the world. I even scooped the Singing Lady herself.

I wrote, "The Singing Lady's real name is Edna Kellogg." Remember Edna? A grand singer, but certainly and positively not the Singing Lady.

The first intimation of disaster came through the mail, a letter from the company that employed the young lady in question. Then a shower of cards from folk who knew better, who had listened to Miss Wicker for months. Then a gentleman with an evil eye who announced himself as the Singing Lady's lawyer, and asked just what I was going to do about repairing the damage I had done his client's reputation. Finally, I met the Singing Lady herself.

It was at a big party that Ben Bernie gave. Amos 'n' Andy were there. So was Sophie Tucker. Little Jackie Heller had just finished singing his heart out when Ben called a slim, quick-moving girl to the piano. He introduced her as Ireene Wicker, the Singing Lady. Later, as she passed my table, a mutual friend stopped her.

"Irene," he said, eyeing me. "This is the guy who . . ."

I rose, ready to duck. I'd heard she was fit to be tied. She'd sent a lawyer my way, remember.

She held out her hand and smiled, "Let's let bygones be bygones," she said. You could have knocked me over with a powder puff.

You get to know people when you scrap with them. We didn't scrap after that but the start I'd got helped me to know Ireene Wicker, and the more I knew her the more I understood why she was able to tell ten million kids what to eat and make 'em eat it.

One night I saw her go upstairs at six o'clock with two little girls, age four and seven. My little girls, to be exact. And she stayed upstairs for three solid hours telling such tales as those youngsters had never heard before and probaby will never hear again. While the rest of us played bridge, she was talking two kids into slumberland, and having more fun doing it than anyone else in the house. No wonder children love her.

Just recently, I rode in the new car that is the apple of her eye. It is a big car, the finest made in America. She

"You get to know people when you scrap with them." That's how Curtis Mitchell got to know Ireene Wicker and her husband!



and her husband, the same Walter Wicker who produces and acts in Today's Children, had saved their money scrupulously for months on end. They promised each other they were going to buy a paid-up life insurance policy, until they saw the car and bought it; the longest, blackest, shiniest car in Chicago.

Just a week later they were driving home from a weekend in Wisconsin. The day was foggy. In the middle of a narrow bridge a joy-riding vacationist roared down on them, swerved, and ripped off two brand new fenders and a running board. The Singing Lady's voice wasn't quite so steady when she told her stories that night.

Even then the lightning that never or almost never strikes twice hadn't finished with her. She was parked at the curb, the car all newly repaired and painted. A moon-mad driver careened out of the road and plowed straight through her new car's rear bumper and trunk. He was very apologetic and the car was insured, fortunately, but even now when you remind her of that night a certain ominous light rises in her eyes that bodes no good for the next Sunday driver who practices on her automobile.

Rudy Vallee's jitters are usually kept under the complete control of his iron-like will. (Continued on page 66)

REVEALED BY THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS ABOUT THEM!



NOT UNTIL NOW HAVE THE AMAZING SACRIFICES OF
THIS GLAMOROUS STAR BEEN TOLD. VAST RICHES AND
A TEMPTING TITLE WERE AT HER COMMAND—AND YET—

UNTOLD CHAPTERS IN Grace Moore's Life

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

THIS is the amazing story of a girl who could have jumped overnight from an obscure cafe where she sang for her dinners into the lap of blue blooded society and, instead, decided in favor of a career that held only the slightest glimmer of promise.

Three times Grace Moore was asked to accept in marriage rich, handsome men whose position commanded servants, diamonds, yachts—and each time she said no to pin her hopes on her young, untrained voice.

But when, not long ago, royal equerries left a crested invitation to tea with Queen Mary of England, this same girl who had refused wealth and luxury through a husband's name stood in the hallway of social fame, accepted and applauded by the same people who would have scorned her short years ago.

These untold chapters which have hidden the tremendous courage and belief in herself that helped Grace Moore prefer musical comedy to overwhelmingly rich young bachelors, began to unfold in New York's garish Greenwich Village.

Grace had come to New York to seek her fortune with nothing more substantial than a \$25 a month allowance, all her army officer father could afford to send. Together with another equally poor and aspiring girl, she was living in a tiny one-room walk-up apartment. To make sure that she would eat every night, Grace sang in the Black Cat restaurant, a typical Village meeting place.

That is how it happened that one night Thomas Markoe Robertson heard Grace Moore, sat at a table in the dimly lit Black Cat and drank in the slim figure outlined on the floor by the flickering lights, took in the enchanting beauty of her face. Grace never dreamed while singing to her audience that listening, engrossed, was one of Park Avenue's most sought after men.

She didn't know it until Robertson spoke a brief

word to the proprietor and an introduction was arranged. Young, eager, hopeful, she accepted his friendship with a thrill she couldn't quite hide. From that night on, Robertson forsook his uptown clubs and his socialite kinsmen to drive down to the narrow side street off lower Seventh Avenue which boasted the Black Cat.

Grace, going home after work at night to crawl into the hard, narrow bed in the cramped apartment, dreamed over the things Robertson had promised her. He had spoken of Europe, of a honeymoon trip around the world, of his country estate on Long Island. (Continued on page 74)

When Queen Mary of England invited Grace to "tea for two," society gasped. George Biddle, wealthy socialite, below, urged an elopement, but Grace preferred a career. Prince San Faustino, lower left, offered Grace one of the oldest Italian titles. Lower right, Thomas Markoe Robertson, whose wealth and position Grace also refused.

Acme photos



Wide World



WILL WAR GUNS

NO statement made in these articles on the amazing part radio will play in the events of war, European or otherwise, is intended to reflect upon the courage or honor of any nation, broadcasting organization or individual. Much of this hitherto unrevealed information is based on statements made privately by officials on the inside of governmental and military affairs, who were endeavoring to cooperate with the author in creating as complete a picture as possible. The names of nations are used only to make this picture clearer to the reader, not to suggest that they would necessarily undertake actions ascribed to them here. —Editor.

IF WAR comes. . . .

Your radio set may crackle and roar with the brawlings of battle as tense, gray-faced announcers of the front line rap out reports of combats.

The most innocent-sounding programs may conceal coded messages of hostile spies.

Your loudspeaker may suddenly turn into a demoniacal chanter of enemy propaganda.

And if that happens, your favorite stations may be dom-

inated by stern censors, may even suddenly become silent, as grimly silent as the death which is hovering over the battlefields.

In a desperate extremity, even your receiving set might be seized by determined troops.

Even as this is being written, National Broadcasting Company executives are gravely disturbed over reports that the rebroadcasts from Addis Ababa have been deliberately interfered with by an unfriendly nation. A responsible spokesman unofficially denied that it occurred in these particular cases, but he did admit that it was regarded as a factor to contend with in future broadcasts. That is one more indication of the turmoil which war guns could create in the radio world.

Every one of these things can happen. Don't think for a moment that they can't. How many of them will happen depends upon how deeply war thrusts at us. You hope that we can stay out of it. But war dogs are growling overseas, and whether we remain sturdy neutrals or go in fighting with everything we have, armed conflict stands to make almost unbelievable changes in the radio we know today.

Suppose a fierce battle is taking place on the Italo-



SILENCE RADIO?

THIS STARTLING EXPOSÉ OF SECRET
GOVERNMENT AND MILITARY PLANS
FOR RADIO IN WAR-TIME IS OF VAST
SIGNIFICANCE TO EVERY AMERICAN!

Ethiopian front. You hate the horror and futility of war, yet you are eager for news, you must know how the tide is turning. You go to your radio and snap it on.

Bickerings of spiteful machine guns, bellowings of heavy artillery leap at you from your loudspeaker. Through the mad hurly-burly of battle noises whips the strained voice of a front line radio announcer.

"... Italians swinging into a general advance all along this sector. The main body of Ethiopian troops have been routed here and only scattered handfuls of hurrying snipers are remaining in position of vantage. . . . Wait! Over on the hill about a half mile to my left, the black troops are reforming for a counter maneuver. . . . Just a moment. . . . Hear that? Well-directed machine gun fire has broken up the reorganization even as it began and the Ethiopians are retreating hastily. . . ."

If broadcasts are to be made from the Italian front lines, that's the sort of thing you might expect to hear. Naturally, Italian commanders would not permit news of their own defeats or setbacks to be sent out. And no suggestion of the horror of war would be allowed to creep in.

Thus in the safety of your own country, in the comfort of your own home, you may be able to hear

fascinating reports of the thrilling side of war—after the disagreeable part has been removed.

But what about the radio war correspondent over there? He faces probably more dangers than the average infantryman. Why?

Let's get into the front line with one of these announcers and share these thrills and dangers with him.

A thin first line of Italian soldiers, lying in shallow, hastily-dug trenches, is a scant hundred feet in front of us. Like many of them, we are taking shelter, inadequate at best, behind the jagged boulders of the hilly sandy terrain. After the first hundred or so bullets have ricocheted from the other side of the rock and gone whining away, we see the uselessness of ducking, but we're still uncomfortably aware of our peril.

Crouching beside us is the announcer, the engineer observer, and an Italian army officer. The last named is with us to see that we don't broadcast any information which would aid the enemy in planning surprise attacks. We hope it is true that the Ethiopians are ill-equipped with radio direction finders and artillery. It wouldn't take long for a direction finder to locate our broadcasting position and less time than that for the enemy to train guns on us. Since the information being broadcast is necessarily favorable to the Italian cause, the enemy will gleefully welcome any opportunity to wipe us out.

BY JEAN
PELLETIER

Crouched in the first line trench are the announcer, carrying pack transmitter and wearing a gas-mask microphone, and the engineer-observer, field glasses in hand, with receiving apparatus.



ILLUSTRATED BY CARL LINK

A dispatch runner, ducking and dodging from boulder to boulder, comes alongside us and, dropping out of the line of fire, breathlessly informs the Italian officer that an enemy shrapnel-throwing battery has been spotted. It's ready to go into action. We're ordered to keep that information off the air, not to give any hint that we know of its existence.

None the less, the battery opens up almost immediately from behind the brow of a hill. Hot fragments of steel start raining all around as the Italian infantry rises out of the ground and moves forward, seeking shelter where it can. The enemy battery seems to be way off range. The Italians are dropping only here and there, though the storm of deathly shrapnel about us is still heavy.

Suddenly the liaison officer screams above the din. "They're shelling us. Trying to wipe us . . ."

A sudden blast, so close that it seems to turn blood into molten steel. Particles of sand lash our faces. The cloud of dust and smoke drifts away. The officer is lying face down, motionless. Clasp ing his side, the announcer slowly folds up like a slide rule and is still.

Horror-stricken, we gaze at the bodies for a long moment, then the observer snatches up the blood-stained gas-mask microphone. Carry on.

A figment of imagination? Not at all. That's a big, solid chunk of predetermined probability, based on the experience of National Broadcasting Company announcers, engineers and observers in their broadcasts under simulated war conditions at the recent great Army maneuvers at Pine Camp, New York, and upon the opinions of the military experts who privately confided their views to me.

In these Pine Camp maneuvers, one radio observer was "killed" nine times, five during an actual broadcast. In another position, George Hicks, announcer; an engineer, and an observer, all concealed with a machine gun squad, were "wiped out," as was Dan Russel, announcer, and two engineers with a mobile transmitter unit. The military umpires ruled also that Nelson Case, another announcer, and two engineers, were "wounded and injured."

All this happened on a front of a few miles during but two broadcasts. Think what might happen to these men in actual engagements. Yet it is not improbable that such broadcasts will be made from the front. John Royal, vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company, returning from a tour of Europe recently, ad-

mitted that he was considering covering the war in Ethiopia by radio. And war stimulates inventiveness to such an extent that a solution may be found for broadcasting from the front with less danger to the participants.

But whether or not such broadcasts, with possible sacrifice of life, are worthwhile is not the important question.

It's the matter of how they might imperil our peace and security and through that our privileges as listeners, which we're worried about. By showing you how such broadcasts can be accomplished, I can reveal to you the part that unfair censorship and vicious propaganda could play—things which would affect us directly as citizens and listeners.

But first, there's another use to which radio might be put in time of war, about which you should know. You should know because it's a dangerous, insidious use, close to home, difficult to detect.

It concerns the secret use of our broadcasting stations by spies, by unfriendly agents of foreign nations at war. And I should say right now, that if this were a pipe dream, our Army Intelligence service wouldn't have conceived plans for dealing with such activities.

Most of us would probably never know such spy activities were ever going on. But let's assume you're a consistent, intelligent listener who doesn't mind trying his hand at a little amateur detecting for the United States Government.

Now you know we're neutral, but you're not so foolish as to think there aren't certain sly men and
(Continued on page 86)



Left, the NBC page displays a transmitter of the type which will be in use for front-line broadcasting in the event of war. Above, George Hicks, NBC announcer, and his engineer-observer were wiped out during a sham attack which was part of the Army maneuvers held at Pine Camp, New York.

DO YOU KNOW
JACK BENNY'S NEW
TENOR COMEDI-
AN? YOU SHOULD
BECAUSE HE'S HOL-
LYWOOD'S AND
RADIO'S LATEST
SINGING FIND!

Michael can well smile after astonishing the world with his grand performance in pictures, and now he's on the Jello hour, see page 56—7 o'clock column.

MEET MICHAEL BARTLETT

BY
DAN WARREN

Columbia Pictures

YOU should know Michael Bartlett.

Because he's the new tenor-comedian on the Jack Benny Sunday night radio programs.

Because he's Hollywood's newest, most exciting discovery who sang opposite Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever," who takes a prominent part in Claudette Colbert's "She Married Her Boss," and who is scheduled as Miss Moore's leading man in her next picture.

By rights Michael Bartlett today should be living in Massachusetts, a staid officer in a staid manufacturing company. His background of prominent New England ancestry called for that, but Michael had different ideas.

It all started his freshman year at Princeton, when he became one of the distinguished few to join the Triangle Club which has made itself famous lately by producing two songs: "Love and a Dime" and "East of the Sun and West of the Moon."

"That," Bartlett explained, "was my first taste of the stage and I vowed that it wouldn't be the last. The thrill of going on the road with the production sold me on the theater as a career. All day on the train we'd sit around in pajamas playing bridge and get dressed just in time to

get off the pullman and around to the theater before the curtain went up."

He also learned that year how much freshmen can be imposed upon by seniors. He was the tenor of a trio and every night when the three walked out into the spotlight, it was his job to hold up his two companions. People might otherwise have thought they'd all been indulging.

For awhile it looked just as easy as that—he'd decided on the theater as his career, so the theater it would be. Then complications arose. First his father objected and tried, by cutting his allowance, to dissuade his son. Michael overcame that by hiring himself out as a choir singer in a church on 114th street in Manhattan. Salary, \$80 a month. After that, his father admitted defeat and sent him abroad to continue his studies.

He's stubborn, this six-foot young man who looks like a new Englander softened by contact with the more volatile, sunny disposition of the Latin races. His family was the first to find this out. Broadway producers were the second.

After a few years in Italy as a student and later as a full fledged opera singer under the name of Eduardo Bartelli, Michael returned home. "To be best man at a friend's wedding." And he's stayed here ever since. He talks now with a gesture of hand and (Continued on page 63)

THE PUBLIC *forbids* THE BANNS!

By MARY JACOBS

SINCE 1933 you have been listening to the Dangerous Paradise sketches. You have followed the romance of Gail Brewster (Elsie Hitz), the young newspaper writer, and Dan Gentry (Nick Dawson). Through thick and thin these two have clung together, and awhile ago they decided to get married. Yes, even with Dan out of work.

They were in Europe, ready to take the leap.

Love had triumphed and every one was satisfied. That is, every one but their ardent fans. Letters, telegrams, phone calls poured into the NBC studios from thousands of fans. All contained the same plea: *Don't have Gail and Dan marry. Please let their romance continue.*

Plans for the radio wedding had progressed to such a point that the bride had purchased her wedding gown: a lovely, clingy white crepe, such as you and I dream of. The bridegroom was all set, too.

Jimmie Melton agreed to act as best man for the make-believe radio wedding. And lovely Bernice Claire went out shopping for her bridesmaid's dress.

Dan and Gail had their wedding picture taken, several of them, in fact, to send to you and me.

But because of you and you and you, Gail and Dan haven't married—and won't, at least for a long time. So fervent were your pleas that the men behind the scenes changed the script completely. They had Dan become ill of amnesia. So the wedding had to be called off, indefinitely.

You and you and you forbade the banns, prevented a wedding's taking place!

If you are ever tempted to think, "Oh, my opinion doesn't count. Those radio stars pay no attention to what I want or write," just remember: It was you who stopped this wedding. It was you who dictated what was to happen in the lives of that charming, adventuresome couple, Gail Brewster and Dan Gentry.

Gee, it's a shame! What a lovely bride Gail Brewster would have made—and look at Dan, he was all set for the wedding march, too!

For Dangerous Paradise, sponsored by Woodbury's, see page 56 —7 o'clock column.

HOW YOU AND YOU AND YOU DE-

CREED THAT THE MARRIAGE OF DAN TO GAIL

OF "DANGEROUS PARADISE" WAS NOT TO BE!

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES



**WINNER VIVIAN
DELLA CHIESA**

Left, by winning a WBBM unknown singer contest last spring, Vivian della Chiesa became a successful professional overnight. This fall, at the ripe age of nineteen, she has her own program on Sundays, over CBS, at 12:30, and she's sponsored, too.



**GABRIEL
HEATTER**



**HOLLYWOOD
HOTEL'S
GORIN**



**ODETTE
MYRTIL**

Above, the man you probably referred to last winter for news about the Hauptmann trial. Until this fall he was a Mutual Network commentator. Now NBC has him, sponsored, Saturdays and Sundays at 5:45. Gabriel Heatter is a native New Yorker, veteran newspaperman, editor of a steel magazine, and author of several books . . . Above, right, the newest Hollywood Hotel baritone, Igor Gorin, who is also M-G-M's newest foreign importation. Igor was born in Odessa, which is in Ukrania, was raised in Vienna, educated himself musically by earning money teaching languages. Was a star in Czech opera at twenty-two. Is still single and spends his spare time working on musical compositions. He's tall, has dark brown hair, gray eyes . . . Right, this is the gal you hear Monday nights over NBC in Evening-in Paris. Odette Myrtil is really French, lives on Long Island with her husband, has risen to fame on her abilities as an orchestra leader, violin and vocal soloist. Radio corralled her from the stage, where she scored in "The Countess Maritza" and "The Cat and the Fiddle."





COLLEGE PROM SYNCOPATORS



THE
LULLABY
LADY

Above, Russell Crowell, George Bacon, and Jack Wilcher, respectively, the Red Nichols trio. All are natives of Kansas City, Mo. Russ was an auditor, George an oil field worker, Jack a railroad man, until Red discovered them. They all wear same color suits, all hate bridge and love swimming, all are married . . . Margaret Gent (left), of the Carnation Contented Hour, was born in Worthington, Minnesota, studied music in Minneapolis and at Northwestern University. She's married and has a ten-year-old son, Andrew. Boasts a swell game of golf . . .

Left below, the comic heard with Harv and Esther on Thursday nights at 8:00. Teddy Bergman has been a confirmed pessimist since his grammar school days, when, as "Shylock," he caught his beard in a stage door. 28 years old, he has been in stock, manufactured candy, taught Roxy the game of handball, and now is celebrating radio stardom . . .

Below, Samuel Curtis, the New Englander who brings to an interested radio audience every Monday afternoon at 4:45, over WEEI, technical discussions of various radio problems. He's been doing this on the air since 1926 and was the first Chief Operator of first radio station (WNAC) in Boston.



HARVESTER'S TEDDY BERGMAN



WEEI'S SAMUEL CURTIS



RADIO'S VETERANS—MYRT AND MARGE

PAGEANT OF THE AIRWAVES

Above, Myrt and Marge returning from Hawaii, ready to resume their radio work this fall after their annual summer vacation. You can expect to hear hula music and the swish of grass skirts before long . . . Right, a young gal from the deep South, starring vocalist over Nashville's powerful local station, WSM. She has her own show and sings on another with a trio every week . . . Below right, Agnes Moorehead, who has done such excellent work with the Andy Gump program. Agnes, born in Boston, was brought up in St. Louis, Mo. She holds diplomas from Muskingum College, the University of Wisconsin, and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. A minister's daughter, she first studied music, made her debut with the Municipal Opera in St. Louis, and has been on the Broadway stage . . . Below, Harry Kogen, who is responsible for the music on Monday night's Greater Sinclair Minstrels. He was born in Chicago and has stayed right there ever since, except for a brief army career and two years of study in New York. Has rounded out over six years' service with NBC, is married, has two sons for whom he's planning musical careers, and is a popular composer to boot.



**WSM'S
ARLENE
OWENS**



DIRECTOR HARRY KOGEN



AGNES MOOREHEAD—THE MIN OF "OH MIN!"



By
JOHN
EDWARDS



INTRODUCING —

Deane Janis



SHE'S THE NEW
SINGING LASS
ON THE WALTER
O'KEEFE SHOW

SHE'S tall, slim, golden haired and blue eyed, and you hear her every Tuesday and Thursday night on the Camel Caravan. (See Page 53, 9 o'clock column). She didn't even finish high school, she's never taken a single singing lesson, and no one else in her family was ever on the stage.

Proving that for young dreamers of stardom radio is still the wonderful fairyland of dreams come true, no matter how ambitious the dream.

Deane Janis began acting as soon as she could talk and walk. She learned to play the piano so she could understand the songs she hummed all day long. In school she wangled her way into every dramatic presentation her class produced.

Aside from such slight labors, success has been easy for Walter O'Keefe's young singer of the blues, so easy in fact that when this interviewer called on her late in September she was saluting the world with her fingers crossed!

This is how easy it's been: a little more than three years ago she made her first trip from her home in Omaha to the big city—Chicago—to visit her aunt. Someone suggested she audition for radio. She did, sang once on a small suburban station, and was signed by the Music Corporation of America to sing in the Blackhawk Cafe with Hal Kemp.

The date was October 1st. Two years later, after six-

teen continuous months of performing in the famous night club and a few months of recuperation in California, she made her New York debut, still with Kemp. The date—October 1st.

This fall, after twelve more months, she began her first sponsored radio program. Date? The same.

Deane had no family objections, either, to overcome when she started out. Though she was in Chicago for the first time, though her schooling wasn't over, her mother only wrote her to go ahead and make good. "She always had a secret passion herself for the stage. The least she could do was to take it out through me."

Now Deane is on the road to radio stardom after winning a series of competitive auditions—and even those were made easy for her. Eighty girls had entered in competition for the Camel show. The sponsors decided on a strenuous elimination contest, with about eighteen judges casting ballots on each singer. Each day fifteen less would be called back. And Deane didn't know it was an elimination contest until it was all over and she'd been declared the winner.

Now she's afraid her luck may break. Someone may talk her into taking lessons and spoil it all!

KICKED UPSTAIRS!



By RUTH GERI

IF you'd been kicked out of four schools for backwardness, spent three years as the butt of all the crude practical jokes the reportorial staff of a tabloid newspaper could devise and then, in a desperate effort to achieve that goal of all newspaper men—"to get out of the game"—had landed a radio job only to be kicked out of that, too, wouldn't you be so punch-drunk, figuratively, that you'd be pretty nearly willing to settle back into a life of unobtrusive mediocrity?

All those reverses only brought out the racial characteristic of bull-dog pertinacity in Boake Carter, the Columbia Broadcasting System's news editorialist who, unknown to the nationwide audience three years ago, has experienced one of the swiftest rises to radio prominence of any star in his field.

Carter's radio debut was reminiscent of that surprising fellow in the advertisements who sat down to play the piano. They laughed when he got up before the microphone. Carter's fellow newshawks on the Philadelphia tabloid newspaper, where he worked as a re-write man, made him a never-failing source of amusement as a target for somewhat broad humor. It all began when he first went to work and one of the bright young men told him that the Germans had painted jokes on the sides of their battleships during the late war. Carter looked nonplussed. "So the British couldn't see 'em," the bright young man explained. Carter, with typical British phlegm, regarded the "ribber" with unchanging, somewhat puzzled expression. "But the Germans *didn't* paint jokes on the sides of their battleships," he countered finally, and the roar of laughter

SCHOOLBOY FAILURE—
NEWSHAWKS' LAUGHING
STOCK—RADIO FLOP—
THAT'S BOAKE CARTER'S
OUTLINE OF SUCCESS

*For Boake Carter,
the voice of Philco
Radio, see page 53
—7 o'clock column.*

that ensued was his unofficial but none the less unanimous nomination as the office end man.

That is why they laughed when they heard that Harold (his name is Harold T. H. Carter; the "Boake" was adopted for broadcasting purposes) had written a radio comedy script, and would put it on over a local Philadelphia station.

"Sir Percival Postlethwaite at the Ball Game" was the name of that first script, Editorialist Carter's debut on the air, and those who heard it agree that when the airwaves gained a forceful editorialist, they lost a laugh-provoking comedian. In theatrical parlance, "Sir Percival Postlethwaite at the Ball Game" literally "wowed 'em." So popular did it prove with the audience (*Continued on page 88*)



Husband Sidney Brokaw, Ozzie Nelson's first violinist, is in perfect accord with Martha's ideas.



HOW MARTHA MEARS IS FACING MOTHERHOOD

By JANE COOPER

WITH bitter memories of her own lonely childhood without either father or mother still fresh in her mind, Martha Mears has been facing a universal problem that has implications for every young mother in the world. A son, Edward Allen, was born to the petite blonde singing star of Kitchen House Party the last week of August and it was up to Martha to decide whether she would continue her career.

"Perhaps most mothers would think that having children is a full-time job in itself. But I disagree. I'm going to keep on working. I sang right up to the day my child was born, on August 30th, and I'm going back on the air again the last of September."

If it hadn't been for the tragic years of her own youth, Martha probably wouldn't be so determined to continue in radio. Paradoxical as that may sound, there is good reason for her choice.

Martha's parents both died before she was three, leaving her to be farmed out for a few months at a time with various relatives. It was not until she was ten that she had a permanent home with an uncle and aunt, in Columbus, Ohio. By that time Martha was a shy, silent girl who

**REMEMBERING THE TRAGIC YEARS
OF HER YOUTH SHE HAS TAKEN
A STEP FEW WOMEN DARE TAKE!**

was nearly incapable of any emotion or affection at all.

"It took my aunt a long, long time to erase the memory of those forlorn years when I was continually being moved from one town to another, from one family to another. I still remember how I felt the first time she brought home a big talking-and-walking doll and a bicycle for me."

There was born in Martha as a result of this unnatural bringing up a burning determination to have three things: a home, a family, and a career. With Martha the career always came above everything else. (Continued on page 67)



Write or paste caption here:



Write or paste caption here:

NOW FINISH THIS DIALOGUE



Bert: You know when a columnist is sure he's a success?

Snoop: No, when?

Bert:

(Write your original line here)

\$500.00

IN CASH PRIZES

HERE ARE THE LAST THREE SCENES
IN THE "BROADWAY MELODY OF
1936"—RADIO MIRROR CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$200.00
SECOND PRIZE.....	100.00
FIVE PRIZES, Each \$10.00.....	50.00
TEN PRIZES, Each \$5.00.....	50.00
FIFTY PRIZES, Each \$2.00.....	100.00

LAST month you selected sentences from among the seven given you with which to caption the first five scenes of this series. Here are two more scenes to fit with captions from the official list, and the final scene for which you are to supply a line of your own. If the space under the bottom picture is not large enough for your line you can use the margin below. Do not try to reproduce a line from the show in this last scene. Write something original with you. Keep your entry simple, avoid elaboration. Remember the closing date, December 10th, 1935.

THE CAPTION SENTENCES

1. Keeler, I want a retraction of that cheap attack you made against a friend of mine.
2. I came out to stick him for dinner—but I got stuck with sinkers.
3. What are you doing back in New York, and in such bad company?
4. Say, why doesn't he get that French dame?
5. Good evening, you little scandal lovers.
6. Snoop—remind me to ask for a raise tomorrow.
7. You go back to your hotel, don't see or talk to anyone.

THE RULES

1. In November and December, RADIO MIRROR will publish a total of eight scenes from M-G-M's new Jack Benny picture, "Broadway Melody of 1936."
2. To compete, clip or trace each of the first seven scenes and caption each with one of the seven sentences supplied from the dialogue of the show.
3. Clip or trace the eighth scene and finish the caption, which will be a question from the show's dialogue, with a reply of your own composition.
4. For the set of seven scenes most appropriately captioned from among the supplied sentences accompanied by the best original reply to the question under the eighth scene a First Prize of \$200.00 will be awarded. For the next best entry \$100.00 will be paid. Five \$10.00 Prizes, Ten \$5.00 Prizes, and Fifty Prizes of \$2.00 each will also be paid. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Wait until your set of eight scenes is complete before sending an entry. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, December 10, 1935, the closing date of this contest.
6. Submit all entries to Broadway Melody of 1936 Contest, RADIO MIRROR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. Anyone may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and M-G-M, and members of their families.

FACING THE MUSIC

THISA AND DATA AND GRAND
INTIMATE NEWS AND GOSSIP
ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE MUSIC-
MAKERS ON THE AIRWAVES

WITH JOHN SKINNER

RADIO insiders present two reasons for Paul Whiteman's quitting his present sponsor, with the November 25th broadcast, after two and one half years on the air for him. First, it costs Paul the bulky sum of \$7,000 a week to maintain such individual stars as Ramona and Helen Jepson, and there isn't enough money left to cover other expenses properly. Second, Whiteman wants to resume the musical activities for which he first became famous, the design and advancement of modern music. As long as he must present a variety show, that is a practical impossibility.

It is said, however, that if he does continue his present program policy on a new series, Whiteman is expecting the sponsor to meet his terms.

* * *

BING CROSBY, supported by Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra, will pick up where Whiteman leaves off. In the Thursday night hour shows which start on December 5th, Bing will present many of his famous Hollywood friends. The broadcasts, originating on the Pacific Coast, will have no outside visitors.

* * *

INSTRUMENTALISTS of another program which has moved to Hollywood are being paid top prices. Lennie Hayton has established new salary highs for four of his ace musicians. Charles Margulis, trumpet, receives \$550 weekly; Frank Signarelli, piano, Jack Jenny, trombone, and Harry Bluestone, violin, are receiving upwards of \$250 weekly each. Transportation for themselves and their wives was paid from New York to Hollywood, and will be paid on the trip back in December.

It is reported, by the way, that Fred Astaire has been receiving \$8,000 a week on the Hayton show, which is just about the peak for any individual performer on a series.

* * *

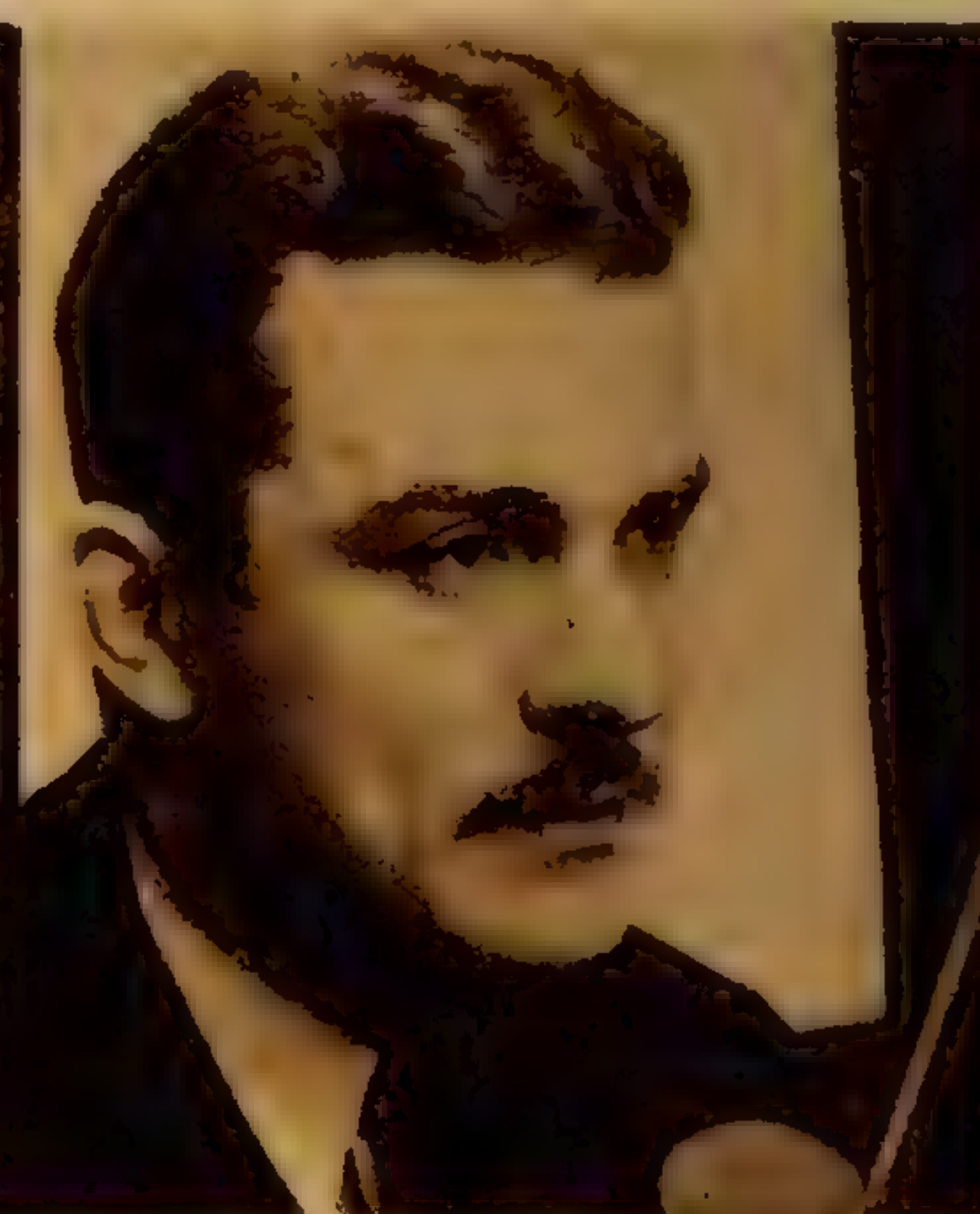
AS long as we're going to start day-dreaming about the money the other fellow's making, we might as well look further into the matter.

Ray Noble's salary on the program which he starts for a new sponsor on November 6th, is said to be \$3,750 a broadcast.

Every year for nine years, the Lombardo orchestra has played an engagement in Carrolton, Pa. The first year, they received \$300. This fall, it was \$3,000. But just the same the return engagements there are really more a matter of sentiment with them.



Gracie's new maestro, left, Ferde Grofé; below, left, Allen Leafer, heard with his dance band over the Columbia Broadcasting System; below, right, Glen Gray is again conducting the Camel Caravan Tuesday nights with his popular Casa Loma orchestra.



RED Nichols would like to point out to you, however, that a conductor's income isn't always what it seems.

An orchestra leader in good standing is usually glad to make a contract for \$2,500 a broadcast. But, of that price, some \$1,500 goes for musician and manager salaries. Perhaps ten per cent of the rest is paid in commissions. Of the residue, much is needed for arrangements and orchestrations. The conductor's office; the cost of answering fan mail; photograph and publicity services; entertaining; union dues and fees; program recordings, and income taxes snap another chunk out of the \$2,500.

"If the average radio orchestra leader can keep twenty to twenty-five per cent of his salary," Red asserts, "he is doing quite well."

* * *

EVER hear of the Kated Corporation? Four years old, it has paid quarterly dividends regularly. Its head is Kate Smith and it was formed to handle the business of Kate and her manager, Ted Collins. There are over fifty employees, every one a stockholder.

Another intelligent financial move is that made by the Mills Brothers. They've been putting their money away in trust, and permit themselves only nominal salaries.

* * *

INCOME prospects for Don Bestor look rather dark for the time being. A local branch of the Musicians Union has expelled him, which means that he can't have a radio

orchestra for you this season. It is charged that Don didn't pay the proper scale to his men while on the air with Benny from the Pacific Coast. An appeal is being made to the national headquarters of the musicians' organization.

SHORT SHORT SHORT STORIES

If you happen to see that talkie short in which Ted Husing introduces show world celebrities in such a friendly manner, you might recall, when Lennie Hayton appears on the screen, that the orchestra leader married the girl who was once Mrs. Husing . . . We did say that we were going to stop trying to keep pace with the Dorsey Brothers, who are all the time making up and breaking up, but since we told you earlier in this issue that Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra had been planned for the new Crosby broadcasts, we might let you know now that it looks as though the musical brothers have really split with finality. Tommy Dorsey is planning a band of his own . . . And though there are five Messner Brothers in Dick Messner's Orchestra, there is no Dick. Oh, no, there isn't. Dick is only a pseudonym, used by each of the brothers as he steps out to conduct.

Grace Moore rather likes her few puffs from a long-stemmed clay pipe after dinner . . . Paul Sabin has been in California visiting Virginia Paxton, former New York show girl who is now in pictures . . . Hal Kemp is busy brushing up on tennis now. He just took a home in Forest



Hills, L. I., a short distance from the famous tennis stadium . . . Sylvia Clark of NBC's Nickelodian program is looking for tear-jerker songs like "Only a Bird In a Gilded Cage" . . . Says she can't find enough of them . . . If you know where to find any, send the information to us and we will forward it.

Irma Glen, NBC organist, has moved to a new seven room home in Lake Bluff, Illinois, and has installed an electric organ for practicing . . . But look at Sigmund Romberg. He now has two studios in his home, what with all the programs and operettas he's working on . . . And in them he has three grand pianos as well as an electric organ.

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

MOST fascinating among all radio orchestras, is the instrumental and vocal makeup of Andre Kostelanetz' great musical organization which you hear Wednesday and Saturday nights on the Columbia network. Whether you listen to popular music or symphonic music, or to both, you cannot help but be interested, for Kostel-

anetz ingeniously welds these two forms most gratifyingly.

Thirteen of the sixteen violinists in the forty-five piece orchestra have been concertmasters in world famous orchestras. Besides these sixteen violins, there are three violas, three celli, two basses, three trumpets, three trombones, three flutes, four saxophones, three oboes, harp, two pianos, percussion and guitar. Much of the orchestra's versatility is obtained through doubling in brass and woodwind. Flutes and saxophones, for instance, can be changed into five flutes or six saxophones as needed.

As further background for Lily Pons and Nino Martini is a remarkable choral group of eighteen voices. It contains ten men and eight women. The voices are high and low. There are no contraltos. Sopranos are as high as possible, basses as low.

THEME SONG SECTION

TO save you trouble in writing us as so many have had to write Sigmund Romberg concerning the theme song he uses on his Tuesday night programs, we'll tell you about it now. It has no title. It has no words. It is written in three rhythms—waltz, foxtrot and one-step. This arrangement of rhythms may be what makes so many people want copies of it. But it has not been published. It all does seem a bit mysterious, but that's the way Mr. Romberg wants it to be. Someday, he says, when he's writing one of his operettas and the tune happens to fit some particular situation, then the words will be written and the music will be published.

The theme song used by Charley Boulanger and his orchestra is "Meet Me Tonight In My Dreams," an original composition by the conductor himself. (For Thomas Hansen, St. Louis, Mo.)

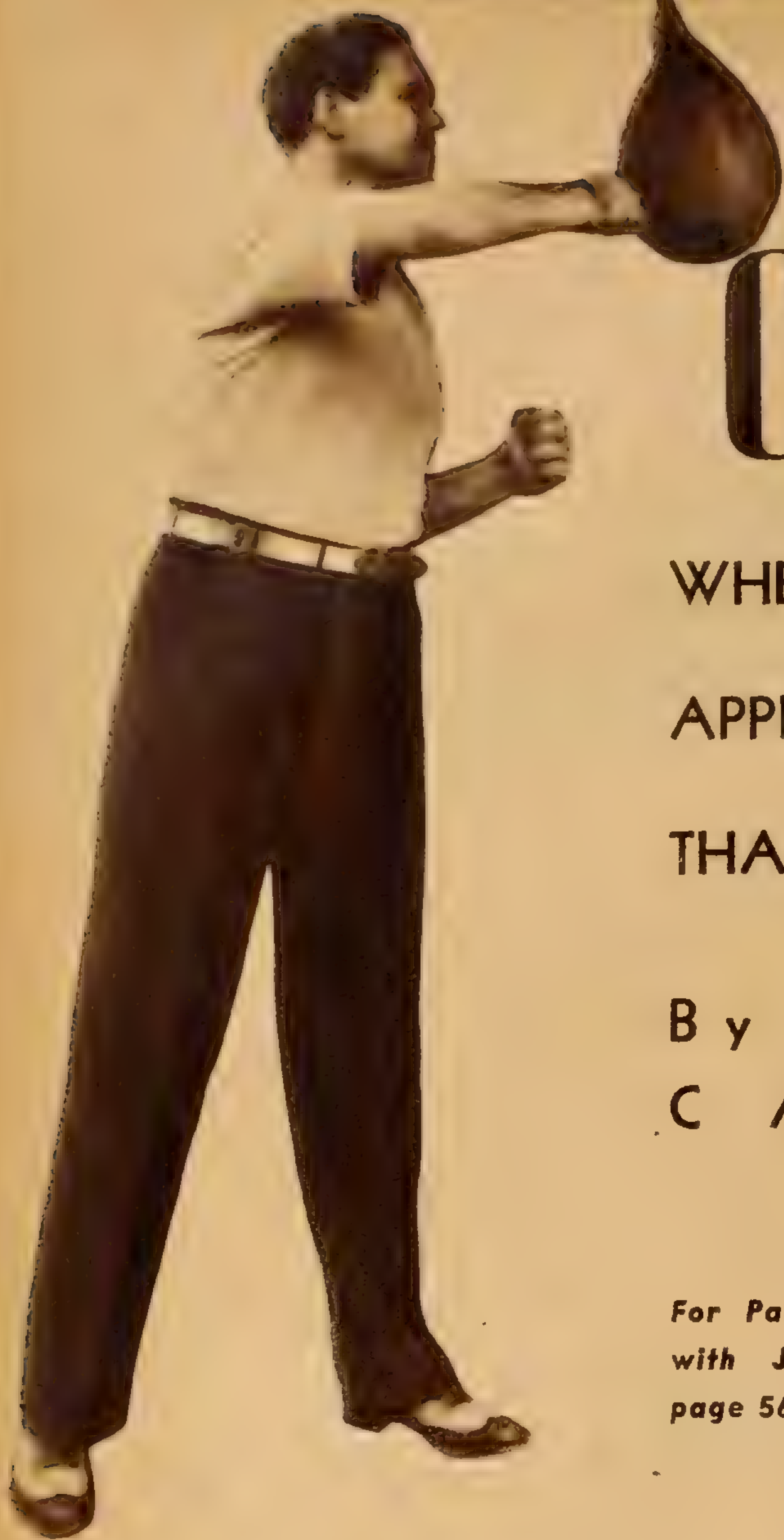
COMPOSE YOURSELF

TO all you who have written concerning the best way to tackle songwriting, we must repeat that we cannot be too encouraging about the (Continued on page 70)

Extreme left, Joe Venuti conducts some late dance music via the NBC airwaves; next comes Mark Warnow, whose music you often hear on the Columbia air; left, Dick Messner, also on CBS; and below, ork pilot Frank Dailey.

WHAT THIS GRAND NEW DEPARTMENT GIVES YOU

1. All the latest news and gossip about popular music and musicians.
2. The exact size and personnel of famous orchestras.
3. Inside facts about signature songs and theme songs.
4. Where your favorite radio orchestras are playing each month.
5. A chance to get your own questions about popular songs and bands answered.



NO MORE CORPORATIONS"

WHEN A RADIO STAR TAKES TIME OFF TO WIN YOUR APPROVAL IN MOVIES HE MUST GUARD AGAINST THAT "BAY WINDOW." HERE'S HOW JIMMY DID IT!

By ETHEL
CAREY

*For Palmolive Beauty Box
with James Melton, see
page 56—9 o'clock column.*

SO you wish that husband of yours would lose his corpo—his triple-padded chin. And you, Mr. Much-Too-Fat, sigh at the remembrance of the good old days of your youth, when you had a figure worth looking at, not a jellied promontory. Maybe the girls would like you again, if you got into trim. And maybe Friend Wife wouldn't pant in admiration and moon over Clark Gable and Gary Cooper, if your outline looked a little more like theirs.

You don't know how it can be done? You always thought that keeping slim was only a problem for the ladies? Well, then, get wise to yourself, Brother. Take a tip from someone who's bounced off thirty-three pounds of superfluous fat in six months. A real he-man, too. None other than handsome, romantic Jimmy Melton, whom you hear every week on the air, and whom you'll be seeing soon in the motion picture "Thin Air."

In fact, that picture is the main reason Jimmy reduced. That and the fact that he believes body and voice are so closely knit, that the voice can't be at its best unless the body is in shipshape condition.

"Ever since I was a child," Jimmy told me, "I've been bothered by the tendency to get stout. I was always the fat one in the family. The kids on the block always called me 'Chubby.' When I grew older, it didn't bother me so much. Between playing football and working in bands while going to college, and picking up all sorts of odd jobs to make both ends meet, the fat didn't stand a chance. I didn't rest long enough.

"Somebody's said that you can always tell prosperity by the amount of padding. I found that just as soon as I was all set on the air and things were going smoothly, Ol' Débil Fat began creeping up on me again. Last spring, I weighed 217 pounds, or thirty-three more than I do today." Jimmy is six feet two inches tall and 184 pounds is just



right for his height and he's going to stay that way.

Now, it happens that Jimmy has a wife. The cutest, prettiest little girl. And tiny, Dresden-doll-like Marjorie Melton is a perfect size fourteen. So goodness knows there's no call for her to reduce. But thereon hangs the story behind the story of how Jimmy lost weight.

Little Marjorie Melton didn't like her handsome, jolly, strapping Jimmy's excess avoirdupois. She first tried to remedy matters herself. Jimmy, you know, was raised down South, and just loves fried chicken, hot breads, rice, sweet potatoes and gravy, and of course Marjorie had learned to cook them, all with plenty of fresh butter.

Discreetly and gradually, she began to cut these from the Melton menu, substituting lean meats, chops and green vegetables. Stewed fruits for dessert. Citrus drinks to quench thirst and cut down appetite. But while Jimmy

didn't gain any more weight he lost but very little. Then it was that Warner Brothers proved to be her best, though quite unconscious allies. They offered Jimmy a picture contract, provided his motion picture test proved satisfactory. That was in 1934, not 1935, mind you.

Well, the camera is a pretty stern taskmaster. In fact, when it comes to weight, it's a downright liar. It adds fifteen pounds to weight. Don't ask me why, but it's so. Figure it out for yourself. With Jimmy weighing 217 pounds, plus an extra fifteen given by the camera for good measure, what kind of figure do you think he'd have cut?

Then it was that Jimmy began to diet in earnest. "You know how it is when you're on the air," he told me. "You haven't time for much exercise. Each day you rehearse; then you chase around trying to pick out songs, and make arrangements; then you've got to take pictures, answer correspondence, buy new clothes, receive the press and do a million and one other things.

"All of them tire you out, just as typing eight hours a day does a stenographer, or (Continued on page 60)

James Melton's Reducing Diet

MONDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1530

Breakfast	Calories	Lunch	Calories
Orange juice	100	Salad mixed greens (lettuce, cucumber, grated raw carrots, celery—	
2 Boiled eggs	150	with mineral oil dressing)	75
1 Slice toast (very little butter)	100	3 Soda crackers	75
Coffee (tsp. sugar and skimmed milk)	50	Apple sauce	150
	400	Tea (1 tsp. sugar, lemon)	50
			350

Dinner	Calories
Tomato soup (1 cup)	100
Broiled chicken	250
String beans (no butter)	50
Corn (no butter)	100
Sliced tomatoes	30
Stewed peaches (2)	100
1 Glass milk (regular)	150
	780

TUESDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1550

Breakfast	Calories	Lunch	Calories
Stewed prunes (4)	200	Kraut juice cocktail	50
Dry cereal with skimmed milk	100	Crab flake salad (mineral oil dressing)	250
Coffee	50	Slice wheat toast (little butter)	100
	350	Iced tea	50
			450

Dinner	Calories
Half grapefruit	100
Medium portion steak	400
Carrots and peas	50
Asparagus	50
1 Glass milk	150
	750

For the rest of the diet turn to page 60



Another of James Melton's tips to you who have avoirdupois trouble, is rope-jumping. Below, as the handsome singer appears in Warner's "Stars Over Broadway."



All his life, the Irish tenor has been trying to live down his weight. With the advice of Marjorie, his wife, Jimmy has reduced some thirty-odd pounds. Upper left corner, getting in trim with the punching bag. Above, the Palmolive Beauty Box star is enjoying a game of deck tennis with Marjorie.



The Adventures of

AFTER due consideration, this court has decided to grant the petition of Penelope Trumble Edwards which sues for divorce from the person of John Edwards. . . .

Penelope turned her back to the one daring shaft of mellow September sun that slid under the shade of the high west window and penetrated the gloom of the courtroom.

While Judge Van Brunt's voice droned on, two tears gathered at the corners of her eyes and hung glistening on the lower fringes of her lashes. She felt the reassuring pressure of Steve's hand on her elbow. Nothing had changed—outside the calm surface of the river still flowed majestically downstream, the tall elms that lined Riverdale's dusty main street still whispered mysteriously to themselves—yet everything was different.

With each word that the judge spoke she was losing John, losing her husband. After nine years they had come to the end of the road together.

The judge's voice broke off, went on more hurriedly. "This decree of divorce to be considered final in three months from this day and date."

Penelope stood up, her tiny figure erect and dignified in its blue linen suit. "Is—is that all?"

"Yes, Penelope." The judge hesitated. "I don't know what to say, except I'm sorry."

If it had been sympathy Penelope wanted, everything would have been easy. But it was John she wanted, John admitting that his infatuation over this girl, Sonia, was something finished. Yet it was the very hopelessness of her wanting that had driven her to divorce. In two weeks John was leaving, sailing for Paris. Two more weeks, then dragging months of listlessness until her damaged pride was restored a little.

Steve put his arm around her shoulder.

"Let's get going," he said. "I'll drive you home."

Dear Steve. He was always like this, standing by, waiting until she needed him, never speaking of his love unless she wanted to hear it. Steve, the storybook hero who asked nothing more than understanding, a chance to help and comfort.

He didn't speak again until they were seated in his car. As he turned the ignition key and shifted the car to low gear, he said:

"Penelope, are you still in love with John, after this Sonia business and everything?"

"You know," she replied, "I fell in love with him when I was in grade school. I still like chocolate ice cream, I still wish on the new moon, and I'm still fond of John Edwards."

Steve sighed and started the car up the street towards the Trumble house at the top of the hill, Riverdale's most imposing memento of its thriving days at the turn of the century when Penelope's father had been practically the whole town. It still looked imposing even today.

As they passed through the wrought iron gateway and up the gravel road to the white pillared porch, Steve spoke decisively.

"Penelope, what you need is work, good hard honest work. Why don't you go to New York or some place—change your personality, take up singing or

tap dancing, use more make-up, do your hair up different?"

Penelope laughed, fresh color rushing back into her face. "Steve, you know I can't smoke without coughing, I don't enjoy flirting, and I still look silly in make-up. It's no use. I just have to be myself. I'm going to settle right down here in Riverdale, in the old house I was born in."

"Listen," Steve growled, "if you imagine I'm going to let you think yourself into a state of dry rot, you're mistaken. You can't just let yourself go to waste, not with all your understanding of people. You know how to handle them. You've got common sense and plenty of tact. In fact, you're just about the most fundamentally capable person I know."

"Steve, that's the nicest thing anyone's said to me for a dog's age."

"Then I'm going to see that you get started in something. Got any particular burning interest at the moment?"

"Same as I always had—babies. I've always wanted them, but you can't raise a family on the wing and we've never stayed more than a month in one place since we were married. Then, too, John never wanted any."

STEVE snapped his fingers. "I've got it—got the answer. Penelope, you're going to be the new matron of the St. Vincent's Foundling Home. Miss Hurley is resigning this week to get married and you're taking her place!"

"But Steve—I—I—"

"No arguments," Steve said hurriedly. "You'll have three trained nurses to do all the practical work. Your main job'll be matching up the babies to the most congenial parents."

"Sounds like full time work," Penelope smiled, too stunned to protest further.

"It is, but that's just what you want. I know you can manage it."

Suddenly Penelope made up her mind. She'd accept Steve's offer as matron and executive head. If he could get her the job, she'd take it!

"All right, I'll do my darndest on one condition: We move the whole business out of that awful dilapidated old building it's in now."

"Sure, but where to? We haven't the money for a new place."

"That's where I come in," Penelope said eagerly. "We move into my house. It's big enough and it's cheerful. And—oh, Steve, let's do that. It's just what I need."

Steve had to consent. When Penelope slipped out of the front seat of the car, he said, "I'll get you in the morning and drive you over to meet the head nurse. If she says so, we'll move this week."

Then he was gone, his powerful roadster swirling back down around the driveway. Penelope walked across the porch into the wide hallway of the big house, alone with her one faithful servant, Millie. She paused a moment, then went on to the library lined on four sides with well worn books.

With a sigh she sat down in the creaky leather chair that had been John's favorite, her eyes closed, and dreamed back over the years. Their first Christmas after they were married. John's old slippers and

FICTIONIZED BY
NORTON RUSSELL

from Helen Hayes' radio program
"The New Penny" by Edith Meiser

Penelope

For Helen Hayes' program, sponsored by Sanka Coffee, see page 56—9 o'clock col.

WHETHER OR NOT YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING TO HELEN HAYES' GRAND PORTRAYAL OF PENELOPE ON THE AIR, READ THE HEART-WARMING SERIAL DRAMA IN STORY FORM!

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

smoking jacket. Their new year's resolutions. And she knew that she had always loved him. But tonight these memories were not so bittersweet. Tonight she was beginning something new, something, perhaps, that would save her from herself. She ate a lonely dinner and then went to bed with a half finished novel.

Everything was more cheerful when she woke in the morning. During the night a storm had blown up, sweeping the atmosphere clean of its heavy mugginess and with it had gone her premonitions and doubts about the job she was undertaking. The white bedroom was flooded with warm morning sunshine. Penelope jumped out and dressed with a song in her heart.

Steve came on the stroke of nine as she stood in front of the hall mirror daubing a last bit of powder on a ridiculously impertinent nose.

"Hi, Steven!" she greeted, waving the puff at him. "Hope you aren't as nervous as I am about this foundling business."

He saw the sparkle in her deep blue eyes and grinned. It had been so long since Penelope had really smiled, had shown any real interest in anything. They ran out the door and down the steps to his car. On the way across town to the Home, he told her that everything had been arranged for her to take the vacancy. "All the trustees but one were unanimous in electing you."

"And the one?"

"Mrs. Crowder. Mrs. Van Alastair Mac-

It had been so long since Penelope had really smiled, had shown any real interest in anything. There was a sparkle in her eyes.



Donald Crowder. Penny, you're going to have a battle on your hands with her. She's important because old man Crowder once gave ten thousand bucks to the St. Vincent's sinking fund."

"We'll see about Mrs. Van Crowder," Penelope promised. "What are some more problems?"

"Well, there's Miss MacDumfrey, the head nurse. A lady tiger isn't half as fierce about her cubs as she is about her babies. You won't have to wait long to tell whether she likes you."

"Oh gosh, Steve, I hope I can pass muster," Penelope said.

Steve leaned over and patted her gloved hand. "Sure you will."

The Foundling's Home looked even gloomier than Penelope had remembered it, an old warehouse remodeled years ago, in sad need of several new coats of paint, a battered fence around it that swayed with every passing breeze, shutters on its windows that banged and rattled.

"Steve, this is awful," she said, following him up the rough walk to the waiting room. "And the disinfectant smell, even out here!"

They encountered Miss MacDumfrey just inside the door. Steve introduced them. For a moment Penelope thought that the nurse was going to throw them both out bodily, but as they began to talk, the tension lessened. Soon they were finding things on which to agree.

"But this is a terrible place in which to bring up babies," Penelope said, looking at the battered furniture, the torn wall paper.

"Better than nothing."

"Of course, but suppose I suggested that you move this whole outfit up to my house—babies, nurses, equipment and everything else?"

"You mean move into the Trumble house?"

Penelope nodded. "You see, we could turn the ballroom into a nursery, it's nice and big and sunny and faces south."

"How about the kitchen facilities?" Miss MacDumfrey interrupted.

PENELOPE knew then that the nurse was weakening. She followed up her advantage. "There's a serving pantry right off the ballroom and the kitchen isn't more than twenty feet down the side hall. We have a big laundry with three tubs, washer, ironer, and laundress."

"Hot water?"

"Enough for a hotel."

"Hmmm. It sounds too good to be true."

An assistant nurse came into the room, a sour smile warping her turned down mouth.

"Mrs. Crowder is waiting in the front hall with a photographer. Want's a baby girl to hold for a picture for some magazine. And her with such a cold, too!"

"She has a cold and she wants to hold one of my babies? Over my dead body! Where is she?" the head nurse snapped.

It was a militant Miss MacDumfrey who marched out to face Mrs. Crowder, Penelope discreetly following a few paces behind.

"Sorry," the nurse opened a frontal attack, "I haven't any babies available at the moment for picture taking."

"What?" Mrs. Crowder fretted. "That's ridiculous."

Taking the bit between her teeth, Penelope interrupted, "Yes, you see they're all taking naps. Being a model mother yourself, you realize how important it is not to wake them. If you won't think it impertinent, I've a better idea."

"Oh?" Mrs. Crowder said suspiciously.

YES, I want you to be the very first to know we're moving the Foundling's Home to my house and wouldn't it be splendid publicity if you had your picture taken on the front porch?"

"We-e-ll, there's something in that. Of course I'm not sure I entirely approve of your moving. This Home has been here for thirty years."

"That's true," Penelope admitted, "but sometimes a change is for the best." She smiled and paused a moment. "And Mrs. Crowder, if you're going to have that picture taken, you'd better hurry before the sun gets any higher, an overhead light is never as flattering."

"In that case, I guess I'd better run along. Don't forget, Penelope, just call on me if there's anything you want to know."

The door closed with a bang. Steve moved out from a side room where he'd been standing.

"Still here?" Penelope asked. "I thought you'd gone."

"Don't be so optimistic," Steve laughed. "But we can go now, can't we?"

As Penelope turned to say goodbye, a freckle-faced boy came to the screen door, balancing himself on a crutch. Miss MacDumfrey caught sight of him first. "And who are you?" she called.

"I'm Mickey," the boy replied.

"I've run away from the city orphanage. I—I thought maybe you could—could take me in."

"Why'd you run away?"

"Because everyone made fun of—of my leg. They call me Limpy. Can't I stay, please?"

Penelope felt her heart going out to the waif. Before the nurse could speak, she ran to the door. "Of course you can stay. You can be my assistant." And although Miss MacDumfrey and Steve objected, Penelope had her way. When she and Steve left, Mickey went with them.

On the way back to her house, Steve warned, "You can't always get around Mrs.

Crowder as easily as you did this morning."

"Mrs. Crowder be hanged!" Penelope snorted. "When I saw that woman today, I knew we'd come to blows sooner or later and I always say if there's got to be a fight, hit first and hit hard!"

Penelope began her new labors that same day. With the help of the maid, Steve, and Mickey, she moved most of the furniture out of the ballroom. It was hard work, but it was fun, and she was glad she'd started. Before the orphans could be moved, a whole week of just as hard labor was needed.

And even with the moving task finished, problems were just beginning. First there was Mrs. Crowder. Penelope realized that at every turn she would be confronted with objections from this trustee. Then there was Steve, Steve who loved her, whom she wanted at her side, but without the ties that inevitably he would one day demand.

There was only one way to (Continued on page 62)



Helen Hayes has put aside her movie work to devote herself to "The New Penny," the radio story so engrossingly fictionized on these pages.

ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT

Roses and Drums

by George Kent

THIS IS THE PROGRAM THAT HAS BEEN AND STILL IS RADIO'S BIGGEST WORRY, PROUDEST ACHIEVEMENT

RADIO'S biggest worry . . . radio's proudest achievement . . . radio's most useful, most patriotic program! Ladies, gentlemen and little children, we're talking of your favorite Sunday afternoon half-hour, *Roses and Drums*.

It's this program that spoils the smooth sleep of the rajahs of radio because it deals principally with the Civil War. And although the Civil War ended seventy years ago, its battlefields are still smouldering. It is a subject still packed with dynamite.

Tell any resident of Georgia that Sherman was a nice guy and no buts, and he'll hit you with your glasses on—even though this be the year of our love 1935. Be too nice to Lincoln, and fifty thousand Southerners will sit down to their writing

Above, from left to right, in costume, are Reed Brown, Jr., the Yankee captain; Helen Claire, Florence Williams, and John Griggs, the Rebel captain. In circle, a lovely portrait of Helen Claire as Betty Graham. For *Roses and Drums*, sponsored by the Union Central Life Insurance Co., see page 54—5 o'clock column.

desks and boil the broadcasters in ink. Attack him, and every Yankee from Bridgeport to Bangor will pitch his set into the pig-pen.

Roses and Drums has been and is one of radio's most difficult problems. It has

done more to heal old sores, more to rub out the Mason-Dixon Line than any other single factor in recent history. By glorifying the heroes of the blue and gray armies, it has sent a surge of patriotic feeling through the veins of all listeners, a feeling of pride for the stuff Americans are made of.

Evidence that this popularity of the Civil War as a dramatic subject and of *Roses and Drums* as a radio feature is still growing, can be seen in the decision to continue the program through the summer of 1935. In the



two previous years it has taken a thirteen-weeks' vacation during the warm spell, to the accompaniment of angry letters from its devoted followers.

The problem of presenting the war in a form that would give no offense was solved by a few tricks and a lot of common sense. In the first place, the program makers avoided all red flag phrases. They knew the South did not like to hear it described as the Civil War or the War of the Rebellion. You will always find it referred to as the War Between the States.

When characters whose names aroused antagonism were brought on the stage, the writers simply painted them as ordinary human beings, with all their faults and virtues. Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, Grant and Lee were made just folks, and no one could get really mad at them for that.

They went further. When Lincoln is introduced, he is not put forward as the perfect individual, the way he is served up in New England school readers. We hear Stanton crying out that Lincoln is a hypocrite. We hear someone else telling Stanton to shut up.

When Grant is accused of being heartless, someone pipes up and tells the story of how Grant worked all night to save a few horses who had fallen into a ditch. In the case of Sherman, we have Southerners attacking him bitterly and, in the General's defense, we have him expressing regret that he is obliged to march through Georgia while condoning it as a necessity of war.

In this way, the authors have struck a balance. No one is offended.

R O S E S A N D D R U M S was born in a room full of cigar smoke. Six men, looking for a program idea that would combine education with romance, worked it out after an eight-hour session in a New York office early in 1932. It went on the air for the first time in April of that year. The idea was to present a pageant of American history from the earliest times until the present, history interwoven with the life of a typically American family. The name of the family was Wright.

After three months, the program was moved to Chicago. It came back to New York in December, 1932. At the beginning, *Roses and Drums* was simply a series of stories from American history. The only unifying thread

was the presence in each story of some member of the Wright family.

Leading actors then as now were invited to play the parts of the historical characters. The problem of research loomed large. Professor M. W. Jernegan, of the University of Chicago, was given the job of editing and checking the scripts—and he is still doing it, although the job grows increasingly difficult.

The title, with its well known martial signature, this program had from the start. *Roses* appeared in the title as symbols of love and romance; *drums* for progress, for war, for adventure. It was successful almost at once, although its present popularity has been a slow, steady growth. Its sponsor is the Union Central Life Insurance Company.

The *Roses and Drums* which came back to New York in December of 1932 was the program you know today. Betty Graham, Captain Randy Claymore of the Southern army and Captain Gordon Wright of the Union forces, all familiar characters to us now, made their bow in that

home-coming broadcast in New York.

Reed Brown, Jr., created the role of Gordon Wright, and he still plays it today. He is so accustomed to the role that he turns when someone says *Gordon*. John Griggs, who is Randy today, was Randy then. The only change in principals occurred a year ago when Betty Love, who was Betty Graham, announced her intention of leaving.

Which, citizens of the radio world, was quite a blow to the producers. People were gaga about her voice. It was a caressing voice, a voice as Southern as peach-bloom. She could not be dissuaded. The producers looked everywhere for another just like it. They listened to hundreds of voices, and just at the point where they were about to give up the search along came Helen Claire, appearing in "Jezebel," a Broadway play, a girl from Union Springs, Alabama.

Her voice was naturally a great deal like the voice of Betty Love. The (Continued on page 76)



Young Eddie Wragge, Mrs. Richard Mansfield and Charles Webster, played the parts of Tad Lincoln, Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln.



LESLIE HOWARD

With several guest appearances marking his microphone debut, it was inevitable that the brilliant name of Leslie Howard would be added to radio's regular roster, Sunday nights at 8:30 over CBS.

Warner Brothers

Gallery of Radio
Romeos



LAWRENCE TIBBETT

The dramatic baritone has returned to the airwaves after completing the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Metropolitan," with the lovely blonde Virginia Bruce as his inspiration.

Hurrell



JOHNNY GREEN

This young maestro has been going places, and where could a better spot be than on the Jello program with comedian Jack Benny, Sunday nights? Johnny is also a composer and pianist

Bert Lawson



TITO GUIZAR

Just at twilight comes the soft voice of Tito Guizar and his guitar. The young Mexican tenor has selected a variety of romantic ballads to thrill you on Thursdays at 5:45 over CBS.

Bert Lawson



BEAUTY A LA JESSICA DRAGONETTE

Would you like to have a complete list giving full names and prices of all the fascinating beauty preparations mentioned in this month's article? Do you have some personal beauty problem that is causing you trouble and annoyance? Or would you like a new way to use your cosmetics or coiffures to suit your face and your type? Send your query, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, N. Y.

There's a reason for her charm and daintiness. The lovely singer tells you some of her beauty theories. Jessica Dragonette is heard on the Cities Service Hour—page 56—8 o'clock column.

BY JOYCE ANDERSON

PROBABLY no woman on the air—or elsewhere, for that matter—knows so much about natural, delicate feminine charm as does Jessica Dragonette. You have only to see her, as I saw her at the broadcast that night, in her very French evening gown of silver lamé in tones of blue and mauve, to realize that. Later, in her black and silver dressing room at NBC, she explained her beauty theories to me. Daintiness. Individuality. Taste. Imagination.

"And most important of all, I think," she said earnestly, "is not to be thinking and talking of personal beauty all the time. Give yourself the very best grooming, the very best costuming, that you possibly can—and then keep your mind alert to other things. A woman who does this, who keeps her appearance attractive and her interest in things alive, can't help being a personality.

"The best costuming means clothes that suit your type and that fit your mood. I'm naturally a great believer in mood. If I'm going to sing *Liebestraum*, I wear filmy tulle, a truly dream-like frock. For little Mexican songs, I wear Spanish-type hues. I'm particularly fond of those yellow and red combinations, though my favorite colors are white, blue and green, which seem to be my special colors.

"The best grooming, of course, starts with perfect cleanliness. I'm another of your firm believers in plenty of soap and water. I have to take very good care of both skin and hair because I love outdoor life and sunshine. I use a very special British cold cream soap which I couldn't do without, for my skin. For my hair's sake, I have frequent hot oil applications before the actual shampoo. And I brush my hair a great deal." Jessica's hair shows the results, too—a fine golden sheen and a soft texture like a baby's silky curls.

She paused, then spoke quickly, "I almost forgot one of my real skin care secrets. I often cleanse my face with almond meal. You can get it delicately scented, you know, in charming packages. I make a fine paste of it in the palm

of one hand and apply it gently with the fingertips of the other. It cleanses the pores so beautifully, and leaves the skin so petal-smooth.

"As for general make-up," she added, "I think the way we apply our face powder is all important. I use very little, for a very personal reason: because the tones of my skin and my hair are so close that I almost prefer having the same sheen to both of them! Since I am a singer, first and last, I can't take the chance of getting the slightest film of powder into my nostrils, so I pat it on gently and lightly."

As a matter of fact, you can get adorable sets of blending brushes, today, one for your powder and one for your rouge. Also, if you're looking for a new foundation, there's a splendid new protective cream whose formula contains skin ointment. It's applied with its companion skin tonic and gives a very filmy, natural complexion base. And there's a special cream put out by another reliable company which is designed just to cover up that last-minute hicky which always pops up to spoil your complexion on the night of nights.

I asked Jessica about her marvelously long eyelashes. "I use plain vaseline overnight," she answered, "to promote their growth and counteract the use of cosmetics. When I use mascara, I use one of the new tubes of paste which helps to curl the lashes and keeps them soft, even while darkening them." For those special occasions, there's a new-type iridescent eye-shadow sponsored by a famous cosmetic firm at a moderate price.

"Nearly everyone uses two coats of nail polish," she continued, "but I suppose I'm the only girl in America who uses two coats of lipstick! To keep my lips from chapping, I always wear one of the 'natural' lipsticks as a pomade for my lips. On top of that, I wear the brilliant or warm shade which harmonizes with my costume and the lights I'm about to face."

Do you have trouble getting a firm outline to your lips? You'll welcome the indelible red make-up pencil with which you can draw the shape of mouth you want and then fill it in with your own favorite lip-rouge. If you have trouble with lipstick smearing on your (Continued on page 59)



"Hi!" she waved from the veranda.
 "Don't tell me your names. I know—
 I went to the broadcast Sunday."

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

WHEN Uncle Jim Riley wrote Mickey to come to New York and audition for his Amateur Hour she didn't want to go. But Tad changed her mind. "Sure we'll go," he told her and go they did. They auditioned their act—Mickey Crail played the piano and sang, while Tad Byron sang and imitated bird calls—and were good enough to win a place on the next Sunday night broadcast. "What did I tell you?" Tad gloated, but Mickey wasn't so sure it was a good thing. Of course she and Tad didn't love each other. They'd always been too busy having a good time for that, but suddenly she was afraid that in New York she might lose Tad. And she knew then that life wouldn't be any fun without him. Sunday night finally came and Mickey found herself sitting on the stage of Radio City's largest studio with seven other amateur acts. Tad prodded her in the ribs: "Wake up, Sap," he growled.

MICKEY found herself walking towards the microphone with Tad's arm firmly linked in hers. The whisper of the crowd and the first hesitant hand clapping came to

her from a remote distance, like the harmless rumble of thunder on the horizon. All her senses were concentrated now on reaching Uncle Jim and answering his questions.

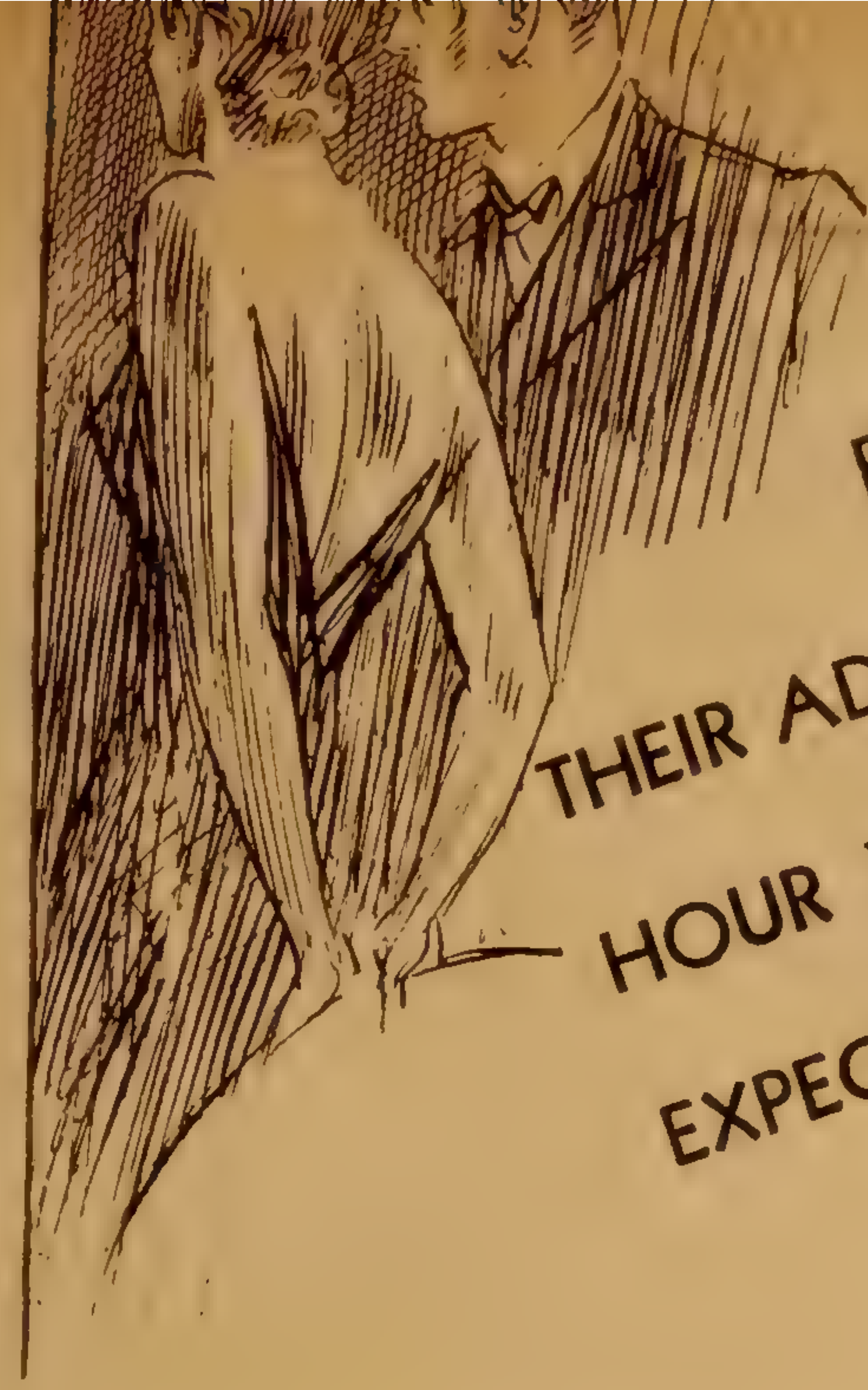
Then she was there, and Uncle Jim was shaking her hand, and Tad was smiling the one smile in the world that automatically made her feel better.

"These are two kids from Poughkeepsie, New York," Uncle Jim said into the mike. "Mickey Crail and Tad Byron. Mickey is the daughter of that famous old-time vaudeville star, Ade Crail, so I guess she really belongs here beside me. Tad, will you tell our listeners what you do when you aren't broadcasting on this Amateur Hour?"

Tad said, "Sure. I graduated from engineering school this June. I've been waiting until fall when jobs open up."

"Maybe you'll get one after tonight," Uncle Jim answered.

The first numbness was wearing off. For the first time Mickey was able to look around and recognize the studio and the stage. She wondered what Uncle Jim would ask her, what her reply would be. But instead he went on:



BY FRED SAMMIS

THEIR ADVENTURE ON UNCLE JIM'S AMATEUR
HOUR WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF UN-
EXPECTED EXCITEMENT FOR MICKY AND TAD

Amateurs

at Life

"Now if you two are ready, I'll sit back and listen."

Singing their song, Mickey knew they were good. Tad had never whistled better. She wished she could be sitting in the library at home, near the radio. It would be fun to hear your own voice broadcasting. At the end of the song, she even let her fingers wander off into minor chords, something she usually reserved for the privacy

of her music room.

Whether or not it was because their talent was so outstanding, Byron and Crail made a hit with the studio audience. If clapping alone had counted in awarding prizes, they would have walked off with first place hands down.

Tad placed the back of his hand to his forehead in a salute to victory.

"Kid, we wowed them. What did you do, hypnotize those keys?"

Uncle Jim's frown quieted his exultation. Mickey thanked Tad for his compliment with a glance in which he could have read more than appreciation, had he been looking.

Though for Mickey the broadcast was ended, another forty minutes had to go by before she could leave the studio. They must wait, too, until the phone calls had been tabulated and the winners announced.

At last it was all over. Watching in fascination, Mickey saw the minute hand of the electric clock creep to the hour of ten. The last announcement of the voting that Uncle Jim made, before the theme song ended another Hour, was: "Tannera, the gypsy, 1456; Jeff Bowers, 1238; Byron and Crail, 1179."

Tad said, in a voice that held puzzlement and disbelief, "Don't toss in the towel yet, Mickey, we still have a chance."

Mickey turned to watch the audience file out, sheep fashion, in their hurry to be at something else, the eight amateur acts that had given them an hour's entertainment glowing embers in their memories, stories to be recalled months from now.

Uncle Jim sat down next to her. "The rest of the votes

will be coming in any minute. Of course we won't have any mail for a day or two, but the letters almost always confirm the phone calls." He noticed Tad's expression of disappointment.

"Don't tell me you expected to win!"

"A Byron always expects to win," Tad replied, smiling.

"I'm glad we didn't," Mickey said impulsively.

"Why, Crail! Where's that true fighting spirit you once had?" Tad scolded.

"Here—stop bickering," Uncle Jim interposed. "Even if you didn't get first prize, you made enough impression on the audience to be getting offers before long."

"What kind of offers?" Tad asked.

Mickey grew impatient. "Come on, Tad, let's go. I'm terribly tired," she pleaded. But Tad hung back. Not until the last vote came in, placing Tannera first, did he say,

"Okay, little one. Let's be on our way."

Going down in the elevator, Mickey remembered Tad's invitation. "I'll be a nice girl this time, even if it doesn't get you any place," she smiled. "I'm going to let you out of your date for the Rainbow Room."

"Hear, hear," Tad mocked. "Isn't that sweet of you. And I'd been planning all along on a big evening. But of course, if you're set on getting home—"

"Certainly not. If it means so much to you, we'll go."

"Nope," Tad said. "Wouldn't think of it now."

He did, however, as proof that he held no ill will, flag a cab that was prowling the streets and push Mickey in. It was a waste of money, Mickey supposed, but those few short blocks home looked longer in her imagination than the circular staircase up the Statue of Liberty.

In the hall, outside her room, Mickey pulled Tad's head down near her own level, and kissed him goodnight.

"Hey, cut it out!" Tad said. "Stage people aren't allowed to have emotions."

"See you in the morning, Lothario. And it *has* been fun, hasn't it?" Five minutes later, without even a cold creaming, her face was buried in the pillow. She tried to think back over the day and was asleep before she got to church.

Without much effort, she was up and dressed by eight-thirty. Her last curl had just fallen out of place again, when Tad rapped on the door and walked in.

"Come in," she mocked and waved him to a chintz covered rocker. He slumped down, his half-closed eyes blinking in an effort to stay open.

"Well," Mickey asked, smoothing out the wrinkles in her dress, "now that it's all over, what train do we catch for the teeming metropolis of Poughkeepsie? Remember, we promised our parents we'd be back today at the latest."

Tad nearly swallowed his hand in a prodigious yawn. "So we did. Better send them a wire this morning." He blinked again and stood up.

The comb in Mickey's hand clattered to the dresser. She whirled to face him, awful realization creeping over her.

"What do you mean, send a wire?"

"What's so hard to figure out about that?" Tad laughed easily. "We're staying awhile, so we let them know."

"Staying? But we're not staying. We're going home. We came down here to have some fun. We've had it. Now we leave."

"Whoa, Mickey, slow down," he replied. "After the showing we made last night, we should go back now? Don't be ridiculous!"

All the fears that had held Mickey at dinner last night returned threefold; for every head she lopped off, two came to take its place. Tad was staying! That was plain, unadulterated fact, and there was nothing she could do to varnish it over.

She might have said more, if the landlady from the landing below hadn't called Tad's name with a shout that echoed from every wall. Tad ran out of the room and down the steep stairs. He came hurrying back, tearing open a letter he held, stopping in the doorway to read it.

"Mickey! Look! We've gone and done it already."

He advanced towards her, flourishing a gray sheet of writing paper. Mickey read it through tears that magnified every word. It was addressed to Mr. Tad Byron, care of Uncle Jim Riley, Radio City.

"Would it be convenient for you and your partner, Miss Crail, to attend a lawn party we are giving tonight? The messenger is waiting for a reply." It was signed "Marion Van Biddle."

"And don't," Tad said, "tell me you've never heard of the Van Biddles."

Only too well, Mickey recognized the name. It stood, in New York, for Park Avenue with a capital "P," a name even Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., would find hard to ridicule.

"We're going and that's final," he said, racing out to deliver his acceptance to the messenger, leaving Mickey to choose between Poughkeepsie without Tad and the Van Biddles with him.

When he returned, she made up her mind. "Tad, I'm staying. Rather than throw you to the debutante wolves, I'll stick around and see that they don't take advantage of your kind disposition."

"How nice!" Tad's lip curled in imaginary scorn. "Then you'll be around when I call for help?"

"Absolutely." And why not? she thought. It would be something to tell the relatives about later.

Byron and Crail looked much more like a young society pair than two scared amateurs when they arrived at the Van Biddle Westchester estate that night. Tad, in his white palm beach jacket and black pants, might have stepped straight from the Harvard Club. Mickey wore the precious dinner dress she had made for herself at the beginning of the summer. With it went a matching white chiffon jacket, and pinned to the left shoulder Tad's contribution to the

evening—a corsage of violets. Tad was always thoughtful.

The Van Biddles' daughter, Marion, was waiting for them when they arrived.

"Hi!" she waved from the veranda. "Don't tell me your names. I know—I went to the broadcast Sunday." She came down the steps, her hand outstretched. Marion was just what the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers promise debutantes to be—tall, slender, perfectly groomed, with ash blonde hair and contrasting eyes of iris blue. Worse than that, Mickey found herself liking the hussy.

"Come on inside and meet the assembled multitudes," Marion invited, leading the way into a cool, dimly lit hall, and then through a side door onto a porch big enough to have accommodated the whole Crail home in Poughkeepsie.

When the round of introductions were over and with frosty mint juleps in their hands, Tad and Mickey wandered off to one side.

"Just why," Mickey demanded "have we been taken up by Westchester society?"

"Couldn't you tell by the way Marion Van Biddle greeted me?" Tad answered. "Seriously I guess this is Park Avenue's newest game—inviting amateurs they like to these festivals and asking them to entertain. Maybe they do it for laughs but tonight they're going to get something more."

Marion joined them and Mickey smiled before she could stop herself.

"I've just talked things over with mother," Marion said, "and we think it would be a swell idea if you two stayed as our house guests for awhile. Which will you have, the left wing or the right wing or both?"

Mickey saw that Tad was going to accept and she spoke first. "It's terribly nice of you but we can't really. For one thing, I didn't bring any clothes with me except what I have on."

Marion replied quickly, "I have a kid sister just your size. Not really a kid, she's eighteen. She's gone to Europe and there's a whole wardrobe of stuff she's left. Come on upstairs and we'll have a look at the collection."

Mickey found no support at all in Tad. "Swell," he said. "Go ahead. I'll wait here for you."

Without another acceptable objection, Mickey followed Marion back into the hall, up a carpeted stairway and into a bedroom that belonged by rights to a fairy princess. Or a Van Biddle, Mickey thought. Marion was right. In a closet large enough to hold two generations of skeletons, were dozens of dresses—sports, afternoon, dinner, evening—hung in neat rows.

"Help yourself," Marion said, "while I see to it that the guests don't walk off with the silverware."

It was ten before Mickey finished the fascinating game of trying on clothes that didn't belong to her. She hurried back downstairs, suddenly conscious that she'd been gone a long time. No one was on the porch. She moved through to the lawn that was as smooth as an eighteenth green. Down at one corner, near an arbor, she heard voices. Picking up her dress, she half ran, anxious to apologize for not returning sooner.

"And when you hold me tight. . . ."

Mickey recognized that voice almost as soon as she recognized the tune. She stopped abruptly, a moment before going on, one pace at a time, until she had crept up to the fringe of the crowd where she (Continued on page 79)

If you haven't started this thrilling story, turn back the page and begin "Amateurs at Life." It's the story of two young people, even as you and I, who had the courage to do the things in radio which perhaps you yourself have always wanted to do. It's an absorbing tale of adventure and love in radioland.

SECRETS OF A *Society Hostess*

By
COBINA WRIGHT

LAST month I started to tell you about a dinner party I gave at which Jascha Heifetz, who loves to play practical jokes, donned a false moustache and acted as butler.

He began by almost spilling a glass of water in a very elegant dowager's lap. He caught it just in time and I could hardly keep my face straight when I saw her give him a terrible look and then instantly set her face into the forgiving smile of the socially correct.

Next he offered a dignified old gentleman some onions. The man refused. Heifetz said, "But I insist that you eat these onions. They would undoubtedly improve your disposition." The man shot an amazed look at me but I apparently had not heard the remark and was chatting in an unconcerned fashion to the guest on my left!

And then he got worse and worse. He knocked over the salt and insisted that a foreign diplomat throw it over his left shoulder. He sloshed the soup about, missing elaborate and expensive gowns by inches. He served from the wrong side, put his arm in front of the faces of people who were talking.

Of course, everyone thought that both he and I had gone completely mad but not a soul recognized the clumsy disrespectful butler as Jascha Heifetz, the great violinist, until about the fourth course.

When he finally ripped off the moustache and re-arranged his hair they were all amazed and, uncomfortable as they had been, they were able to join in the laughter. It was fun and made good dinner table conversation at other homes for weeks. I'm sure no one minds eating onions and having salt poured down his back when the reward is an evening of Heifetz music!

I have a very bad social fault; being late. I am always on time for radio programs, I never miss a rehearsal or a train, but I am notoriously late for social engagements. I try to break myself of the habit, for when the shoe is on the other foot, when I am waiting for guests, I know how badly I feel.

What should a hostess do in such a case? How should one behave when an excellent dinner is being spoiled waiting for a belated guest?

I can but tell you what I do. I wait fifteen minutes past the appointed time—no dinner can completely spoil during that length of time—then I have dinner announced and the rest of us begin. When the guest arrives I say, "I thought it better if we sat down. I was sure it would make you feel more comfortable to know that we had not waited." And then I (Continued on page 68)

IT'S THE LITTLE TRICKS IN ENTERTAIN-
ING THAT PUT A PARTY OVER—THIS
FAMOUS WOMAN REVEALS THEM



Lawrence Tibbett, right, and Grace Moore, below, have often enjoyed the hospitality of the world-famous hostess.



One of the grandest receptions Cobina Wright ever gave was in honor of Deems Taylor (right). The great violinist, Jascha Heifetz (below), practical joker.



COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

WHAT'S NEW ON RADIO ROW Con't

both legs in an automobile crash. Allyn Joslyn, the juvenile, went to the hospital, the victim of another motor accident. Then Helen Spring slipped and severely injured her spine. A week later a Tenth Avenue freight train hit Chester Straton and smashed his hip. Next Ed Lewis was crippled by a fall from a car and shortly afterwards Santos Ortega was disabled in a street accident.

By this time, the sponsor was convinced a jinx was upon his troupe and in the hope of dodging it transferred his program from the Columbia to the National network. The first broadcast in the new studio was without incident; everybody breathed easier, hoping that the Imp of Fate had been banished. But he wasn't. He was just hanging around getting ready to hand The Court of Human Relations cast its worst wallop. Janet Lee, the ingenue, thrilled with the prospect of playing on the very next broadcast her best part, was stricken with pneumonia and never got the chance.

SOCIAL GOINGS-ON

DOMESTIC discord has the Row all abuzz these days. Circulate through the corridors of Radio City and the Columbia building at 485 Madison Avenue and almost everybody you meet has a tale to whisper about some friend or acquaintance leaving his frau, or vice versa. Really it is very confusing and your reporter, after so many earfuls, is beginning to wonder if it isn't the Hollywood influence that is corrupting our citizens. Before radio stars started migrating to California to make movies we were all one happy family—now you're lucky if you can find one happy family! Or, one you can depend upon to remain happy until the next issue of RADIO MIRROR comes out!

The splitting of Ray Knight, the cuckoo comedian, and his second wife, a former Toledo, O., newspaper woman, has created possibly the greatest stir. Ray is one of the aristocrats of the air. He has aspirations to be a dramatist and a flair for comedy writing as evinced by his radio sketches and his annual contributions to the Metropolitan Opera Artists' Jamboree which winds up the Met's season.

Knight pals around with opera stars and executives and, according to his wife, has been also palling around too much with Sally Belle Cox, radio's cry-baby impersonator. Sally is a protegee of Knight's and has appeared with him for years, ever since he gave her her first job when he was production manager of Peter Dixon's Bringing Up Junior. Whenever Junior wailed it was Sally who did the wailing with the help of a pillow.

The present Mrs. Knight was a widow with two children when Ray married her. (He fell in love with Ruth when she interviewed him in her capacity as a reporter and were married a few weeks after that meeting.) Knight has a daughter by his first wife, whom he divorced years ago. Also a handsome country home in Connecticut, which Mrs. Knight hopes to acquire in the settlement proceedings in addition to a big alimony and counsel fees.

Then there is the parting of the Frank Luthers to further upset the equilibrium of the Row. Frank, as you know, is the tenor of the Men About Town and appears in a number of programs, including Heart Throbs of the Hills. At one time he was that romantic rascal, Your Lover, who had feminine bosoms all over the country aheaving. Mrs. Luther is Zora Layman, also an artist you have admired on the networks. Frank and Zora were childhood sweethearts and were long married. Until recently Mrs. Luther was content to forego her own career and watch Frank's progress. The artistic urge, however, manifested itself a couple of years ago and Zora since has been striving for her place in the sun. Friends of the couple attribute their difficulties to clash of ambitions and aspirations.

And Queena Mario, the novel-writing Metropolitan diva frequently heard on the air, and her husband, Wilfred Pelletier, the opera conductor also familiar to dialists, are calling it a day. . . . While from the West Coast come persistent reports of discord in the Bing Crosby menage. . . . And the same source would have us Easterners believe that Victor Young, Al Jolson's maestro, got one of those sub rosa Mexican divorces and as secretly was sealed to Lee Wiley, the radioriole, in Arizona.

(Continued on page 72)

CHICAGO

By Chase Giles

TED WEEMS found himself in an odd spot this fall. He had been signed to a contract by the Palmer House to bring his orchestra to that famous Chicago hostelry in September. During the summer months the hotel featured the famous dance team, Veloz and Yolanda, with their own orchestra. The dancers did such phenomenal business the hotel wanted to keep them on and on, at least as long as their popularity held up. The result was that Ted's opening for the winter season was postponed again and again until nobody, even Ted, was really sure he was going to get the job at all. So the Weems orchestra kept accepting theater and cafe dates around the country well into the fall.

All in the period of one month this fall Don Briggs left Chicago and radio for film work for Universal, Don Ameche, First Nighter leading man, and Art Jacobson, leading man of several Chicago radio drama series, were called West to make film tests. Seems the film folks are watching the Chicago radio actors and actresses very closely. And of course we mustn't forget that beautiful Dorothy Page got her chance at movie stardom while singing over the radio from Chicago studios.

One of the most popular men in the Chicago radio studios is Francis X. Bushman, film star of a bygone day. Although Bushman rode the heights—he spent so much during his years of film stardom that he himself doesn't know whether it was six or nine millions—he has none of the ego which so often ruins our illusions upon meeting famous people. He's one of the easiest men to work with in the radio business. The boys and girls all like him

and admire the cheery grin with which he faces a new life at the age of fifty-one.

Douglas Hope has been a villain so long he's sick and tired of it. He's played in Chicago radio dramatics for the last ten years but always as a villain. So he wrote a scenario one day with himself as the leading man, not the villain, in mind. His sponsor bought the script and Doug was very happy, until the sponsor cast him right back in the role of villain again. Hope's library of theatrical history includes 3,800 volumes, making it one of the most valuable private collections in the world.

Organist Irma Glen and her husband spent a fortune entirely re-doing their swank apartment on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive. Everything was done in the modern manner—trick aluminum chairs, mirrors, covering the walls, built-in radios. Then they moved out into the north shore suburbs!

Before Sigmund Romberg started his new winter radio series a sample broadcast was put on records and sent out to Chicago and to other cities so local radio editors could have a "preview" of the show just the way movie critics do.

Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, spent her vacation in Europe this fall but her husband had to stay right in Chicago writing radio shows and acting in them.

Believe it or not, One-Eye Connelly, champion gate crasher, failed to crash the NBC portals in the Merchandise Mart to make his guest appearance on one of the National Farm and Home Hour shows. He got mixed up in his dates and didn't appear until a day later.

For almost a whole week recently Lum and Abner didn't talk to each other. They couldn't. Abner, (Continued on page 73)

Out for her morning spin. Irma Glen, organist heard over the NBC network, has a new bike—siren 'n' everything.



COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS

PACIFIC

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

GOOD old Kris Kringle is harnessing the reindeers for his annual trip. Although most Coast radio entertainers will stay at home, many, in memory, will want to be transported to other places.

For instance, if they could have their way, here's where some would go . . . Eddie Albright, veteran KNX announcer, back to his hometown in Olean, New York . . . Barbara Jo Allen, One Man's Family, NBC, Paris, where she once studied at the university . . . Hazel Warner, NBC's Sperry Singer, to her Iowa birthplace . . . Cecil Underwood, NBC producer, to Spokane where he lived from the age of six . . . Glendall Taylor, to Buffalo, his first home . . . Charles Shepherd, KFI, to Boston where he was with the old Boston Symphony and the pop concerts . . . Bob Swan, KFAC, on an ocean trip to remind him of navy days . . . Ken Stuart, KJR, back to Alma mammy, Penn State College . . . Paul Rickenbacker, CBS, to see the folks in Napierville, Ill., where he was born . . . Raymond Paige, CBS, to Wasau, Wis., another home town.

"Billie" Lowe, Los Angeles radio singer, waited fifteen months and sued hubby, Edward Lowe, on charges of desertion. He left one night and forgot to come back . . . Juliette Dunn, KFRC songster, and husband, Harrison Holliway, manager of the station, have tossed overboard the divorce proceedings . . . Julietta Burnett, recently divorced wife of Donald Novis, ambling around the studios since, hoping to land on the radio again or in the movies.

Nick Kenny, New York radio columnist, made a hit out on the West Coast during visiting days, but do you suppose the hometowners heard what he said in an interview on KFWB in Hollywood?

He's one of the West Coast's most popular program directors. His name's Arthur Linkletter and his shows are heard over KGB, San Diego.



Nick said that announcers are windbags; that Ted Husing isn't overly gifted with brains; and that David Ross always moans about lack of publicity.

Anyway, that's what George Fischer, KFWB pressman, says, and the local press grabbed up the story and rushed into print.

Art Linkletter, pearly-toothed radio youngster, is back at KGB as program director. He left an announcing post there when the exposition opened in San Diego to announce for the fair. But back to the radio station at more salary. He did relief announcing while a student at San Diego Teachers College and hoped to teach English. However, "I yam what I yam, a radio mug," says the bright young lad of San Diego.

Larry Crosby, one of Bing's brothers, has written "Plain Old Me" in collaboration with Tony Romano, guitarist-singer, and Morey Amsterdam, bull fiddler and comic. The last two are favored members of Al Pearce's NBC gang. Gossip on the Coast says that another brother, Everett, who owns a music publishing house, turned the tune down. It must be good.

Now that the premieres of the new KNX and NBC studios in Hollywood are ancient history, the lads and lassies are settling down to routine business. The grand openings brought out the largest number of tuxedos and soup-and-fish in years.

C. C. ("Cash and Carry") Pyle, of sports promotion fame, has moved from Chicago to Hollywood and is producing swell transcription programs this winter.

One way to get an announcing job on the coast is to have the broadcasters hold their annual conclave in your city. Lew Crosby was valiantly holding forth at KVOR, Colorado Springs, when the NAB met there in the summer. Naylor Rogers, collector of Scotch humor and KNX's vice president, heard the boy. Came the fall and a new berth at KNX for Crosby. He plays tennis, polo and bridge . . . dabbled in college, dramatic and stock companies . . . likes hot dogs with mustard. California's bizarre architecture and desert sunsets.

Margaret Brayton has been doing pretty well for herself. She was doing bits on the Shell Chateau. Alice Brady, film player, was to take a lead role. But she flopped in the wings and Miss Brayton took her part.

Ken Frogley, news reader over KRKD and radio columnist, had a nice write-up in a rival sheet. But they dubbed him "Scoop Wempi" . . . "after breaking in an animal act for an eastern vaudeville circuit, he moved into the Fourth Estate as a radio critic." Anyway, Ken can take it.

Frederick Stark, KHJ's concert conductor, has been busy this winter as a result of his guest conducting at the Hollywood Bowl in the summer. He has been lecturing before schools and clubs. His Inglewood concerts now number 422 weekly programs.

Seems as though John Hallam, KFI mikeman, is really Bud Hiestand but it was too difficult for fans to pronounce or write.

Marian Mansfield, one-time KNX songster but lately in the films, is now married to Arthur Rankin, nephew of the Barrymore clan. Rankin, an actor, is Arthur Rankin Davenport. Marian first came to Hollywood as Gertrude Ride-nour and has two boys by a previous marriage. The Marian Mansfield tag was selected as a radio-stage-screen handle.

"Congo" Bartlett is an interesting character. He is timely and up to the minute. In no time at all, he switched his KFAC Voice of Africa program to Congo Bartlett in Ethiopia. As I told you not long ago, his first name is Sam and he is an English M.D.

Robert Waldrop, NBC announcer in San Francisco, is the latest to journey to Radio City. He is a native son—Eureka—and twenty-six years old. Probably his best known coast mike stint was to announce the western edition of Death Valley Days.

We have been hearing Rose Dirmann, soprano, on CBS from New York. Once upon a time she was a popular KFI singer, and one of the first around here to employ a personal publicity agent.

Some of these days you will hear more of Kelman Aiken in radio. Just now the lad is studying and singing on Culver City's KFVD once a week. By days he slings sodas in the Biltmore Hotel coffee shop. When the Biltmore staff held their annual frolic in the famed Bowl, he sang some ballads. This seems to be his particular forte, a sort of song stylist in balladland, rather than straight popular tunes of the day in jazz tempo. Time will develop the style, a tonal quality and more volume.

Nice work by Harry Stewart, now NBC comic in San Francisco. His health wouldn't let him go East with Al Pearce's gang, so he joined the network force.

Born in Tacoma, the blond-haired blue-eyed young man is Scotch. Of course you've heard his lovable and laughable characterization as "Yogi Yorgesson." He's developing others, too.

Don Craig, who disappeared from the KJR staff as singer and announcer, has bobbed up in Hollywood. Marshall Sohl, former KHJ tenor, is another Seattle personality. Both are doing well in Los Angeles radio circles.

Frank C. Chamberlin has been boosted from continuity scribe to assistant production manager and announcer at KROW. His nickname is Duke.

Midge (Virginia) Williams, KFRC's colored alto singer, is eighteen years old and was born in Portland, Ore. She won the staff position through the audition route, and is studying in the state university extension division. She hopes to make singing her career.

(Continued on page 83)

RADIO MIRROR'S

DIRECTORY

How to write to your favorites

The last item on each biography tells the city from which the player broadcasts. Here are the addresses:

National Broadcasting Company—

New York (abbreviated N. Y.): 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

San Francisco (abbreviated San. F.): 111 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.

Los Angeles (abbreviated L. A.): 555 South Flower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Chicago (abbreviated Chic.): Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Not all the players listed are on the network at the present time.

HERE ARE THE REST OF YOUR FAVORITE NATIONAL BROADCASTING PLAYERS: BIRTHPLACE AND DATE; IF MARRIED, TO WHOM; RADIO DEBUT; WHERE YOU CAN WRITE THEM: NEXT MONTH LOCAL STARS

McINTYRE, Frank. Actor, plays "Cap'n Henry" in "Show Boat"; born Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 25, 1881; unmarried; debut over NBC, 1934. N. Y.
McKAY, Cheryl. Contralto; born Slatington, Pa., Dec. 30; married H. A. Sheridan; two sons; debut over WFLA, Florida, 1926. CHIC.
McKINLEY, Barry. Baritone, "Dreams Come True"; born Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 1, 1913; debut over WLW, Cincinnati, 1933. N. Y.
McLAUGHLIN, Tommy. Singer, "Capitol Family"; born Los Angeles, Calif., Sept. 11, 1909; unmarried. N. Y.
McMichael, Joe. Singer, "The Merry Macs"; born Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 16, 1916; unmarried; debut over WCCO, Minneapolis, 1929. CHIC.
McMICHAEL, Judd. Singer, "The Merry Macs"; born Minneapolis, Aug. 1, 1906; married Laurine Lehning; debut over WCCO, 1929. CHIC.
McMICHAEL, Ted. Singer, "The Merry Macs"; born Marshalltown, Iowa, April 4, 1908; married Frances Kerr; debut over WCCO, 1929. CHIC.
McNAMEE, Graham. Announcer and commentator; born Washington, D. C., July 10, 1889; unmarried; debut over WEA, 1922. N. Y.
McNAUGHTON, Harry. Comedian; born Surbiton, Surrey, England, April 29, 1896; unmarried; debut in Armour program, 1933. N. Y.



June Meredith



Frank McIntyre

McNEILL, Don. Master-of-ceremonies, "Breakfast Club"; born Galena, Ill., Dec. 23, 1907; married Katherine Bennett, 1931; debut in Milwaukee, October, 1928. CHIC.
MEARS, Martha. Contralto, "Kitchen Party"; born Mexico, Mo., July 18, 1910; married Sid Brokaw; debut in Columbia, Mo., March, 1931. N. Y.
MELTON, James. Tenor, "Gulf Headliners"; born Moultrie, Ga., Jan. 2, 1904; married; debut from Roxy Theater, July, 1927. N. Y.
MERCADO, Angell. Leader Mexican orchestra; born Pueblo, Mexico, August, 1888; unmarried; debut over NBC, August, 1934. N. Y.
MERCER, Ruby. Soprano; born Athens, Ohio; debut over NBC, April, 1934. N. Y.
MEREDITH, June. Actress, "Campana First-Nighter"; born Chicago, June 8, 1906; unmarried; debut in Chicago, March, 1930. CHIC.
MOODY, Robert King, Jr. Basso with Songsmith's Quartet; born Lawrence, Kan., April 14, 1904; married Planca de Pinillos; two sons; debut in New York City, 1928. N. Y.
MONROE, Lucy. Soprano; born New York City, Oct. 23, 1910; unmarried; debut over NBC, August, 1933.
MORIN Sisters. Harmony trio, "Sunset Dreams"; Evelyn, born Dunn, Ind., March 27, 1911; debut over WSBT, Indiana, August, 1931. Marge, born Continental, Ohio, April 26, 1913; debut over WOWO, Indiana, March, 1928. Pauline, born Dunn, Ind., Feb. 24, 1909; debut over WSBT, Indiana, August, 1931. All three unmarried. CHIC.
MORRIS, Willie. Soprano with John Charles Thomas; born Mexico, Mo.; unmarried; debut Boston when 19 years old. N. Y.
MORSE, Carlton E. Author, "One Man's Family"; born Jennings, La., June 4, 1901; married; debut in San Francisco, 1929. SAN F.
MULLER, Maude. Mezzo-soprano, "Words and Music"; born Alhambra, Ill., Dec. 19; unmarried; debut over WGN, Chicago, 1930. CHIC.
NEELY, Henry M. Announcer and narrator, "Down Lovers' Lane"; born Philadelphia, Pa., 1878; debut over NBC, 1927. N. Y.
NICHOLS, "Red" Loring. Orchestra leader, "Kellogg College Prom"; born Ogden, Utah, May 8, 1905; married Willa Inez Stutesman, 1927; one daughter; debut over WEA, 1926. N. Y.
NIERMAN, Sidney. Pianist, partner of Dick Platt; born Chicago, Jan. 19, 1909; married Rose Hoffman; debut over WGN, Chicago, October, 1933. CHIC.
NILSEN, Sigurd. Basso, "Fireside Recitals"; born Perry, Ore., Aug. 8; unmarried; debut from Capitol Theater, New York City, 1924. N. Y.

NOBLE, Ray. Orchestra leader; born Brighton, England, Dec. 19, 1903; married Gladys Childers; U. S. debut over NBC, Feb. 20, 1935. N. Y.
NOBLETTE, Irene. Comedienne, partner of Tim Ryan; born El Paso, Tex., Oct. 17, 1908; married Tim Ryan; debut in San Francisco, 1932. N. Y.
ODELL, Edna. Contralto; born Marion, Ind., Aug. 8, 1904; unmarried; debut in Fort Wayne, Ind., 1929. CHIC.
OWENS, Jack. Tenor, "Breakfast Club"; born Tulsa, Okla., Oct. 17, 1912; married Helen Streiff; one daughter; debut in Wichita, Kan., 1930. CHIC.
PADGETT, Pat. Comedian, plays "January" in "Show Boat"; "Pat" in "Pic and Pat"; born Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 29, 1903; married; one son; debut with "Show Boat," N. Y.
PAGE, Dorothy. Contralto; born Northampton, Pa., March 4, 1910; unmarried; debut with Paul Whiteman, 1932. N. Y.
PAGE, Helen. Actress, "The Hoofinghams"; born Pleasant Hill, Mo., Sept. 20, 1899; married; one son; debut over WCHI, Chicago, 1932. CHIC.
PAGE, Gale. Contralto, "Fibber McGee and Molly"; born Spokane, Wash., July 23, 1910; married; one son; debut in Spokane, Wash., 1932. CHIC.
PALMER, Kathryn. Soprano, "Morning Devotions"; born Duluth, Minn., Nov. 30; unmarried; debut over WJZ, 1928. N. Y.
PARKER, Frank. Tenor; born New York City, April 29, 1906; unmarried; debut over NBC 1926. N. Y.
PARKER, Jack. Tenor, "Men About Town Trio"; born Englewood, N. J., March, 1896; married Jean Jules; one daughter; debut over WMCA, New York City, 1928. N. Y.
PARSONS, Joe. Bass, "Sinclair Minstrels"; born Indianapolis, Ind., 1890; married; two sons, one daughter. CHIC.
PATTON, Lowell. Organist and director, "Morning Devotions"; born Portland, Ore., Nov. 28, 1893; unmarried; debut over KOIN, Portland. N. Y.



Edna Odell



Frank Parker

PAULL, Jeri. Singer, "June, Joan and Jeri Trio," "Breakfast Club"; born Ekaterinoslav, Russia, Aug. 26, 1916; unmarried; debut over NBC Saturday Jam-boree, 1935. CHIC.
PAYNE, Virginia. Actress, "Ma Perkins"; born Cincinnati, June 19, 1910; unmarried; debut in Cincinnati, 1926. CHIC.
PEARCE, Al. Master-of-ceremonies and comedian; born San Francisco, Calif., July 25, 1900; married Audrey Carter; debut at San Jose, Calif., in experimental days of radio, 1912. N. Y.
PEERCE, Jan. Tenor, "Radio City Music Hall of the Air"; born New York City, June 3, 1904; married; one son; debut over WOR, Newark, 1930. N. Y.
PENMAN, Lea. Actress, "House of Glass"; born Red Cloud, Nebraska, Oct. 4, 1900; married; one son; debut in New York City, 1933. N. Y.
PENNER, Joe. Comedian; born Nagy Beeskerek, Hungary, Nov. 11, 1904; married Elinor Mae Vogt; debut with Rudy Vallee, 1933. N. Y.
PEPPLE, Ruth. Pianist, "Tone Pictures"; born Ash-tahula, Ohio; married Harold Branch; one son; debut over WJZ, 1922. N. Y.
PETERS, Lowell. Tenor, "Southernairs Quartet"; born Cleveland, Tenn., Mar. 5, 1903; unmarried; debut over WWJ, Detroit, 1923. N. Y.
PERRIN, LEE. Orchestra leader; born Poltava, Russia, Feb. 12, 1897; unmarried; debut on Borden Program, Jan. 4, 1935. N. Y.
PHELPS, William Lyon. Narrator and commentator; born New Haven, Conn., Jan. 2, 1865; debut over NBC, 1934. N. Y.
PHILIPP, Isidor. Concert pianist; born Budapest, Hungary, 1863; unmarried; debut over NBC, August, 1934. N. Y.
PHILLIPS, Irma. Actress, "Today's Children"; born Chicago, July 1, 1903; unmarried; debut over WGN, Chicago, 1930. CHIC.
PHILO, Viola. Soprano, "Radio City Music Hall of the Air"; born New York City, Dec. 7, 1905; married Henry A. Schroeder; one son; debut New York City, 1928. N. Y.

PICKENS SISTERS. Vocal trio; all born Macon, Ga.; Helen, July 10, 1909; Patti, Dec. 20, 1915; Jane, Aug. 10, 1911. Helen is married; Patti and Jane are unmarried. Debut in June, 1932. N. Y.
PITTS, Cyril. Tenor, "Music Magic"; born Marion, Ind., Oct. 25, 1905; unmarried; debut over WJZ, 1930. CHIC.
PLATT, Dick. Pianist, partner of Sidney Nierman; born Scotts, Mich., May 22, 1905; unmarried; debut over WOOD, Grand Rapids, 1923. CHIC.
POLLOCK, Muriel. Pianist, partner of Vee Lawn-hurst; born Kingsbridge, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1903; un-married; debut over NBC, 1927. N. Y.
PRESCOTT, Allen. Household speaker, "The Wife Saver"; born St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 21, 1909; un-married. N. Y.
PREVIN, Charles. Orchestra leader; born Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 11; unmarried; debut in New York City, 1927. CHIC.
PRICE, Norman. Singer, Balladeers Quartet; born Berryville, Ark., Jan. 7, 1901; married; two sons, one daughter; debut over KGO, Oakland, Calif., 1924. N. Y.
RAFFETTO, Michael. Actor, "One Man's Family"; born Placerville, Calif., Dec. 30, 1900; married; two daughters; debut in San Francisco, 1930. SAN F.
RAMONA. Singer, "Paul Whiteman's Music Hall"; born Cincinnati, Ohio, Mar. 11, 1910; unmarried; debut over WDAF, Kansas City, 1926. N. Y.
RAPEE, Erno. Conductor "Radio City Music Hall Orchestra"; born Budapest, Hungary, June 4, 1891; married; two sons; debut from Capitol Theater over WEA, New York, 1921. N. Y.
REISER, Al. Pianist, partner of Lee Reiser; born New York City, Sept. 1902; married Elaine Silverberg; debut in New York City, 1932. N. Y.
REISER, Lee. Pianist, partner of Al Reiser; born New York City, May 10, 1901; married Sally Thal; debut in New York City, 1932. N. Y.
REISMAN, Leo. Orchestra leader; born Boston, Mass., Oct. 11; married Lillian Casler; one son; debut over WJZ, Newark, 1921. N. Y.
REMSEN, Alice. Contralto, "Tuneful Travelogs"; born London, England, Nov. 24; unmarried; debut in New York City, Nov., 1927. N. Y.
RESER, Harry. Orchestra leader; born Piqua, Ohio, Jan. 12, 1896; married; two daughters; debut in New York City, 1921. N. Y.
RETTENBERG, Milton. Orchestra leader; born New York City, Jan. 27; married Marion Ross; one child; debut in Newark, 1921. N. Y.
REVELL, Nellie. Columnist and News Commentator; born Mar. 13, 1873; widow; two daughters; debut over NBC, Sept., 1930. N. Y.
RICH, Irene. Actress; born Buffalo, New York, Oct. 13, 1891; married; two daughters; debut over NBC, 1933. N. Y.



Irene Rich



Harry Reser

RICHARDSON, Ethel Park. Narrator, "Heart Throbs of the Hills"; born Decherd, Tex., Dec. 13, 1883; widow; three children; debut on transatlantic hookup, 1926. N. Y.
ROBINSON, Rad. Baritone, "King's Men Quartet," "Paul Whiteman's Music Hall"; born Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 11, 1900; married Hortense Hatch; debut over KHJ, Los Angeles, 1928. N. Y.
ROBINSON, Willard. Orchestra leader, singer; born Shelbina, Mo., Sept. 19, 1899; married; one daughter; debut over WDAF, Kansas City, 1924. N. Y.
ROLFE, B. A. Orchestra leader; born Brasher Falls, New York, Oct. 24, 1879; married; debut in New York City, 1925. N. Y.
ROMANO, Tony. Tenor, "Al Pearce and His Gang"; born Madera, Calif., Sept. 3, 1915; unmarried; debut with Al Pearce in 1929. N. Y.
ROMBERG, Sigmund. Composer and orchestra conductor; born Hungary, July 29, 1887; married; debut over NBC, Sept., 1934. N. Y.
ROSS, Lanny. Tenor, "Show Boat"; born Seattle, Wash., Jan. 19, 1906; married Olive White; debut over NBC, 1928. N. Y.

(Continued on page 77)

"I enjoy the added zest that comes with smoking a Camel"

Mrs. Jasper Morgan



When not occupying her town house, Mrs. Morgan is at Westbury, Long Island. "Mildness is important in a cigarette," she says. "I'm sure that is one reason every one is enthusiastic about Camels. And I never tire of their flavor." The fact that Camels are milder makes a big difference.



Young Mrs. Jasper Morgan's town house is one of the most individual in New York, with the spacious charm of its two terraces. "Town is a busy place during the season," she says. "There is so much to do, so much entertaining. And the more people do, the more they seem to smoke—

and certainly Camels are the popular cigarette. If I'm tired from the rush of things, I notice that smoking a Camel revives my energy in a pleasant way. And I find their flavor most agreeable." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos. Get a "lift" with a Camel.



AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*



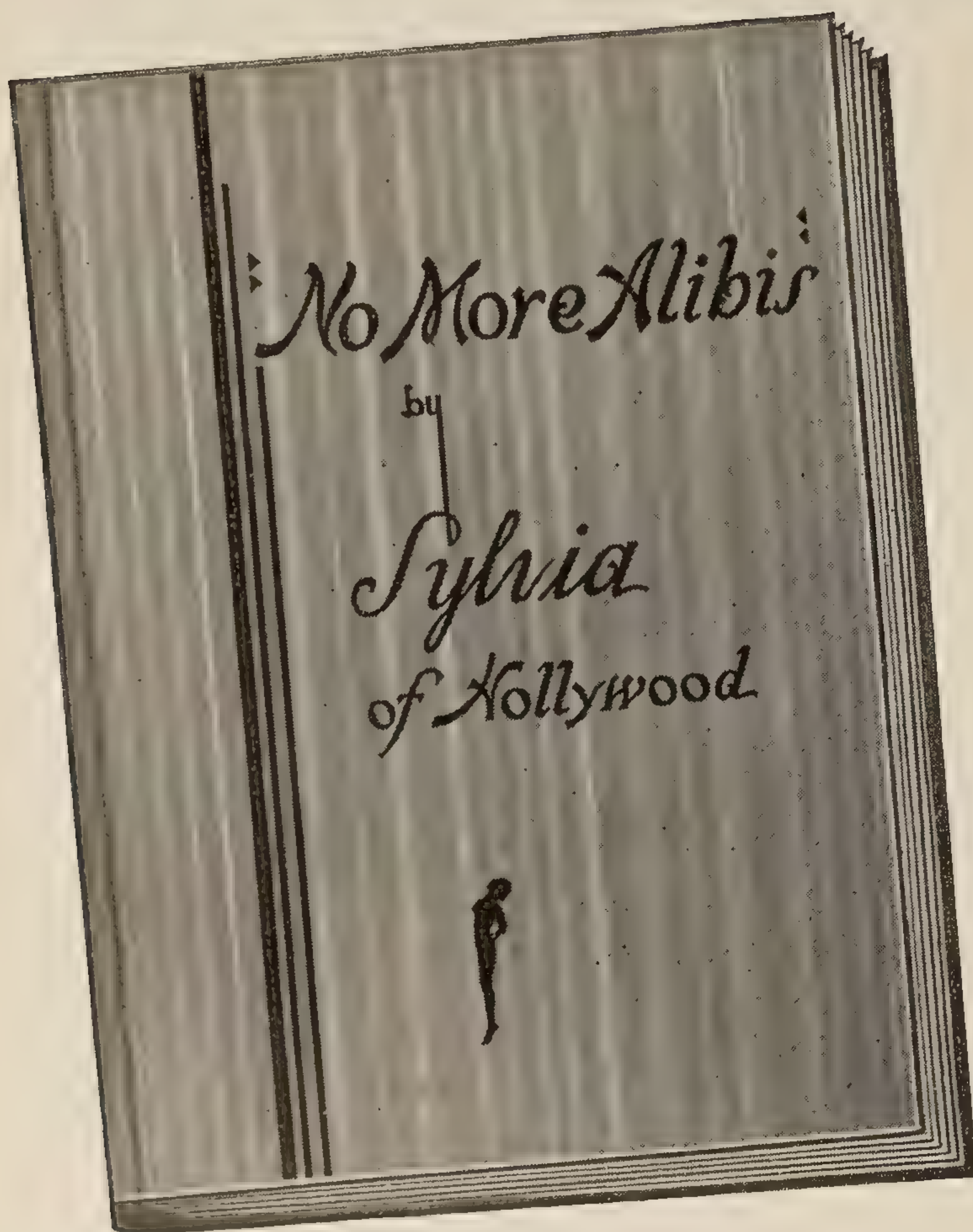
In summer Mrs. Morgan is keenly interested in yachting. "Another thing that makes me like Camels so much," she says, "is that they never affect my nerves. I suppose that is because of the finer tobaccos in Camels." Smoking Camels never upsets your nerves.

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...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand**

Sylvia of Hollywood Will

Streamline

Your Figure for Tomorrow's Styles



The Beauty Secrets of Hollywood's Glamorous Stars Now Revealed by the Famous Madame Sylvia

Haven't you often wondered how the gorgeous screen stars of Hollywood keep their flattering figures and their smooth velvety complexions? Certainly you have. And it may encourage you to know that these famous actresses are faced with problems identical to yours. They, too, find themselves getting too fat on the hips, abdomen, arms, legs and ankles. Or they may realize that they are actually getting skinny. Or they may notice that their skins are becoming muddy and blotchy.

Yet the stars of Hollywood always appear fresh, glamorous and radiant in their pictures. And contrary to public opinion the movie cameras are more cruel than flattering. But very often when a Hollywood star is in need of beauty treatment she turns to the foremost authority on the feminine form—Madame Sylvia.

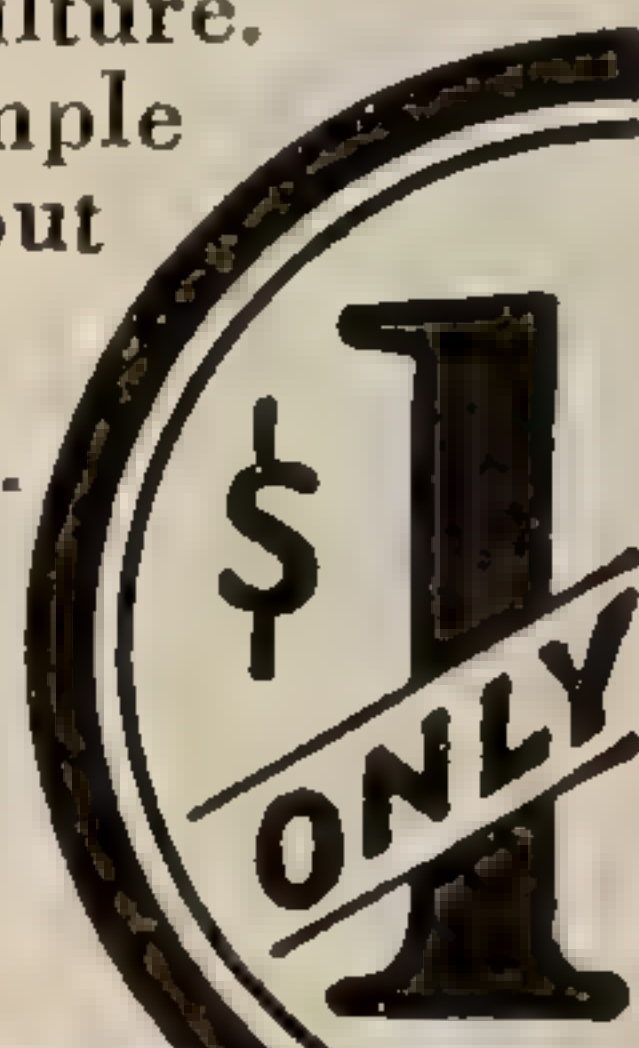
Sylvia of Hollywood, as she is often called, is the personal beauty adviser to the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It's she who transforms ordinary women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has put all of her beauty secrets between the covers of a single book. In *No More Alibis* you will find all of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce your weight 15 pounds a month—or gain it at the same rate. You will find out how to mold your body into beautiful proportions—how to acquire a firm, lovely face—how to keep your skin clear and attractive.

In this great book Sylvia names names. She tells you the very treatments she has given your favorite screen stars. And she tells you how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier!

Read the table of contents of this book carefully. Notice how completely Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that Sylvia's instructions are so simple that they can be carried out in your own room without the aid of any special equipment.

No More Alibis gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of the book is only \$1.00. If unobtainable from your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—today.



Read the Table of Contents of this Great Beauty Book

DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK
DIET AND EXERCISE FOR GENERAL REDUCING
WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED—Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce
REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC
GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH
IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs
PEOPLE WHO SIT ALL DAY—"Desk Chair Spread," Drooping Shoulders, Luncheon Warnings!
THE "IN-BETWEEN" FIGURE
KEEP THAT PERFECT FIGURE
CLOTHES TIPS FOR STRUCTURAL DEFECTS
A FIRM, LOVELY FACE
CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—Off with That Double Chin! Enlarging a Receding Chin, Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Smoothing Out a Thin, Crepey Neck, "Old Woman's Bump"
SKIN BEAUTY DIET AND ENERGY DIET
BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND FEET
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They're Ed East, right, and Ralph Dumke, left. We got their favorite hamburger recipe for you and even got them to pose while enjoying the popular snack. For the "Sisters of the Skillet," sponsored by Charis Corp., see page 52—I o'clock column.

COOKING FOR THE SISTERS OF THE SKILLET

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

YOU'VE all listened to the Sisters of the Skillet give their screwy household advice over CBS this fall. They're the boys, you know, who suggest propping up the raisins in raisin cake with toothpicks so they won't fall to the bottom, and who offered this novel method of splitting the peas for split-pea soup: Imbed the peas on lumps of dough stuck to the wall, then throw safety razor blades at them.

Well, some of their ideas about food sound just as haywire. But they're serious about them! For instance, Ed wants his six-o'clock dinner cooked at noon and placed in the refrigerator so it will be nice and cold when he's ready to eat it. Ralph loves oyster stew, but can't stand the oysters—gives them to Ed. Ed says the best potatoes are those boiled in sea water, which saves the absent minded cook from wondering whether or not she has added salt. And Ralph likes his cheese sandwich buttered on the outside.

Take the matter of cold food, Ed's preference. He doesn't like hot dishes, not only because they burn his tongue but because he thinks heat impairs flavor. Anyhow, he explains, everyone uses left over roast in the form of cold sliced meat and transforms cooked vegetables into cold salad, so he feels he is not so different from most folks at that. He even likes cold hamburger, and when the Sisters described their pet hamburger recipe I had to agree that, hot or cold, it should be swell.

SKILLET HAMBURGERS

1 pound ground round steak

1 egg

Minced green vegetables

Salt, pepper, paprika.

The catch in this recipe is the addition of the vegetables,

which form about half the bulk of the meat. Minced onions, for a starter, of course, and after that the Sisters let their imaginations run away with them and add anything they can find in the garden—parsley, celery and celery tops, chives, spinach, lettuce, cabbage, green pepper, tomato. If they are near an herb garden they include sage and thyme, basil and marjoram. Chop vegetables fine, drain off moisture and add, with the egg, to the meat and mix thoroughly. Form into patties, working salt, pepper and paprika into each. Ralph maintains that this method of seasoning is much better than putting the condiments into the mixing bowl. Salt the bottom of a heavy skillet, placed over a high flame. When the salt browns, pop in the hamburgers, brown on one side, turn and brown again. Reduce heat and cook to taste. The vegetables will cause the patties to puff up into a far more exciting dish than the ordinary hamburger. If sufficient moisture and fat do not cook out to prevent burning, add butter, but add it only after the patties have browned. And if you think they don't make good sandwiches, just look at the Sisters' picture!

With the hamburgers, Ed suggests the sea water potatoes. This method he explains, he learned from an old fisherman while cruising on Long Island (*Continued on page 71*)

If you think you know all the different ways of treating potatoes, write me for that delicious potato loaf recipe and you'll learn a new trick. Also, I'm still at your service in digging up your favorite star's recipe. Write to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, and don't forget to mention what you want, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope to insure a prompt reply.

We Have With Us—

RADIO MIRROR'S RAPID PROGRAM GUIDE

LIST OF STATIONS

BASIC	SUPPLEMENTARY	
WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WCAU WJAS WEAN WFBM WSPD WJSV WBBM WHAS KMOX	WDOD KRLD WBIG KTRH KLRA WQAM WSFA WLAC WDBO WDBJ WTOC WDAE KFBK KDB WICC KFPY WPG KVOR KWKH KLZ WLBW	WHEC KTSJ KSCJ WSBT WMAS WIBW WWVA KFH WSJS KGKO WBRC WMBR WMT WCCO WISN WLBZ WGLC WFEA KOH KSL WORC WBT WDNC WALA KHJ
COAST		CANADIAN
KOIN KGB KHJ KFRC KOL KFPY KVI	KFBK KMT KMT KWG KERN KDB KHJ	CKAC CFRE

HOW TO FIND YOUR PROGRAM

1. Find the Hour Column. (All time given is Eastern Standard Time. Subtract one hour for Central Standard time, two for Mountain time, three for Pacific time.)
2. Read down the column for the programs which are in black type.
3. Find the day or days the programs are broadcast directly after the programs in abbreviations.

HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR STATION IS ON THE NETWORK

1. Read the station list at the left. Find the group in which your station is included. (CBS is divided into Basic, Supplementary, Coast, and Canadian; NBC—on the following pages—into Basic, Western, Southern, Coast, and Canadian.)
2. Find the program, read the station list after it, and see if your group is included.
3. If your station is not listed at the left, look for it in the additional stations listed after the programs in the hour columns.
4. NBC network stations are listed on the following page. Follow the same procedure to locate your NBC program and station.

5 P.M. 6 P.M.

4 P.M.

3 P.M.

5:00
Melodiana: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WGR WFBM WBBM WKRC WHK KRNT CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WSPD WADC WJSV KFAB WCCO WHEC CFRB **Mark Warnow's Orchestra:** Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network

5:15
The Instrumentalists: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network

5:30
Crumit & Sanderson: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WGR WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WEAN KMOX WFBM WSPD WJSV WICC WBNS WDSU KOMA WHEC WMAS KTUL WIBX WWVA KFH WORC
Jack Armstrong: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WOKO WDRC WCAU WJAS WEAN WMAS

5:45
Og, Son of Fire: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WJR WHAS WJAS WBRC WBT WBNS WREC
Tito Guizar: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network

4:00
Visiting America's Little House: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network
The Grab Bag: Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network

4:15
Chicago Varieties: Mon. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WKBW WGR WBBM WKRC KRNT CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS WSPD WJSV W M B R W Q A M WDBO WDAE KHJ KDB WGST WPG WLBZ WBRC WDOD KVOR WBNS KRLD KLZ WBIG WHP KTRH WNOX KLRA WFEA WREC WCCO WALA CKAC WDSU W C O A W M B G WDBJ WTOC KWKH KSCJ WSBT WMAS WIBW CFRB WIBX KFH WSJS WORC KVI KFPY WBT

4:30
Science Service: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network

4:45
Loretta Lee: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Tito Guizar: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

Here's the probable football lineup the rest of the season, as scheduled by sports announcer Ted Husing: Nov. 9, Fordham vs. St. Mary's; Nov. 16, Notre Dame vs. Army; Nov. 23, Rice vs. Texas Christian; Nov. 28, Pennsylvania vs. Cornell. That's only CBS, remember. NBC has different ideas of what makes a football game.

3:00
Philharmonic Symphony of N. Y.: Sun. two hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WBBM WHK CKLW WDRC WFBM KMBC WJAS WEAN KMOX WFBM WSPD WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE KHJ WGST WPG WLBZ WBRC WICC WBT WBNS KRLD WSMK KLZ WBIG KTRH KFAB KLRA WSJS WFEA WREC WCCO WALA CKAC WLAC WDSU WCOA WDBJ WHEC KSL KWKH KSCJ WMAS WIBX WMT WWVA KFH WORC WKNB WKRC WDNC WIBW WTOC KOMA WHAS KGKO KOH KOIN KVIKOLKGBWDOD WNOX KVOR KTSJ WSBT WHP WOC W M B G W K B W KERN WCAO WJSV KFPY

Women's Page: Tues. Hour WABC and network
The Oleanders: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. WABC and network
Blue Flames: Fri. ¼ hr.
Football: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

Tuesdays from three to four is set aside exclusively for you gals at home. Featured by Lois Long, it will have well-known advisers to women's problems—notables like Madame Sylvia and Hattie Carnegie. There'll also be music by a piano duet and the Yacht Club Boys.

2:30
Down by Herman's: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network
American School of the Air: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network

2:45
Happy Hollow: Mon. Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Blue Flames: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WGR WKRC CKLW WDRC WJSV WHAS KMOX plus WQAM WDAE WGST WBT KVOR WBNS WOC WESG WNOX KLRA WREC KOMA W M B D WMBG WTOC WSBT WIBX WSJS WJR WDOD KRLD WBIG KTRH WLAC WDBO WDBJ WICC KWKH KLZ WHEC KTSJ KSCJ WIBW KFH KGKO WCCO WISN WLBZ KSL WORC WDNC WALA

The American School of the Air is with us for another full season and with lots of new plans to make it worth a classroom's collective while to tune in each week day... A new hot harmony team is the Blue Flames, Sunday afternoons.

1:00
Church of the Air: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
Carlton and Shaw: Mon. ¼ hr. WABC and network

1:15
Alexander Semmler: ¼ hr. Mon. WABC WCAO WMBR WQAM WDBO WSJS WDAE WGST WPG WBRC WDOD WBIG WTOC WNOX KLRA WREC WALA WDSU WCOA WMBD WDBJ

1:45
Sisters of the Skillet: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WGR CKLW WFBM WSPD plus WJR WFBM WGST WBNS WNOX WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WIBX KRLD KTRH WDBJ WTOC WICO KLZ WHEC KTSJ WBRC WCCO KSL WORC WBT plus Coast

The two mad comics, Dumke and East, are back once more—and with a sponsored program, too—Sundays at 1:45. Housewives will do well not to take their cooking hints, which consist of the wrong way to do everything but laugh at their jokes.

12 NOON 1 P.M.

2 P.M.

12:00
Salt Lake City Tabernacle: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
Voice of Experience: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WDRC WCAU WEAN WJSV

12:15
The Gump5: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WADC WKBW WFBM KMBC WFBM WSPD WJSV WHAS Plus WBNS KFAB WCCO WHEC WNAC plus Coast

12:30
Musical Footnotes: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC WNAC WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK KRNT CKLW KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV WBNS WCCO
"Mary Marlin": Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus Coast plus KLZ WCCO KSL

12:45
"Five Star Jones": Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

C O L U M B I A B R O A D -

7 P.M.

8 P.M.

9 P.M.

10 P.M.

11 P.M. MIDNIGHT

12

6 P.M.

6:00
Amateur Hour with Ray Perkins: Sun. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRB WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFLB WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WGST WBT WBNS KRDL KLZ WREC WCCO WDSU WHEC KSL CFRB
Buck Rogers: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WKRC WHK CKLW WCAU WJAS WFLB WJSV WBNS WHEC
Kaltenborn Edits The News: Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network
Frederic William Wile: Sat. ¼ hr. WABC and network

6:15
Bobby Benson: Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. WABC WAAB WGR WCAU WFLB WLBZ WOKO WDRB WEAN WHEC WMAS
Benay Venuta: Tues. ¼ hr. WABC and network

6:30
Household Music Box: Mon. Wed. WABC only
Smilin' Ed McConnell: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WKBW WKRC WBBM WJAS WEAN WFLB WJSV WBBM WHAS KMOX WAAB KRNT WJR WDRB KFAB WBRB WBT WBNS KRDL KLZ WLAC WDSU WHEC KSL WWVA KFII plus Coast

6:35
Vanished Voices: Mon. Wed. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WCAU WFLB WJSV WHEC WORC

6:45
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC WADC WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRB WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFLB WSPD WBT WCCO WHEC WWVA

7:00
Alexander Woolcott: Sun. ½ hr. Basic minus WADC WEAN WSPD plus KRNT KFAB KLZ WCCO KSL plus coast
Myrt and Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic minus WKBW CKLW WFBM KMBC WBBM WHAS KMOX plus WJR WQAM WDBO WDAE WBT WTOC WWVA
The Atlantic Family: Sat. ½ hr. WABC WADC WCAO WNAC WGR WHK WDRB WCAU WJAS WEAN WFLB WNBW WMBR WQAM WDBO WDAE WICC WBT WBNS WBG WHP WMBG WDBJ WHEC WTOC WMAS WIBX WWVA WSJS WORC WCBW WFBG WGBI WBRB WORK

7:15
Jimmy Farrell: Tues. Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Lazy Dan: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

7:30
Phil Baker: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
Kate Smith: Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. Basic minus WSPD plus WMBR WGST WBT KRDL WDSU WKBN
Singin' Sam: Sun. ¼ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK KRNT WJR WDRB WFBM WHAS KFAB WCAU WJAS WEAN KMOX WFLB WSPD WJSV WCCO

7:45
Boake Carter: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WABC WCAO WNAC WGR WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WJSV WBT WCCO WDRB WEAN KRDL KOMA WFLB WKRC

First—we have Myrt and Marge, charging into still another season, and with a new setting: a west coast picture studio. At least, that's what they promise . . . And have you heard that Vanished Voices at 6:35? . . . The first day Boake Carter's new book went on sale over two thousand copies were purchased—something of a record, it seems . . . Phil Baker, with Hal Kemp's music, is reaching for a new high Sunday nights over his CBS network. Have you heard his new stooge, who is only fourteen years old?

8:00
Eddie Cantor: Sun. ½ hr. WABC and network
Guy Lombardo: Mon. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WGR WDRB WCAU WJAS WEAN WFLB WJSV WHBF WCHS WSCS WPG WICC WBT WDOD WESG WDNC WBIG WHP WNOX KLRA WREC WLAC WDSU WMAS WSJS WMBG WDBJ WIBX WORC WHEC KWKH WWVA

Lavender and Old Lace: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus KRNT KFAB

Harvester Cigars: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus KRNT KFAB WBNS WSMK WCCO

Red Horse Tavern: Fri. ½ hr. WABC WOKO WNAC WGR WDRB WEAN WICC WORC WLBZ WHAS WFLB WHEC WCAU

Club Columbia: Sat. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WNAC WGR WHK WJR WDRB WFBM WJAS WEAN WFLB WSPD WJSV WQAM WDBO WDAE WGST WLBZ WICC WDOD KFOR WBNS WOC KLZ WBIG KTRH WNOX KLRA WREC WISN WCCO WALA KOMA WMBD WMBG WDBJ WHEC KSL WTOC KWKH KSCJ WSBT WMAS WIBW CFRB WIBX KFH KGKO WORC

8:30
Leslie Howard: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WBRB WBT WBNS KRDL KLZ KTRH KLRA WCCO WLAC WDSU KOMA WHEC KSL KTUL WRFC WOWO

Pick and Pat: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus KFAB WLBZ WICC WBT WOWO WHP WMBG WHEC WMAS WORC

Packard Presents Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus Canadian network

Burns and Allen: Wed. ½ hr. WABC and network.

Atwater Kent Hour: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic plus coast plus WGST WLBZ WBT KRDL KLZ WMBR WREC WQAM WCCO WDSU KOMA WDBO KSL KTSa WDAD WLAC

Broadway Varieties: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus WGST WBRB WBT WBNS KLZ WCCO WDSU WMBG KSL WMAS plus coast

9:00
Ford Sunday Evening Hour: Sun. 1 hr. Basic plus supplementary plus coast

Lux Radio Theater: Mon. one hr. Basic plus Coast plus KRNT KFAB WQAM WDAE WGST WBRB WICC WBT WBNS KRDL KLZ KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO CKAC WISN WLAC WDSU KOMA WDBJ WHEC KSL KTSa CFRB WORC WNAX

Camel Caravan: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network

Chesterfield Presents: Wed. Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

Hollywood Hotel: Fri. one hr. Basic Plus Coast minus KFPY KFBK KDB Plus Supplementary minus WWVA WGLC Plus Canadian Plus WOWO WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG WMBD KTUL WACO WNAX WNOX WIBX WKBH

9:30
Fred Waring: Tues. one hr. Basic Plus Coast Plus Supplementary minus KDB KWKH WSBT WWVA Plus WGST WBNS KFAB WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KTUL WACO WNAX WKBK KNOX WMBD Plus Canadian

Ray Noble: Wed. ½ hr. WABC and network

"To Arms for Peace:" Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WGR CKLW WCAU WJAS WEAN WFLB KMOX plus WDOD KRDL KTRH WLAC KWKH KLZ WHEC KTSa WMBR WCCO WISN KSL WBT KRNT WJR WGST WBRB WBNS WHP WREC WDSU KOMA WMBG KFH plus Coast

Marty May-Time: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

Hear ye! Hear ye! The month's biggest news is the signing of Leslie Howard for a Sunday night dramatic series. He's on at 8:30, following Eddie Cantor. Which sort of runs the Major's Amateur Hour a bit of stiff competition . . . Leslie claims he will give no private interviews, but we're betting RADIO MIRROR will soon carry a big feature about him . . . Chesterfield is under way again, with Andre Kostelanetz's music and Lily Pons and Nino Martini. Nino, incidentally, is making a hit in his new Fox picture.

10:00
Wayne King. Lady Esther: Sun. Mon. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRB WFBM KMBC WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFLB WSPD WJSV KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI WBNS KRDL KLZ KFAB WCCO WDSU WIBW
Alemite Hour: Thurs. ½ hr. WABC and network
Richard Himber with Stuart Allen: Fri. ½ hr. WABC WADC WOKO WCAO WAAB WKBW WBBM WKRC WHK CKLW WDRB WFBM KMBC KFAB WHAS WCAU WJAS KMOX WFLB WSPD WJSV WGST WBT WBNS WCCO WDSU WSBT KFH
California Melodies: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network

10:30
Guy Lombardo: Sat. ½ hr. WABC and network
The March of Time: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WGR WJSV plus WCCO WDSU KRNT KFAB WSPD WISV plus coast

10:45
Poet's Gold: Wed. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Clyde Barrie: Thurs. ¼ hr. WABC and network
Mary Eastman: Fri. ¼ hr. WABC and network

The Socony Sketchbook, having lost Johnny Green, went and changed its name to The Flying Red Horse Tavern, a bit of sponsor whimsy tying up with the sale of gasoline. Freddie Rich's orchestra, Willie Morris as songstress, and Jim Harkins as a genial master of ceremonies form the foundation of the new show. Willie has sung with John Charles Thomas, Hawkins has been heard on Town Hall Tonight. There'll also be a sixteen-voice male chorus . . . Ray Noble for Coca Cola now at 9:30 every Wednesday, and Marty May Saturdays same time, sustaining.

11:00
Abe Lyman Orchestra: Mon. Sat. WABC and network
Dance Orchestra: Fri. WABC and network
Guy Lombardo: Thursday ½ hr. WABC and network

11:30
Dance Orchestra: Sun. WABC and network
Jerry Freeman's Orchestra: Mon. Fri. ½ hr. WABC and network
Dance Orchestra: Tues. Sat. WABC and network
Dance Orchestra: Wed. Fri. WABC and network

Rebroadcasts for Western Listeners:

11:00
Myrt and Marge: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WBBM WFBM KMBC WHAS KFAB KMOX WGST WBRB KRDL KLZ KTRH KLRA WREC WCCO WALA WSCA WLAX WDSU KOMA KSL plus Coast

11:30
Pick and Pat: Mon. ½ hr. KRNT WFBM WHAS KMOX WERN KMV KHV KOIN KFBR KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL
Voice of Experience: Sun. ¼ hr. KLZ KSL KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI
Camel Caravan: Tues. Thurs. ½ hr. KFOR KLZ KOH KSL plus Coast
Burns and Allen: Wed. ½ hr. KFOR KLZ plus Coast

12:00
Richard Himber: Fri. ½ hr. KERN KMJ KHJ KOIN KFBK KGB KFRC KDB KOL KFPY KWG KVI KLZ KSL

One of the most imposing programs of the new season is heard Thursday nights. It's the World Peaceways show, calling for a united front against another world war catastrophe. With the speakers, singers, and orchestra contributing their services at reduced pay and Squibb—the sponsor—limiting the advertising talk to a bare minimum—this half hour marks a new era in showmanship possibilities. Tune in, you'll like it.

	12 NOON	1 PM	2 P.M.	3 P.M.	4 P.M.	5 P.M.	6 P.M.
BLUE NETWORK	12:00 Tastyeast Opportunity Matinee: Sun. ½ hr. Network Simpson Boys: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network		2:00 The Magic Key of RCA: Sun. 1 hr. Basic plus Western plus South-ern plus coast	3:00 The Silver Flute: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network Old Skipper: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network	4:00 Betty and Bob: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus KSO KWCR WREN Plus Coast Plus WOAI WLW WFAA WTMJ KSTP KVOO WKY KPRC Willard Robison's Or-chestra: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network	5:00 Roses and Drums: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WLW KTBS WKY KTHS WBAP KPRC WOAI Crosscuts from Log of Day: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and Network American Medical As-sociation Program: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network	
	12:15 Merry Macs: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Genia Fonaii-ova, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. Net-work		2:30 NBC Music Guild: Mon. Thurs. one hr. WJZ and net-work Golden Melodies: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network National Congress of Parents and Teachers Associa-tion: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network	3:15 Pine Mountains So-cial: Sun ½ hr. WJZ and network Sketch: Wed. ¼ hr. Network	4:15 Songs and Stories: Mon. ¼ hr. Network Jackie Heller: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network	5:15 Jackie Heller: Sat. ¼ hr. Network	
	12:30 Radio City Music Hall: Sun. Hour—Network National Farm and Hour: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. one hr. WJZ and net-work	1:30 Highlights of the Bible: Sun. ½ hr. Network Orchestra: Mon. Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and network	2:45 General Federa-tion of Women's Clubs: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network	3:30 Sunday Vespers: Sun. ½ hr. Network Vaughn de Leath: Mon. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network Nellie Revell: Tues. ¼ hr. WJZ and net-work Music Magic: Sat. ½ hr WJZ and network Spotlight Revue: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network	4:30 NBC Radio Guild: Thurs. one hr. WJZ and Network Castles of Romances: Tues ½ hr. WJZ and Network Ray Heatherton: Wed. ¼ hr. WJZ and network	5:30 Singing Lady: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr WJZ WBAL WBZ WBZA WHAM KDKA WGAR WJR WLW	
		1:45 Happy Jack: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network		3:45 The King's Jesters: Mon. Tues. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network	4:45 General Federation of Women's Clubs: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network	5:45 Gabriel Heater: Sat. Sun. ¼ hr Basic plus WLW WAVE WSM WMC WSB WAPI WJDX Little Orphan Annie: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ WBZ WBZA KDKA WJR WBAL WHAM WMAL WRVA WJAX WCKY WFLA WIOD	

LIST OF STATIONS

BLUE NETWORK

BASIC

WJZ
WBAL
WMAL
WBZ
WBZA

WSYR
WHAM
KDKA
WENR
WGAR

KSO
KWK
WREN
KOIL

WPTF
WTMJ
KSTP
WWNC
WKY
WBAP

KPRC
WEBC
WRVA
WJAX
WFLA
WOAI

COAST

KOA
KDYL

KGO
KFI
KGW

WLS
KOMO
KHQ

RED NETWORK

BASIC

WEAF
WTAG
WBEN
WCAE
WTAM

WWJ
WLW
WSAI
WFBR
WRC

WGY
WJAR
WCSH

WEEI
KSD
WDAF

WHO
WMAQ
WOW
WTIC

WESTERN

KSTP
WTMJ

WEBC
KPRC

WKY
WOAI

KVOO
WFAA

WBAP
KTAR

SOUTHERN

WIOD
WFLA
WWNC

WIS
WPTF
WRVA

WJAX
WMC
WJDX

WSB
WSM
WSMB

WAPI
WAVE

CANADIAN
CRCT CFCF

COAST

KHQ
KDYL
KOA

KGO
KHJ
KGW

KOMO
KFI

NATIONAL

3:00
June, Joan and Jerri: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. WEAf and network.

3:15
Oxydol's Ma Perkins: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WJAR WHO WDAF WMAQ WOW—plus WKBF WSM WSB WAPI WAVE WSMB

3:30
Penthouse Serenade, Jack Fulton: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast
Vic and Sade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Basic minus WLW plus KYW KFI
NBC Music Guild: Sat. ¾ hr. WEAf and network

3:45
The O'Neills: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic plus KYW WDAY KFYY WEBC KSTP WTMJ plus Coast
Mario Cozzi: Fri. ¼ hr. WEAf and network

4:00
Carol Deis, soprano: Sat. ¼ hr. WEAf and Network
Woman's Radio Re-view: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. WEAf and Network ½ hr.

4:30
Songs: Sun. ¼ hr. WEAf and Network
Masquerade: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAf and Network
Our Barn: Sat. ½ hr. WEAf and network

4:45
Orchestra: Mon. ¼ hr. WEAf and network
Betty Marlowe and her Californians: Wed. Fri. ½ hr.

Penthouse Serenade has changed its sing-ing star from Don Mario to Jack Fulton. Jack rose to fame via Paul Whiteman and the fact that he was once a roommate of Bing Crosby's. Listen to June, Joan, and Jerri at 3:00 week-days for an amusing, tuneful bit of light-ness . . . And Mario Cozzi is still on Fri-days at 3:45.

5:00
Al Pearce and His Gang: Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WEEI plus KYW WHIO plus Coast

5:30
Temple of Song: Sat. ½ hr. WEAf and Network
Dream Drama: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WHO WOW
Tom Mix Program: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus KSD WDAF WHO WOW
Matinee Musicale: Thurs. ¼ hr. WEAf and Network

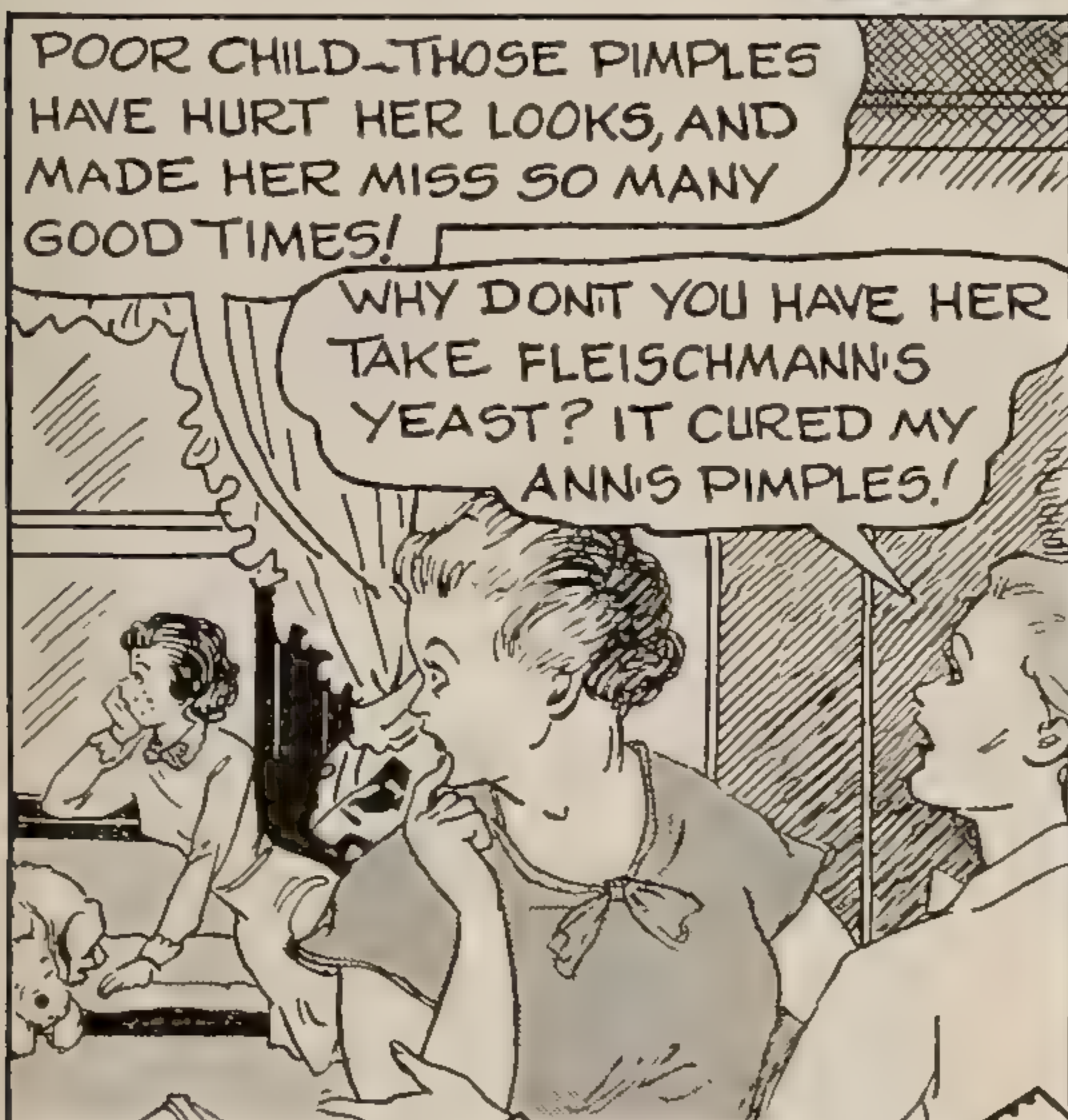
5:45
Music by Al Goodman: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus KYW WHIO WIRE
Clara, Lu'n' Em: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAf and net-work

Big news for after-noon addicts: The O'Neills are back on the air, over a WEAf network, at 3:45. All the beloved charac-ters are still in the program, even if they have a different spon-sor . . . Al Pearce got a big send-off on his new program from Amos 'n' Andy.

RED NETWORK	11:30 Major Bowes' Capitol Fam-ily: Sun. one hr. WEAf and network	1:00 Road to Romany: Sun. ½ hr. WEAf and network	2:00 Bible Dramas: Sun ¼ hr. WEAf and network Revolving Stage: Mon. ½ hr. Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr. WEAf and Network The Magic of Speech: Fri. ½ hr. WEAf and net-work
	12:15 Honeyboy and Sassafras: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ¼ hr.	1:15 Orchestra: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WEAf and network	2:30 Temple of Song: Sun. ½ hr. WEAf and Network The South Sea Islanders: Mon. ½ hr. WEAf and network Weekend Revue: Sat. ½ hr. WEAf and Network
	12:30 University of Chicago Dis-cussions: Sun. ½ hr. Network Merry Mad-capt Mon: Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. ½ hr. Network	1:30 Words and Music: Sun. ½ hr. (network listing not available)	
		1:45 NBC Music Guild: Tues. ¾ hr. WEAf and Network Airbreaks: Thurs. ½ hr. WEAf&network	



**But
secretly
she cried
over her
pimpley
skin**



Don't let adolescent pimples cramp YOUR style

From 13 to 25 years of age, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the sensitive skin and make pimples break through.

Physicians prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast for adolescent pimples. This fresh yeast clears skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears.

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated



—clears the skin

**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

6PM 7PM 8PM 9PM 10PM 11PM 12 MIDNIGHT

6:00
Canadian Grenadiers: Sun. ½ hr.
U. S. Army Band: Mon. ¼ hr. Network
Animal News Club: Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

6:30
Grand Hotel: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. WJZ and network

6:35
Morin Sisters: Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

6:45
Lowell Thomas: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WJAR WLW CRCT WBZ WBZA WSYR WBAL WHAM WMAL WJAX WFLA KDKA WJR CFCF WIOD WRVA

7:00
Jack Benny with Johnny Green's Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Basic Plus Western minus WUNC WBAP WLS plus WKBF WIBA KFJR WIOD WTAR WAVE WSM WSB WSMB KVOO WFAA KTBS WSOC WDAY WMC
Easy Aces: Tues. Wed. Thurs. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

7:15
Ivory Stamp Club: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WJAR WREN plus WFIL WXYZ WMT (station list incomplete)
Master Builder Program: Sat. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

7:30
Bob Ripley with Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Lum 'n' Abner: Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ WBZ WBZA WSYR WENR
Message of Israel: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

7:45
Dangerous Paradise: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. Basic Plus KTBS WSM WSB WFAA WKY WLW WHO
Phil Regan: Thurs. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

8:00
NBC String Symphony: Sun. ¾ hr. WJZ and network
Fibber Mc Gee and Molly: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus WFIL WCKY WLS WMT
Eno Crime Cases: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WHAM WENR plus WLW WLS
Life Saver Show: Wed. ½ hr. Basic
Nickelodeon: Thurs. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Irene Rich: Fri. ¼ hr. Basic minus WJR WJAR WENR KWK plus WLS WSM WMC WSB WAVE

8:15
Bob Crosby: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

8:30
Evening in Paris: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus WFIL WCKY WLS WMT
Welcome Valley, Edgar A. Guest: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WCKY WMT
House of Glass: Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WBZ KWK plus WMT WCKY
Kellogg College Prom, Ruth Etting: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus WFIL WCKY WMT

9:00
Melodious Silken Strings Program: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus WTMJ KSTP WBAP WEBC WOAI plus WLW WIOD WAVE WSM WSB WMC WJDX WSMB WFAA KTBS KTHS

Sinclair Minstrels: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Western plus WSB WIBA WDAY KFJR WFAA WIS WIOD WSM WSMB WJDX KTBS KVOO WSOC WTAR WMC KOA WLW WMT WAPI KDYL

N.T.G. and his Girls: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WLW WLS WMT
John Charles Thomas: Wed. ¾ hr. Basic plus Coast plus WIRE WMT WCKY
Death Valley Days: Thurs. ½ hr. Basic minus WENR plus WLW WLS
Palmolive Beauty Box: Fri. one hr. (network listing unavailable)

9:30
Walter Winchell: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic
Princess Pat Players: Mon. ½ hr. Basic
Helen Hayes: Tues. ½ hr. Basic
National Barn Dance: Sat. Hour. Basic plus WLS WKBF

9:45
Niela Goodelle: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic plus WCKY

10:00
Sunday Evening at Seth Parker's: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Raymond Knight: Mon. 1 hr. WJZ and network
Wendall Hall: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and network
NBC Symphony Orchestra: Thurs. one hr. WJZ and network
Meetin' House: Fri. ½ hr. WJZ and network

10:30
Armco Ironmaster: Sun. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Heart Throbs of the Hills: Tues. ½ hr. WJZ and Network
Stones of History: Wed. ½ hr. WJZ and network
Carefree Carnival: Sat. ½ hr. WJZ and network

The youngest of the Crosby brothers, Bob, starts a new radio program about the same time you read this. Tune him in Fridays at 8:15 . . . Ulderico Marcelli, conductor on the Fibber McGee, Molly program, was born in Rome, educated in Chile, began his career in Ecuador, and now lives in Chicago.

11:00
Joe Reichman Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Songs: Wed. ½ hr. Ink Spots: Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and Network
Dorothy Lamour: Mon. Wed. Fri. ¼ hr. WJZ and network

11:15
Shandor: Sun. ¼ hr. WJZ and network
Ink Spots: Mon. Fri. WJZ and network

11:30
Orchestra: Sun. ½ hr. Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Orchestra: Tues. ½ hr. Orchestra: Thurs. ½ hr.

James Melton recently signed as a star of Friday night's Palmolive Beauty Box. The contract calls for 108 weeks of singing . . . Soon you'll again hear Frank Simon's band playing for Armco. He's on Sundays again, but at a later hour—10:30 . . . Helen Hayes, having exchanged Hollywood for radio, will soon star in a Broadway play . . . Stones of History has been changed to Wednesdays at 10:30.

RED ↓

NATIONAL

↑ BLUE

6:00
Catholic Hour: Sun. ½ hr. Network
Flying Time: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

6:15
Mid-week Hymn Sing: Tues. ¼ hr. Network
Orchestra: Wed. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

6:30
Invitation to the Dance: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and Network
Press Radio News: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

6:35
Stanley High: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

6:45
Billy and Betty: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. WFAF only
Merry Macs: Sat. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

7:00
K-7: Sun. ½ hr. WFAF and network
Amos 'n' Andy: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and network
Thornton Fisher: Sat. ¼ hr. WFAF WTIC WTAG WJAR WCHS KYW WHIO WRC WGY WBEN WTAM WWJ WMAQ KSD WOW WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFJR WRVA WPTF WTAR WSOC WUNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WAVE WMC WAPI WJDX WSMB WSB WCAE WSAI WIRE WSM

7:15
Uncle Ezra's Radio Station: Mon. Wed. Fri. WFAF and network
Popeye, The Sailor: Tues. Thurs. Sat. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

7:30
Sigurd Nilssen, basso Graham McNamee: Sun. ¼ hr. WFAF WTAG WJAR WCHS WRC WGY WTAM WWJ WSAI WMAQ KSD WOW WBEN
Music Is My Hobby: Thurs. ¼ hr. WFAF and network

7:45
The Fitch Program: Sun. ¼ hr. Basic minus WEEI WDAF plus CFCF KYW WIRE
You and Your Government: Tues. ¼ hr.

8:00
Major Bowes Amateur Hour: Sun. Hour Complete Red Network
Hammerstein's Music Hall: Mon. ½ hr. Basic
Leo Reisman: Tues. ½ hr. Basic minus WSAI plus Western Minus WOAI WFAA plus Southern minus WRVA WAVE plus WKBF WIBA WDAY KFJR WSOC WTAR
One Man's Family: Wed. ½ hr. Complete Red Network plus KTBS WCKY KFJR WDAY WIBA
Rudy Vallee: Thurs. Hour Complete Red Network plus KFJR WDAY
Cities Service: Fri. Hour—Basic minus WMAQ plus Western plus Coast plus CRCT
Lucky Strike Presents: Sat. one hr. Basic plus Western plus Coast plus WIBA KTBS WMC WSB WAPI WJDX WSMB WAVE

8:30
Voice of Firestone: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus WFAA WBAP KTAR plus Southern minus WRVA WAPI plus WDAY WKBF WIBA KFJR WSOC WTAR KTBS
Lady Esther, Wayne King: Tues. Wed. ½ hr. Basic minus WFBF plus WTMJ KSTP WKY KPRC WSM WSB WMC WOAI WKBF WSMB WBEN WTIC WBAP KVOO

9:00
Manhattan Merry Go Round: Sun. ½ hr. Basic plus WTMJ KSTP WEBC CFCF KFJR plus Coast
A and P Gypsies: Mon. ½ hr. Basic
Ben Bernie: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus WTMJ KSTP WDAY KFJR WMC WSB WBAP KTBS KPRC WOAI KOA WFI KVOO
Town Hall Tonight: Wed. Hour—Basic plus WIS WJAX WIOD WSB WTMJ KTBS KPRC WOAI KSTP WRVA WSMB KVOO WKY WEBC WPTF WSM WMC
Show Boat Hour: Thurs. Hour—Complete Red Network
Waltz Time: Fri. ½ hr. Basic minus WEEI
G-Men: Sat. ½ hr. Complete Red Network

9:30
American Musical Revue: Sun. ½ hr. Complete Red Network
Grace Moore: Mon. ½ hr. Complete Red Network
Eddie Duchin: Tues. ½ hr. Complete Red Network
True Story: Fri. ½ hr. Basic Plus Coast plus WHIO
Shell Chateau with Al Jolson: Sat. One hr. Basic plus Coast Plus KYW WHIO WIBA KSTP WEBC WDAY KFJR WTMJ WRVA WPTF WUNC WIS WJAX WIOD WFLA WTAR WSOC KGIR KGHL KFSD KTAR KOYL

10:00
General Motors Concerts: Sun. Hour. Basic plus KYW WHIO WIRE WIBA KFJR WTAR WSOC KTHS KTBS KGIR KGHL KFSD plus Southern plus Western plus Coast
Contented Program: Mon. ½ hr. Basic plus Coast plus Canadian plus KSTP WTMJ WEBC KPRC WOAI WFAA KFJR WSM WMC WSB WKY
Swift Hour with Sigmund Romberg and Deems Taylor: Tues. ½ hr. Basic plus Western plus Coast
Log Cabin Show: Wed. ½ hr. WFAF and network
Whiteman's Music Hall: Thurs. Hour—Complete Red Network plus WDAY KFJR KTBS KTHS WIBA
Campana's First Nighter: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus Western minus KVOO WBAP KTAR plus WSMB WMC WSM WSB

10:30
Great Moments in History: Tues. ½ hr. WFAF and Network
Mills Brothers: Fri. ½ hr. Basic plus Southern plus Western plus Coast

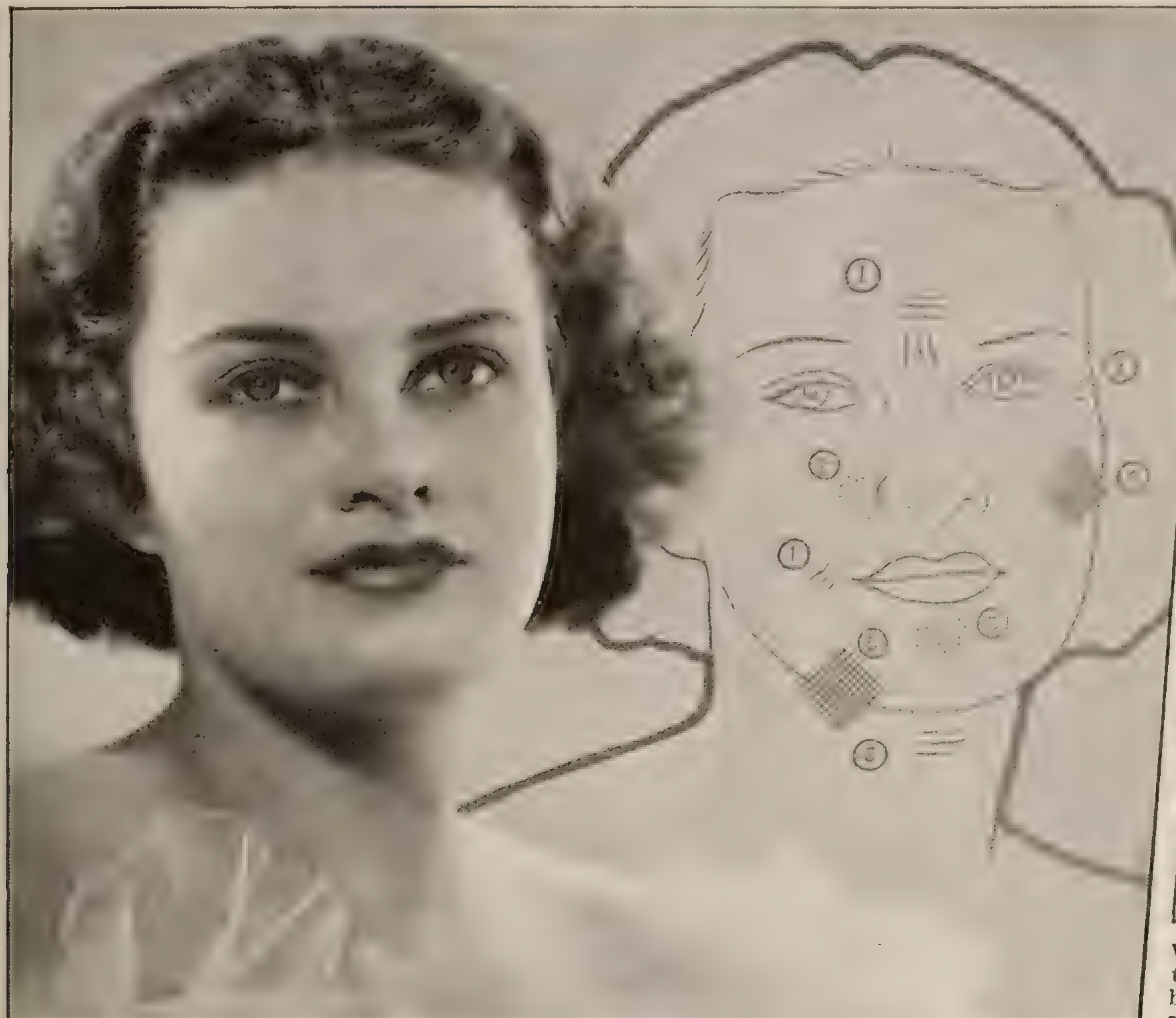
11:00
Orchestra: Mon. ½ hr. Network
Orchestra: Wed. ½ hr. John B. Kennedy: Thurs. ½ hr. Stanley High: Tues. ¼ hr. WFAF and Network

11:15
Orchestra: Mon. ¼ hr. Network

11:30
Orchestra: Mon. Wed. Fri. ½ hr. Network
National Radio Forum: Thurs. ½ hr. Network

11:45
Jesse Crawford: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. ¼ hr. WFAF and Network

Biggest news flash of the month: Ben Bernie, recently divorced, engaged to marry a Chicago swimmer, Dorothy Wesley! . . . The Eddie Duchin-Fire Chief program is still without additional talent. Ed Wynn's demands for weekly income were not met . . . Al Jolson scheduled to leave Shell Chateau. His picture work's taking up a lot of time, and besides, he says, he's tired out.



Miss Constance Hall says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear and fine."

Which is Yours?

- 1 **Lines fade** when wasting under tissues are stimulated.
- 2 **Blackheads go** when clogging underskin secretions are removed, and underskin stimulation prevents further clogging.
- 3 **Blemishes stop** coming when blackheads that cause them are removed and new ones prevented.
- 4 **Pores reduce** when kept free from pore-enlarging secretions that come from within the skin.
- 5 **Dry skin softens** when penetrating oils restore suppleness and oil glands grow active.
- 6 **Tissues won't sag** when underskin nerves and fibres are kept toned up and stimulated.



Where skin faults start—In the underskin, tiny nerves, cells, blood vessels and glands keep outer skin flawless. Skin faults start when this underskin slows up!

Put new life into Under Skin

See outer skin bloom...Faultless!

"Deep-skin" Cream reaches beginnings of Common Skin Faults

WHAT annoys you most when you peer into the mirror?

Blackheads dotting your nose? Lines on forehead? Little blemishes? If you could only start *new*—with a satin-clear skin!

And you *can!*—by putting *new life* into your underskin! There's where skin faults begin. And there's where you must work to get rid of them.

Your underskin is made up of tiny nerves, blood vessels, glands and fibres. *Kept active*—they rush life to your outer skin—free it of flaws. Annoying lines, blackheads, blemishes are a sign your underskin is losing its vigor!

To KEEP that underskin pulsating with life—stimulate it deep with Pond's Cold Cream. Made of specially processed oils, it seeps down the pore

through cloggings of dirt...make-up... skin secretions. Out they flow—leaving your skin fresher, immediately clearer.

But Pond's Cold Cream does still more! Pat in more cream briskly. Circulation quickens, little glands get busy. Now pores reduce, blemishes go away, lines begin to fade!

A double-benefit treatment

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to uproot clogging make-up and dirt. Wipe off. Now pat in fresh Cream—for underskin stimulation!

Every Morning, and before make-up, refresh your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It smooths your skin for powdering.

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Special 9-Treatment Tube

POND'S, Dpt. M131, Clinton, Conn. . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, FRANCOISE of FRANCE

Princess Christopher of Greece

famed among royalty for her classic beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin look fresher, my pores fine. Little lines have vanished!"

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Write to the Oracle, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, and have your questions about personalities and radio programs answered

Long famous as a comedian and accordion virtuoso, Phil Baker now sings! With him are his four stooges and Hal Kemp's orchestra. For Phil Baker's program, sponsored by the Gulf Refining Co., see page 53—7 o'clock column.

THERE'S plenty to be known about the radio stars, especially some of the very new ones. For instance, there's little Emily Vaas who won a contract with Phil Baker on her thirteenth birthday, and it was her hat that clinched the bargain. Phil's very words were: "You're hired; but if you take that hat off, you're fired." Phil Baker had been looking for a feminine heckler to cooperate with Beetle, Bottle and Agnes Moorehead on his new Gulf program. It had begun to be quite a problem when Emily happened along.

Miss Bella D., Buffalo, New York—Walter Winchell is back in his old Sunday night spot after Cornelia Otis Skinner had been pinch-hitting for him. You'll find his address listed in our RADIO MIRROR Directory which starts on page 48.

Eleanor H., Cleveland, O.—Please follow our "Facing the Music" articles in RADIO MIRROR, and you'll soon be finding some things about Hal Kemp that you've been wanting to know. All you had to do is ask, and voila!—a picture of Conrad Thibault and his bride appeared in the October RADIO MIRROR. I bet you saw it!

Lucille, Rochester, New York—Ann Jamison, heard on Hollywood Hotel, is Virginia. We had a story about Virginia in the October RADIO MIRROR. Don't tell me you missed up on that issue!

Miss Lena E., Phila., Pa.—Muriel Wilson is the singing "Mary Lou" of Show Boat. She is still single although she's engaged to Fred Hufsmith, who is also a radio singer.

J. W. H., St. Paul, Minn.—Jim and Lazy Dan are played by one person, Irving Kaufman. Gene Arnold is interlocutor for the Sinclair Greater Minstrels.

Mrs. W. F., Buffalo, N. Y.—All you have to do is write and ask. I'm sure Jimmy Melton will send you one of his pictures. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller Center, New York. By the way, did you like the story about Jimmy and his diet on page 30, entitled "No More Corporations?"

Michael S., Dickson City, Pa.—Vaughn de Leath, contralto, was the first woman to sing over the air.

Miss L. M. B., Chicago, Ill.—Thank you for the information on Joe Sanders. Now, here's your reward: Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, Rhode Island, on June 29, 1901. He made his début as boy soprano in the choir of Grace Church there. Later he decided to be a trap drummer in a boys' orchestra. His father and grandfather were whizzes with a drum. His next job was as telephone operator in an iron works factory. Then followed a short-lived career as a newspaperman and finally he concentrated on his voice. He made his New York début in 1931 and has been climbing the ladder via stage, radio and movies, ever since. Tall, handsome and athletic, Eddy finds relaxation in swimming, motoring, tennis, dancing and sailing. He's single and at present can be reached in care of M-G-M, Culver City, California.

Miss P. L. N., Baltimore, Md. and Mrs. Minnie W., Baltimore, Md.—The above is for you too, ladies.

Miss Rosalyn G., Ballston Spa, New York—Rudy Vallee has business offices at 111 West 57th Street, New York City. I am sure your letter will be given prompt attention.

William H., Canton, Ill.—Ruth Etting was born in David City, Nebraska. She was studying clothes designing at the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago when she went to the Marigold Gardens to sketch the costumes. Her ambition to sing won her a place in the chorus. Then one night a male principal failed to appear and Ruth, the only one familiar with the lyrics, was called upon to take his place. She made so good she retired then and there both as a chorus girl and an art student. And of course you know the rest.

Joan B., Spokane, Washington—The lady in question was born Katherine Elizabeth Smith but everyone knows her as Kate Smith. How do you like her new program? She's with the A. & P. Gypsies now, you know.

B. K. B., St. Louis, Mo.—The Oracle apologizes, B. K., for the mistake. I was wrongly informed. Jack Arnold is played by Vinton Haworth.

Eva H., Chesterville, Ontario—Jerry Cooper is heard over the Columbia networks on Wednesdays at 10:45 P. M. and Saturdays at 9:30 P. M.

Beauty à la Jessica

Dragonette

(Continued from page 41) •

skin, this is perfect for you, since it gives an even more definite line than an eye-brow pencil.

Jessica blends other things besides lipstick for her personal use. "I love perfume," she said. "I love it so much that I seldom wear only one scent at a time. I often blend two or three on my skin—perfume, of course, should always be applied to the skin, never the clothes. Cleopatra, so I've heard, was such a past master at this art that she had perfume injected just under the skin, so that it really became an actual part of her body! It's probably just a legend, but it's an interesting idea.

"What are my favorite perfumes?" She smiled and shook her head. "That should be every woman's personal beauty secret! Like the truly chic Frenchwoman, I say 'Never tell your perfume.' Choose the ones you like best for your own individuality, and never tell! By blending two or three scents, you'll have an absolutely different combination. Then vary these combinations with the gown and the occasion. Keep it light and elusive. Perfume on a woman should be just like the perfume of a flower. When you hold a carnation in your hand, you get only faint whiffs of it, as though born on a shifting breeze.

"Flowers, too—all kinds and in all seasons—are an essential part of a woman's personality. I believe that's one place where we American women show a lack of imagination. We wear such standardized flowers. Your little boutonniere needn't always be a gardenia, your evening corsage needn't be luxurious orchids. For example, I like to wear a nosegay of marigolds in the lapel of my little yellow Schiaparelli suit. And for evening wear, I look for the one flower in all the world which was meant to go with a certain color and a certain material."

If you find it hard to get real flowers at all times in your community, you might try the little trick used by Ann Sothorn, the film star, who uses floral perfume on the artificial flowers she wears, matching the scent to the flower. And if you're looking for a truly individual perfume, I can tell you of at least three delightful ones which are coming out this fall, and you will probably be the first in your community to discover them! There's one created especially for evening wear, another which is warm and elusive at the same time, and still another which presents one of our favorite floral odors in a new and exciting guise.

Another subtle use of perfume is found in the enchanting varieties of eau de cologne now being offered. One company put out a set of three widely different odors in one case, to suit your mood at the moment. Another has the most generous-sized bottle of good cologne at a reasonable price that I've ever seen. You know, of course, that cologne-water is not just a scent, but a relaxing and exhilarating application for tired muscles and overheated bodies, so this large bottle is ideal for such unsparing use.

Do let me tell you more about these fascinating new products and the names of the preparations which Jessica Dragonette mentions. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City.



DISHPAN TEST SHOWS HOW

DEEPER SUDS

MAKE DISHWASHING
quick and easy!

THE more suds there are to do the work, the easier any washing job becomes. Silver Dust actually gives far deeper suds than any ordinary soap. The pictures at the right give dramatic proof of this, in a test that anyone can make.

The real proof is in the dishpan. If you hate dishwashing . . . if you want to make the job really quick and easy . . . Silver Dust is the soap for you. Get it today!



Put a teaspoonful of your favorite dishwashing soap in a dishpan with two cups of water. Swish it around for about fifteen seconds and then pour the water and suds into a mason jar.



Now do the same thing with Silver Dust. Note how much deeper the Silver Dust suds are. They actually overflow! Note, too, how close the suds are. These active busy little bubbles make dishwashing quicker and easier than ever before.



No More "Corporations"

(Continued from page 31)

cleaning up and cooking does a housewife. And you can't cheat on rest, if you want to keep your voice clear.

"A singer must have at least nine hours' sleep every night. Why, when I have a program on Sunday, I never go out on Saturday night. Even during the summer, I daren't take a chance cruising over night on our boat, the *Melody*; my sleep might be disturbed."

Jimmy had a couple of months before his movie test. Having conquered the radio and concert fields, movies and opera are the two goals he's now shooting for. He's studying hard for the latter. It remained to prepare his body for the former.

At that time, the banana and skimmed milk diet was all the rage. So Jimmy, of course, went on that. For a week, yes, a full week, with no cheating. And Marjorie ate bananas and drank milk till she hated the sight of them. Not that she needed a diet, but just to keep Jimmy company, and show him she appreciated what a tough job it was.

That didn't prove satisfactory. Jimmy lost only a couple of pounds. And he felt sick—really sick. Of course, his voice sounded thin and strained. So bananas and skimmed milk were out. Then, still experimenting, they hit upon another diet. Tomato juice and hardboiled eggs—for breakfast, lunch and dinner. One of Marjorie's friends had tried it and claimed it worked wonders. All it did for Jimmy was to make him feel weak, and as ravenously hungry as a wolf.

Nothing daunted, they tried another stunt. For a few weeks, the Melton cupboard was bare of all butter, cream, sweets and starches. Then, for a week, Jimmy relaxed and ate the food of the pre-diet days. Then back on the rigorous diet. "After awhile," he said, "I got used to it and felt pretty good, but I wasn't losing enough. During the week I ate normally, I'd gain back most of the weight I'd lost the previous week."

When the time came to take the motion picture test, Jimmy just hadn't lost enough weight. And he and Marjorie were heartbroken.

"There was no use making a fool of myself," Jimmy told me soberly. "So I just didn't take the test. It was pretty tough, of course, when Marj and I had hoped and dreamed and planned so long for it, but," with a shrug of his shoulders, "that was that."

A Melton never acknowledges defeat. And when two Meltons, Big Jimmy and Little Marjorie, make up their minds to lick something, it will be licked. Just give them a little time. Jimmy decided he had been all wrong. After all, he was a singer, not a doctor. His job is to sing an aria or a tender love song so we'll all enjoy it, not to dope out, by trial and error, a brand new Melton method of reduction.

So to his doctor he went. First the doctor examined him. Heart, lungs, blood pressure, throat—everything was Okay. Then the fun began.

"What he did to make me lose weight, you and anyone in good health can do. 'What's your height?' was his first question.

"Six feet two," I answered."

With Jimmy's build, the doctor told him his normal weight should be about 185 pounds.

"Do you do any strenuous exercise?" he asked.

"No, I exercise lightly. A bit of dancing, a bit of tennis and swimming, but not much."

"Then you need seventeen calories of food a day for every pound of normal weight," he explained. "That would make it about 3145 calories a day if you want to maintain your present weight."

But Jimmy didn't want to maintain that weight; he wanted to lose. So, as might be expected, the doctor told him to eat much less than this 3145 calories. By cutting down on his intake, he'd cut down his weight. Gradually, he reduced Jimmy to about 1899 calories a day.

"He gave me a list of foods with their caloric content," Jimmy told me, "and he warned me against cutting out any type of food entirely. That was what I had been doing on my self-imposed diets, with the result that they weakened me and affected my voice. You have to have a balanced diet."

Very little seasoning was used in preparing food. Salt was used in small doses, for it maintains fat by checking the flow of perspiration from the pores. Onions, too, were taboo.

The doctor said it was a good idea for Jimmy to begin dinner with a fresh salad, an acid drink or cold Madrilene soup, to take the edge off his appetite. Then broiled chicken or lean meat or boiled fish—never fried—two green vegetables, and stewed fruit for dessert.

Jimmy was to have plenty of water, whenever he wanted. Only it isn't healthy to wash food down with water instead of chewing it.

Don't think it was easy for Jimmy to stick to the diet. There was the time, for example, when Jimmy and Marjorie were invited to a friend's for dinner. Now Jimmy couldn't afford to go off his diet, so he explained that if he came, all he'd have was some tomato juice. Jimmy thinks it's a help to have only fruit juices for a few days when you start your diet. He says you can drink all you want. It seems to shrink the tummy and loosen up the fat cells like nothing else does, and isn't at all uncomfortable.

The friends said it was all right. But when Jimmy came, they spread before the hungry-eyed Meltons a regular feast. They had no tomato juice in the house. None at all. And they were amazed, yes, really insulted, when Jimmy stuck to his guns. Finally, they realized he meant what he said, and sent out for a bottle of tomato juice.

Every week Jimmy has it all over again. The stars of the Palmolive Beauty Box have formed a little lunch club, each taking turn standing treat. It's Jimmy's party every Tuesday. And he has to sit back and suck a lemon while they dive into rich, creamy pies and cakes. But he's back-slid only once.

"Though the best way to get thin," he told me, "is not only to diet. You've got to have systematic exercise to help the good work along. If you can take time out for swimming and hiking and gym, that's swell. A half hour of swimming consumes 250 calories; an hour's brisk walk of four miles, 350 calories, and a half hour of tennis burns up 300 calories. But since I can't find time for these regularly, I do the next best thing and go to gym."

"How I loathe gym," he said frankly. "This afternoon I stood on the corner of Madison Avenue for fifteen minutes thinking up reasons for playing hookey. But I knew Marj would see through them

—so I went. I go at least three times a week."

Not everyone can go to gym, so I thought I'd better ask Jimmy what exercise he does there. "I take the whole works," he grinned, "stationary bicycling to reduce my thighs and hips; punching the bag, a swell sport for making muscles in your chest and arms; medicine ball, sparring, mat exercises. About the best thing for reducing that bay-window is to lie on the floor and imitate a bicycle pumping away with your legs. Don't stop till you're good and stiff, and watch your tummy deflate."

"Here's another you can do at home, if someone will help. Lie on your back and throw a medicine ball every which way. This is a devil of a job at first—it makes all those lazy muscles of your stomach get into action. And do you feel it the first few days!"

Within six months, Jimmy was down to 184 pounds. And he passed the Warner Brothers test with flying colors. In fact, today he's in Hollywood making his first picture.

So take a tip from him. Try his reducing method. And maybe the girl friend or your wife won't watch Clark Gable with such a rapt expression. You may again become a hero in her eyes.

WEDNESDAY—

TOTAL CALORIES—1550

Breakfast	Calories
Grapefruit juice	100
2 Strips bacon (small)	50
Toast	100
Coffee	50

300

Lunch	Calories
Vegetable soup (1 cup)	100
Toasted Cheese sandwich	250
Iced Tea	50

400

Dinner	Calories
Fruit cocktail	100
Meat loaf	200
Beets	50
Baked potato	100
Lettuce & tomato salad (mineral oil dr.)	50
Baked apple with honey	200
Glass milk	150

850

THURSDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1525

Breakfast	Calories
Half cantaloupe	75
4 Graham crackers and Skimmed milk	200

325

Lunch	Calories
Bouillon	25
Omelette (2 eggs)	200
3 Crackers	75
Stewed rhubarb	150

450

Dinner	Calories
Tomato juice cocktail	50
2 Lamb chops (broiled)	200
Cole slaw	50
Squash	50
Spinach	50
Baked potato	100
Lemon ice	200
Coffee	50

750

FRIDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1575

Breakfast	Calories
Half grapefruit	100
2 Poached eggs	150
Toast	100
Coffee	50
	400
Lunch	Calories
Salad mixed vegetables: (watercress, tomato, green pepper, radishes)	75
1 Slice wheat bread	100
Large slice fresh pineapple	100
Tea	50
	325
Dinner	Calories
Fruit cocktail (melon and watermelon balls)	100
Broiled halibut, lemon juice dressing	200
Cucumber salad	50
Cauliflower	50
Baked potato	100
2 Cookies	200
Milk	150
	850

SATURDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1555

Breakfast	Calories
Sliced orange	100
Scrambled egg	100
Toast	100
Coffee	50
	350
Lunch	Calories
Spinach souffle	150
Sliced tomatoes	30
3 Crackers	75
Jello	100
Buttermilk	75
	430
Dinner	Calories
Half cantaloupe	75
Broiled liver (small portion)	200
4 Slices bacon (small)	100
String beans	50
Small portion spaghetti	150
Apple sauce	150
Tea	50
	775

SUNDAY—TOTAL CALORIES—1525

Breakfast	Calories
Sliced banana	100
Crushed bran and skimmed milk	200
	300
Lunch	Calories
Stuffed tomato (vegetables)	100
Slice wheat bread	100
Cup custard	150
Coffee	50
	400
Dinner	Calories
Chicken broth	100
Roast beef (med. portion)	300
Broiled mushrooms	100
Corn	100
Asparagus salad	75
Apple	100
Tea	50
	825

N.B.—You will note that each of these menus approximates 1550 calories, which is what the average man needs while reducing. Since Jimmy is taller than average (6'2"), his doctor allows him an additional 250 calories daily, which he takes in the form of milk, fruit juices, fresh or stewed fruit, making his total for the day about 1800 calories.

"Say, Joe...I've got one of our worries licked!"



THIS little medicine-fighter has one of childhood's greatest worries licked. He has just been introduced to a laxative that's a treat—Fletcher's Castoria!



"It's swell, Joel"

Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. A youngster takes it willingly . . . and it's important that he should. For the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a laxative he hates upsets his nerves and digestion.

And—Fletcher's Castoria was made especially for a child's needs—no harsh, purging drugs in Fletcher's Castoria such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain.



"That's right—Fletcher's Castoria."

Like the carefully chosen food you give your child, Fletcher's Castoria is ideally suited for a child's growing body.

It will never cause griping pain. It

does not form a habit. It is gentle, safe and thorough.



"Tell your mom to get some!"

Adopt Fletcher's Castoria as your child's laxative—until he is 11 years old. Get a bottle today—the carton bears the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher*. Buy the Family-Size bottle—it's more economical.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years

The Adventures of Penelope

(Continued from page 34)

banish such worries. She must plunge into the business at hand, see to it that the orphans were kept happy and healthy. She woke up the morning of the eighth day feeling that she was well along in getting things running smooth.

After lunch, she stretched out on the deep, wide sofa in the living room and half fell asleep. She didn't hear Steve come tiptoeing in. It was only when he stood over her, his arms piled high with bundles, that she opened her eyes.

"Steve, you look like Santa Claus."

"These," Steve said proudly, "are rattles, guaranteed to fit any mood."

"Steve, be serious," Penelope said, sitting up, "you mustn't throw your money around like—like a drunken sailor!"

"It's your own fault. You won't let me bring you presents and I've got to have some emotional outlet. And that reminds me," he went on, "a Mrs. Foster who adopted one of our boys four years ago is in the library. The kid has found out he's not really their child and he's taking it pretty hard."

PENELOPE jumped to her feet. "I'll see her right now," she said over her shoulder as she ran across the hall into the other room. Mrs. Foster was sitting down, her face in her hands. Between sobs of anguish, she told the story. Her young nephew had told Bobby, the orphan she had adopted, that he had come from the Home and had mocked him.

"Now Bobby just sits and broods," she explained. "He won't play or talk."

Penelope saw that there was only one thing to do. "Will you send Bobby and Stuart to see me?"

Before an hour was up, the maid was announcing that the two boys were waiting in the living room. Penelope hurried in to talk to them. "Which is Bobby and which is Stuart?" she asked.

"I'm Stuart," one of the boys said proudly, then in disdainful tones, "Bobby, that's him," pointing to his companion who was looking down at his feet.

"Well," Penelope said, "I'm glad to know you. I understand you both were adopted from here."

"Not me!" Stuart said, puffing up with pride. "But Bobby's adopted."

"Hmmm," Penelope mused, "you look good enough to be an adopted, Stuart. I'd never have guessed you weren't."

"Oh, do adopted always look good?" Stuart asked, a little crestfallen.

"Our babies do," Penelope assured him. "We're *very* particular here. That's why Bobby's father and mother came to us when they wanted a little boy. They looked at twenty-nine babies before they found just the right one!"

Bobby looked incredulous. "Twenty-nine? Gosh!" He turned to Stuart. "I guess that'll show you us adopted are pretty smart. You heard what she said. I was *picked*. Your mom and dad had to take what they got."

When the two boys walked out, a few minutes later, it was Bobby whose chest was out. Penelope sank back in a chair, exhausted. She was still sitting there when Steve came back.

She waved a hand and smiled wanly at him as he sauntered into the room. "I got those two small kids straightened out," she told him.

"Swell," Steve answered. "How about dinner tonight in celebration?"

Penelope shook her head slowly. "I'd love to, but I'm so tired my legs ache. I have some reports to write up anyway."

Steve's face fell. "I can see this job is

going to interfere with your social life. I'll have to think up more business to see you about during office hours."

"Steve, don't be silly. You know I'll always have time for you, only tonight I just couldn't keep my eyes open. You understand, don't you?"

"Sure, that's one thing you can count on me for, always," Steve answered.

By herself once more, Penelope wasn't so sure that Steve did understand. Now that she was divorcing John, he had every right to expect formal consideration as a suitor. And—and she just couldn't.

Her one, big worry at the moment was Mickey, the cripple she'd made her jack of all trades and who lived in the hope that soon someone would adopt him. The first week it had seemed that somebody would appreciate his willingness to work, his happy disposition. Now that nearly a month had gone by without anyone taking an interest, he was disappointed and discouraged.

At last it was midnight and Penelope had to go to bed without having arrived at a solution. In the morning, before she could even finish breakfast, she had another caller. The maid announced, "Mrs. Crowder is in the library."

Penelope finished her coffee, put aside the paper, and went out to greet her.

"Penelope, which is the best baby you've got?"

"Well," Penelope hesitated, "there really isn't any best baby. But why?"

"I want to adopt one. Oh, not for myself. I have two for each of my three husbands. This is for my daughter, Charlotte. I'm sorry to say things haven't been going well for her lately. She's married, you know, and—well, she doesn't seem to settle down. I thought if she had a child she might . . . the doctor says she can't have one of her own."

"But does she want a baby?"

"Oh, I always did have to make up her mind for her."

"All right," Penelope shrugged, "I'll have Mickey show you into the nursery."

SHE watched Mrs. Crowder plunge up the winding staircase with grave misgiving. She hated the idea of giving a baby to her, but she had no real reason for refusing. Miss MacDumfrey joined her.

"What'd that old battle axe want?" Then, without waiting for an answer, she added, "Steve Van Brunt's outside. He's got the monthly accounts."

Penelope turned. Steve was walking down the hall, a big ledger under his arm. The smile he summoned up was only a shadow of his usual grin. "I hate to tell you this," he greeted mournfully.

"I know, we're in debt. Is it bad?"

"Bad! We're in the red two thousand three hundred and fifty-seven dollars."

Penelope gasped with relief. "That isn't so terrible. We can make that up."

"But the plumbers want to be paid."

"All right. I'll send them my personal check this morning. How much is it?"

"Over two thousand," Steve said, "and you can't even pay that Penelope, you haven't that much in the bank!"

"Steve! You're crazy. What are you talking about?"

The walls and ceiling and stairs swam crazily in front of Penelope. "Did he—did John—" She couldn't finish.

"Nothing dishonest," Steve hurried to explain, "but he invested your money in flamboyant stocks."

"Don't be so bitter about John," Penelope pleaded. "He's your best friend."

"You mean he was. Good God, Pene-

lope, I can't like him, remembering what he's done to you, how he took you away from me!"

Fear, craven fear, crept up inside her. This was the scene she had tried to avoid. And then Miss MacDumfrey came back into the hall.

"Mr. and Mrs. Henry Franz are here to look at babies. The poor people the doctor said had just lost their daughter."

"Coming right away," Penelope said. Before Steve could stop her she had slipped past him to meet the young couple, the wife red eyed from weeping, the husband vainly trying to console her.

"We thought maybe—well, maybe we might find a baby to take the place of our Susie," the husband explained. "The doctor says we can't expect to have another one of our own."

LET'S go right up to the nursery," she suggested, leading them to the stairs, up to the ball-room. She stood to one side, waiting, while the mother walked down between the two rows of cribs, stopping and looking, walking ahead, looking again. Suddenly she was calling, laughing, sobbing.

"Henry, Henry! Come here, quick! Look at her, the one in this crib!"

Penelope and the husband hurried over. The mother leaned down and picked the baby up. "Just like our Susie," she cried. "Isn't she, Henry?" She turned to Penelope. "Can't we have this baby, please?"

Brushing away a tear, Penelope nodded, "Certainly, and though we don't usually allow it, you can take her home right now with you."

"We'll never forget your kindness," the mother promised, taking Penelope's hand. "Henry and I can be happy again."

Penelope fought back her tears and led them to the door. In the hall, they ran into Mrs. Crowder hurrying towards the nursery. She stopped and stared, horrified, then pulled Penelope aside.

"What was that woman doing with that child? That child she was carrying?"

"That's Mrs. Franz," Penelope explained. "She just lost her own daughter and now she's found one just like her to take her place."

"But she can't! Not that one. I've picked that one especially for my daughter. I must remind you, Penelope, that I'm a trustee and I expect first choice."

Penelope felt the color rush up into her cheeks. Remembering the joy with which Mrs. Franz had held the baby, she said grimly, "Listen to me, I'm the head of St. Vincent's. Anyone who takes that child away from Mrs. Franz does it over my dead body!"

Bridling, Mrs. Crowder snapped, "I suppose there's nothing more to say, except—" and she paused dramatically, "I won't be able to open my house for the tea and fair this year. Nor can I contribute my annual donation. Good day."

With a last defiant toss of her fat chins, Mrs. Crowder bounced from the room. Penelope was too chagrined to cry. Miss MacDumfrey found her leaning against the door, laughing.

"I've just burned my bridges and crossed my Rubicon," Penelope said, "I've told Mrs. Crowder she could go to blazes!"

Yet it was worthwhile. Penelope knew that in this tangled problem of running St. Vincent's, she had found the answer to her own personal troubles. Helping others to find joy and real living she could set the past, with its heartbreak, to one side and look ahead to a future that held promise of a new life.

Meet Michael Bartlett

(Continued from page 19)

nimbleness of eyebrow that would do credit to any Roman singer.

In the beginning, Broadway failed to recognize in Michael the potentialities that have turned him overnight from a concert hall performer to a radio and screen star. Jerome Kern finally chose him to take one of the leads in his musical comedy, "The Cat and the Fiddle," but not until he had hired another for the part. Michael got the job after waiting eight months.

"The trouble was," he said, "my background scared them. They didn't think that anyone who could sing in four languages and who had studied abroad could sing their popular melodies."

THIS fear in producers has plagued him ever since, until last spring. Michael wanted to get into the movies. About the time sound films were springing up like mushrooms after a heavy rain, he went to Hollywood and took a series of screen tests. Fox finally handed him a year's contract as a featured player. And then never cast him in a single picture, just paid him his salary.

He's tried radio too, before this fall. "I can't count all the times I've been called down to some studio and told to sing for a prospective sponsor. Naturally I always chose a piece I knew, light opera or a favorite aria, and the sponsor would just sit and shake his head. I hadn't sung 'Love in Bloom' so I couldn't be much good!"

The nearest he came was six months ago when he made an appearance over WOR, powerful local station in New Jersey. Stubbornly sticking to his guns, he chose for one of his numbers a melody he had heard in Paris. He sang it in French, by way of introducing it to American audiences.

No great rush of agents wanting to sign him soured Michael on radio and he went again to Hollywood, this time by request. Grace Moore wanted him for her picture. He determined to forget broadcasting.

Then this summer he had a phone call from an old school chum. "Come over and audition for the Jack Benny show," the friend said. Bartlett, in his own words, thought the friend was nuts, but he got an hour off from the lot where he was working and went to the radio studio. "Listen," the friend said, "I know you can sing, but you've got to do one popular number."

Bartlett nodded and rushed out to a music store, grabbed the first sheet music he saw and took it back with him. When he opened it up, he saw it was "Tell Me That You Love Me Tonight." When he hummed the tune he discovered it was the same little French melody he had introduced last spring!

Which all goes to prove that the right kind of stubbornness sometimes gets you places. It also explains why Michael Bartlett says he is glad of the chance to play comedy with Jack Benny, when another opera singer would snort and rear on his hind legs. He'll sing popular melodies from now on and like 'em.

For MOVIE MIRROR'S radio program every Tuesday night from 7:30 to 8:00 P. M. EST, tune in on WMCA, WIP, WDEL, WCBM, WOL, WMEX, WPRO, or WLNH. You'll enjoy it!

Her skin looked dull, sallow...



Miss Rosalie de Forest Crosby, a beautiful brunette

"The right powder makes it brilliant," Color Analyst said

Here's a girl who thought all brunette powder shades were alike. Dark-haired with pale creamy skin, she had been using "just any" brunette powder. Her skin looked sallow with it—yellowish. Pond's Color Analyst told her why: "Too dull a shade." He smoothed on Pond's Brunette. "Why, this *brightens* my skin!" Her coloring looked positively alive!

DON'T THINK Pond's Brunette is like any other brunette shade. Nor Pond's Rose Cream like any other blonde powder! They're not. Pond's Powder shades are the result of a new discovery that adds *life* to every skin.

With an optical machine, Pond's color-analyzed the skins of over 200 girls. They discovered the secret tints that made each skin what it was. Most astonishing of all, they found that dazzling blonde skin owes its transparency to a hidden *blue* tint! Glowing brunettes skin gets its creamy clarity from a hidden touch of *green*!



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find the hidden tints in lovely skin now blended invisibly in Pond's new Face Powder.

Pond's blended all these precious tints into their face powder. *Invisibly*. When you fluff on Pond's, dull skin lights up. Pale skin surges with new vitality. A florid complexion tones down soft. Every skin blooms afresh!

Don't use a powder shade that stamps you old-fashioned, dull. See what the new Pond's shades can do for you—

Brunette—clears brunette skins
Rose Brunette—warms dull skins
Rose Cream—gives radiance to fair skins
Natural—lighter—a delicate flesh tint
Light Cream—a light ivory tone

With Pond's, you don't have to be "powdering all the time"—it clings for hours. So delicate, it cannot clog.

New Reduced Prices—

55¢ size now 35¢
\$1.10 size now 70¢

5 Different Shades FREE!—Mail Coupon Today

(This offer expires February 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dpt. M132, Clinton, Conn. Please send me free 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each shade for a thorough 5-day test.

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**April
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IT'S *thrilling* to use only the softest, finest, imported talc... It's *exciting* to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth"... And it's *satisfying* to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

A RADIO STAR Weighing Hundreds of Tons!

By JACK HARRIS

ONE of radio's most unique personalities weighs several hundred tons and has almost enough power to pull Kate Smith's moon over the mountain.

In two years of broadcasting, this unique radio performer has never spoken into or even seen a microphone, and, what is more, is not likely to do either in the remaining years of its radio career.

This most unique radio performer is the Pan-American, crack passenger train of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, which has broadcast daily for the past two years over WSM, 50,000 watts in Nashville, Tennessee.

If any there be to doubt that the Pan-American is a genuine radio performer, a reference to the WSM mail tabulations will be convincing.

From Canada to Cuba have come thousands of letters to attest the appeal of a radio performance which started two years ago as a stunt and proved so popular that it has continued daily since that time.

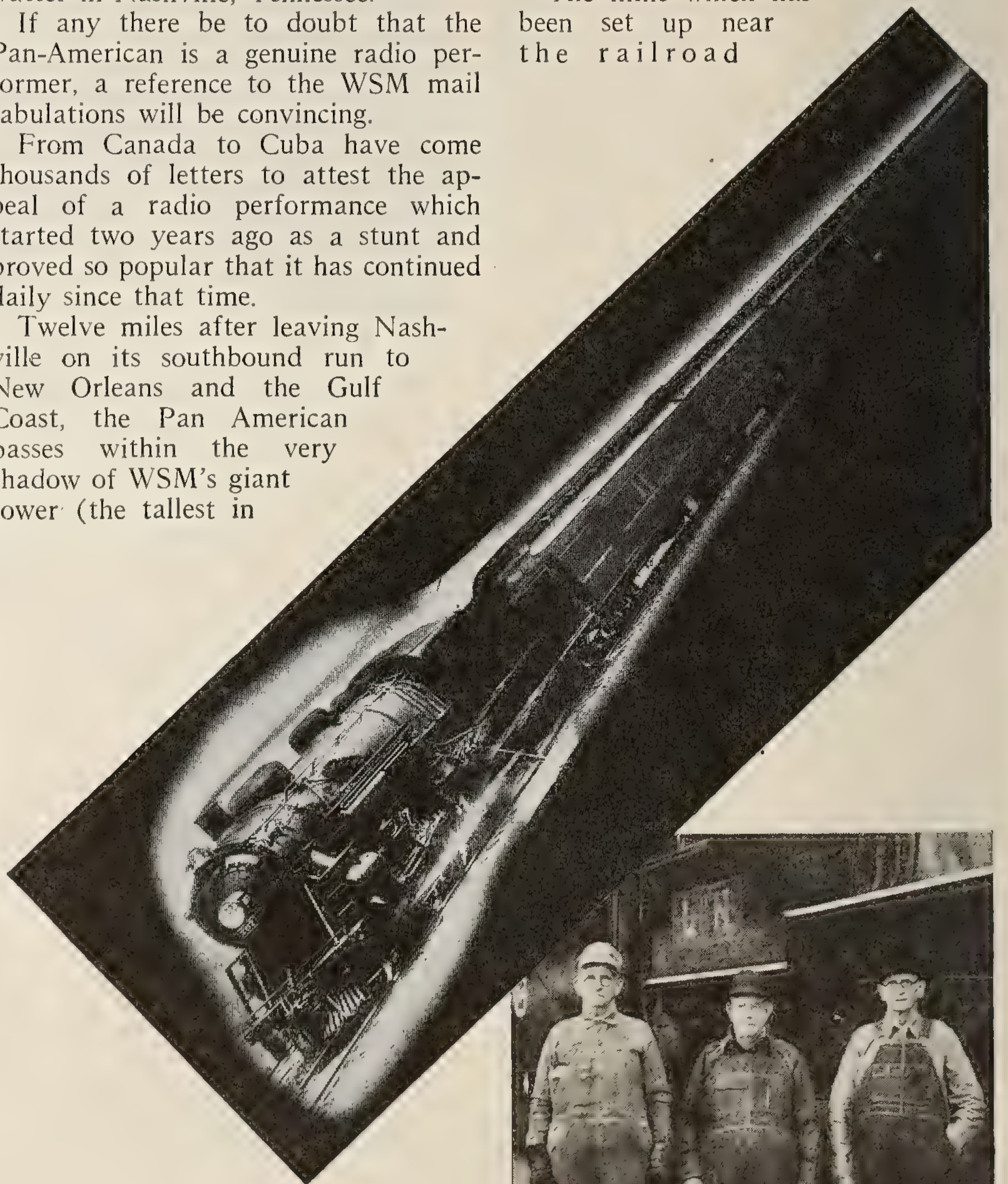
Twelve miles after leaving Nashville on its southbound run to New Orleans and the Gulf Coast, the Pan American passes within the very shadow of WSM's giant tower (the tallest in

America, rising 878 feet in the air).

Each afternoon a WSM engineer leaves the transmitter building, walks to a little shanty by the tracks that houses the WSM microphone and equipment, and then calls the dispatcher to check on the Pan-American's schedule.

Finally, when this engineer sees the Pan-American nosing around the bend about two miles down the tracks, he calls the WSM operator back at the studios. The operator in turn signals the announcer who "introduces" the Pan-American.

The mike which has been set up near the railroad



Here are three veterans who pilot the Pan-American past station WSM's giant tower each afternoon. From left to right, Bill McMurray has spent 48 years with the railroad, Jack Hayes 52 years and Tom Burns retired after 55 years on the rails.



A Big Smile- and a little Chocolate Tablet

Tracks is then opened and the WSM audience hears the crack passenger train as it approaches in the distance—then comes the Pan-American's salute, the regulation grade-crossing signal of two long blasts, one short, and a final long blast. As the train rushes toward the microphone, the sound increases in volume until it seems that the engine is about to come right through the loudspeaker into the living room. And as suddenly and dramatically as it has entered, the Pan-American with a last shrill salute, fades into the distance.

This broadcast of a train on its daily schedule is unique in radio presentations and has for this reason evoked considerable comment and speculation.

But the wide interest is due not so much to the uniqueness of the broadcast as to the strong universal appeal of the railroad. In this broadcast over WSM the romance of the rails has been more powerfully and more realistically dramatized than through any other means.

It has captured the fancy and imagination of thousands. Numbers of people, even in Cuba, set their clocks by the Pan-American, 5:10 p. m., C.S.T. Others are regular "passengers" on the broadcasts.

There is one new seventy-four-year-old passenger on the Pan-American broadcast who never before has been a railroad passenger.

HIS name is Tom Burns, and for fifty-five years he served the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, most of these as engineer of the Pan-American.

It was Tom Burns who pulled the Pan-American on its debut over the radio. It was Tom Burns who gained such delight from the fan letters his broadcast received. And it was Tom Burns who insisted that there be a daily dress-rehearsal of the Pan-American before it pulled out of the depot in Nashville.

If the whistle doesn't sound just right, or if anything else seems slightly awry, the engineer of the Pan-American is sure to hear about it—from his family at home, from division headquarters, from WSM and from fans who follow closely every move of the crack passenger train.

Thus it is that each day before pulling out, engineers follow the precedent of Tom Burns and give the Pan-American a thorough test, or dress rehearsal.

For two years the Pan-American engineers have known that they cater to a highly critical audience.

Now Bill McMurry, Jack Hayes, and Ed Carter are fully aware that their audience is even more critical and demanding than ever before. For to the thousands has been added the one who first started the broadcast, their former senior-colleague, Tom Burns.

After fifty-five years on the rails, Tom Burns has sought retirement.

And although he won't be able to climb up in the cabin, get his hands and neck black in grease and feel the stinging wind in his face, Tom Burns will still be with the train he's known for more than a decade.

For the chief performer of the first Pan-American broadcast will now become its "first" fan.

Tom Burns will be at home—at his radio each afternoon at 5:10. Thus he will still be able to bring the Pan-American down the long stretch to the WSM microphone.

And then, if the veteran of fifty-five years on the rails closes his eyes and dreams a bit, who can blame him if he continues, not with the music on the radio, but traveling down the rails with the Pan-American in its long, exciting run to New Orleans?



ONCE this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

It tastes just like smooth, velvety, delicious chocolate. Mild and gentle in action... approximating Nature. She found it thorough, too, without over-action.

There was no need for her to keep on increasing the dose to get results. On every count she found Ex-Lax the ideal laxative. It is the best in America... according to America's opinion of it. Because more people take Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million

boxes were bought last year alone. 10c and 25c boxes; at every drug store.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

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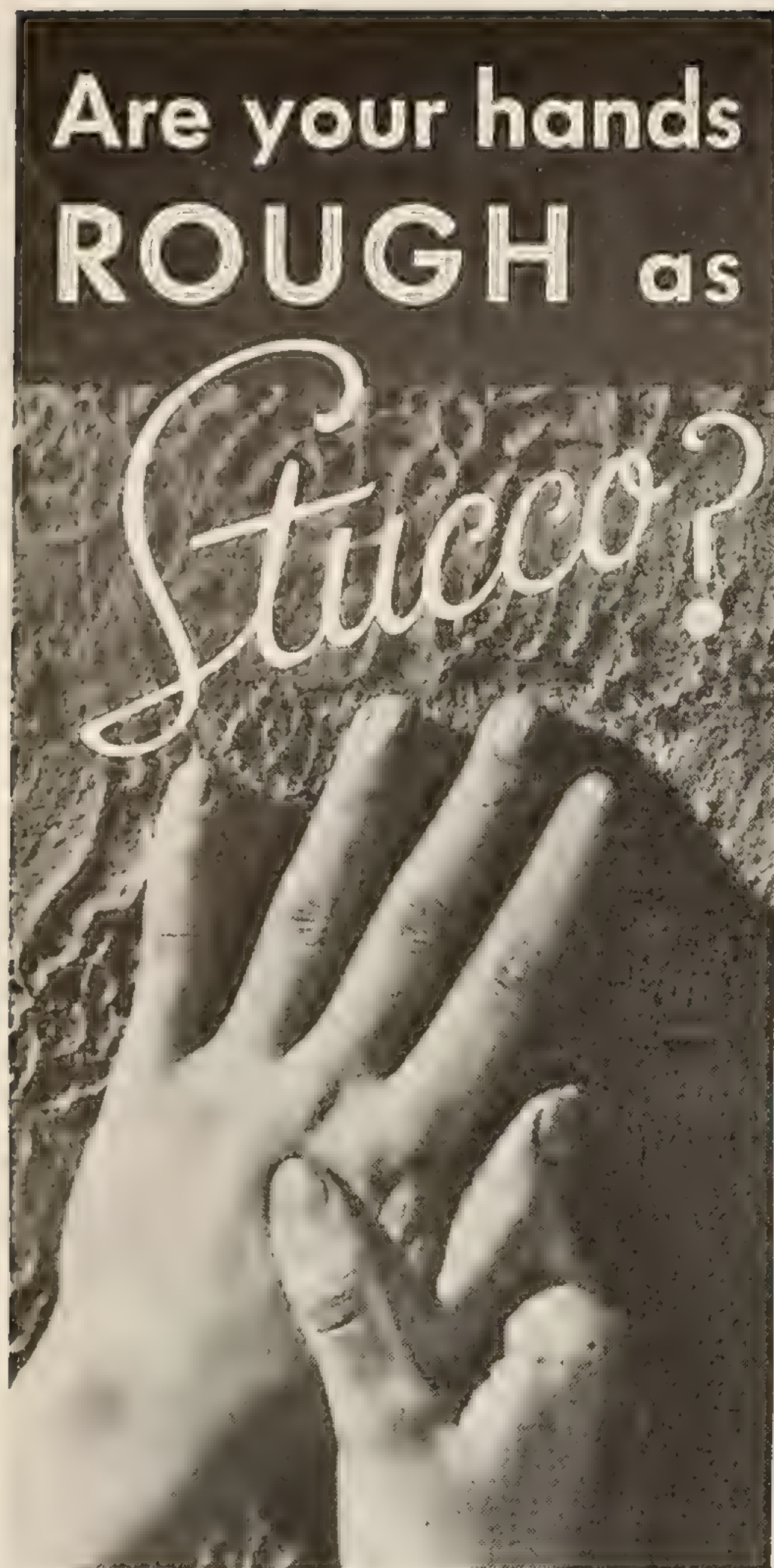
**When Nature forgets —
remember**

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

Talent and Jitters

(Continued from page 13)



■ Do your hands *feel* coarse? Are they rough as stucco? Do they "snag" on silk?

Why not use some rich, wide-spreading, quick-drying Italian Balm (just one drop is sufficient) and see how quickly your skin becomes soft and smooth in texture!

Italian Balm is recognized as one of the *quickest-acting*, most *economical* skin beautifiers ever invented. These two qualities—effectiveness and economy—have made it the largest selling skin protector in America.

In one of the nation's largest cities a recent Parent Teacher's Association Report, covering over 5,000 homes, revealed that Italian Balm was practically a 3 to 1 favorite—used in about 3 times as many homes as any other similar preparation.

Italian Balm is made from a secret formula, by a secret process. There is nothing like it on the world market today. Your drug and department store carry Italian Balm in 3 sizes of long-lasting bottles—35c, 60c and \$1.00—and in handy 25 cent tubes.

Free HANDY HOME DISPENSER

Nickel plated, 100% guaranteed Italian Balm HOME DISPENSER—attaches easily to bathroom, kitchen or laundry wall (wood or tile). Dispenses one drop when you press the plunger. Try your druggist first—ask for the Dispenser Package. If he can't supply you—then get one FREE by sending ONE 60c Italian Balm carton (and 10c to cover packing and postage), or TWO 60c cartons and NO MONEY—with your name and address—to CAMPANA, Batavia, Illinois.



Campana's
Italian Balm
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

My little jape which turned them loose was a story I published about him and his wife. He has a wife, don't forget. He has never sued for a divorce, nor has Fay Webb, although she has sued for a lot of other things.

That story brought me into Rudy's life when the situation, if you've forgotten, was something like this. The Vallee marriage had been headlined from ocean-to-ocean. There had been one serious split, then a widely-publicized reconciliation. Now, said Dame Rumor, there was another split. No one knew then that Rudy's brother, Bill, had taken recordings of Fay Webb Vallee's telephone conversations with Gary Leon; conversations that would sizzle in newspapers and in court weeks later. No one except Rudy's own intimates suspected that the Iron Man of Radio, as he is called by those who know the tremendous amount of work he accomplishes, had a heart as soft as Romeo's. Fay Webb knew it, of course, and she walked brazenly on it—with the spikes of her high heels bruising it with every step—never comprehending, I still believe, just what she was doing.

AND what was she doing? Well, to go back a bit, I first called at Rudy's office to discuss the story I had published about him. He didn't like it. He didn't like me. He didn't like anything. We tore up the place verbally before we called it quits. Next day, it was the same all over again, only this time he visited my office.

As I look back I can measure the hurt in his heart by his fury. I saw something during those two days and heard something during the hours we talked that I'm sure no one else ever saw or heard.

Namely this. The boy was trapped. Trapped by the certain knowledge that his dirty linen would soon be hanging from every newspaper masthead in America. Bad publicity following a messy marriage had ruined other careers and his might go the same way. He was fighting blindly, I know now, to escape the trap into which he had fallen. But there was no escape. The public had to know the facts. I watched him while he struggled with the decision that put his whole future in jeopardy.

He could have stopped his wife's suit. I'm certain of that. Her suit was for more money.

But his was finally the uncompromising stand of a man who sees that truth is truth and right is right and both are to be followed regardless of consequences. By now, you know at least a part of those consequences. You know that his career has moved ahead in brave and buoyant style despite the mud through which he was forced to walk. But you don't know that he is almost the loneliest man on Broadway. Or that he still carries in the heart she walked on the image of Fay Webb.

How do I know?

Only a short time ago, I was one of a group who were with him on his birthday. Fourteen of us sat down to dinner that night. His father sat at the foot of the table. At the opposite end, in the place of honor, with Rudy on her right, sat a slender and self-contained young lady still in her teens.

One of the guests who arrived late was introduced. As he turned to acknowledge the introduction, he started visibly, and then sat down. Rudy's father leaned forward, chuckling:

"I see you noticed it, too, eh?"

The girl at the table's head looked so very much like another girl who had once sat there that she might have been Fay Webb's twin.

Her name doesn't matter now, though it may some day. What does matter is that the woman Rudy placed in the position of honor that night was almost the physical counterpart of the woman he says he has forgotten. Curious, isn't it? Writing this, I wonder how that young girl felt that night, or if she realized she was sitting on another's throne. I wonder, too, how Fay Webb will feel when she reads this paragraph.

Such striking resemblance is no coincidence, you may be sure, which lets me draw certain portentous but unhappy conclusions. What are they? Much the same as yours, most likely.

The ordeal that unnerved the usually glacial Jessica Dragonette was peculiar. A lot of poppycock has been printed about Jessica. She has been made to appear to be shy, forward, vain, haughty and arrogant in turn. Let it be understood, she is none of those things.

Rather, she is the victim of her own planning. It is a story you don't encounter often in radio because most of the biggest stars burst into our world in a blaze of pinwheel glory. Jessica's career has been different in that first she got a foothold and then proceeded to consolidate her position.

From the very beginning, since she was left alone in a Jersey convent, she has dreamed of success. More important, she has prepared herself for success, studying all the right things and cultivating the correct habits of thought. As success came, she was ready for it and the public found in her not the little girl who once ran away from the ordeal of interviewing a theatrical manager but a thoughtful, capable performer whose stature has grown and whose hold on the affections of her fans has steadily increased.

Which is precisely the reason she was unprepared for the crisis that came recently into her life. Everything else had been anticipated. Her personal tragedy is that nothing unexpected ever happens to her; her skill in anticipating developments totally prevents the occurrence of the unusual. Whatever fun she has is orderly, planned-for; never spontaneous. That is why I say she is a victim of her own creating.

BUT this ordeal? Women will understand though men will scoff when I say it was the simple act of bobbing her hair.

Jessica has a deep faith in the thousands of radio friends who write to her each month. She does her sincere best to live up to their exalted conception of her. In her mind, the thing that stood between her and bobbed hair was the reaction of those old friends. Would they approve?

It was a decision any school girl could make between classes. Yet, it became the one thing that lay in the top drawer of her mind during much of last spring. What to do about Jessica's hair became the favorite topic of conversation after every Cities Service rehearsal. Director Bourdon discussed it, the quartet debated it, Ford Bond cogitated upon it.

It was lovely hair, to be sure; rich with vivid golden coloring and fine as silk; and long enough to sit on. It sounds slightly silly now, I admit, but then it seemed eminently proper that Jessica

should suffer such mental distress.

Late one afternoon, my phone rang. I picked it up and heard her voice asking, "What do you think?"

Yes, I discussed Jessica's hair, too. Frankly, I think I was flattered that she should seek my opinion. There was a motion picture part in the offing, she told me. Bobbed hair would make her look like a seventeen-year-old girl. With her voice and beauty, with the movies gobbling up radio stars at the rate of two or three every week, she faced an exciting and entirely new sort of career.

"Don't you dare cut it," I advised. "People think of Jessica Dragonette with long hair. Cut it and you'll spoil something that they already like."

She thanked me prettily.

Next day, she cut her hair.

I consoled myself with the thought that I had tried to save her for radio and for herself.

By the way, I saw that new hair-cut just the other night. She wears it back, masking only the tops of her ears. And I'll swear, it does make her look like a million dollars.

How Martha Mears Is Facing Motherhood

(Continued from page 26)

Now that she is on the road to permanent radio stardom, she has refused to allow her desire for a family to interfere. Her husband, Sid Brokaw, whom you know as the first violinist with Ozzie Nelson, is in entire agreement with her viewpoint.

"Sid and I feel that it's out of style to retire for months just because you expect a baby and then for years afterwards, while it is growing up."

It's not that Martha expects her own son to be without the companionship of his parents. Martha may sing on the air, but every moment of her spare time will be spent seeing to it that Edward Allen has all those things that were denied her.

"I'll be able to take him out in the park mornings and I'll be home most of the evenings. The only difference between myself and another mother will be that instead of golf or bridge in the afternoons I'll work. I have a nurse for him now—I'm afraid as yet to take care of him myself—and I intend to keep her later on, though I'll continue to spend as much time with the baby as any non-professional mother does with hers."

With such definite plans for her career, Martha might be expected to have just as decided views about her son's future, but she admits that "he'll have to work out for himself what he wants to do. A career is too important a matter to be decided by anyone else. He will always be free to make his own decision, though, of course, we will give him all the advice and encouragement possible."

Martha expects Edward Allen to bring Sid and herself even closer together, to make them still happier than they have been, and that's expecting quite a lot. There has been in the annals of radio no brighter love story than theirs.

When Martha came to New York, to try her luck in radio, she found it pretty tough sledding. Wherever she went she was told that an unknown young singer was not wanted. Although she spent a whole month pleading with studio officials, she couldn't get a single audition.

"I'd sung in the Cocoanut Grove a few times for Ozzie Nelson," Martha said. "He seemed to like my voice, so I decided



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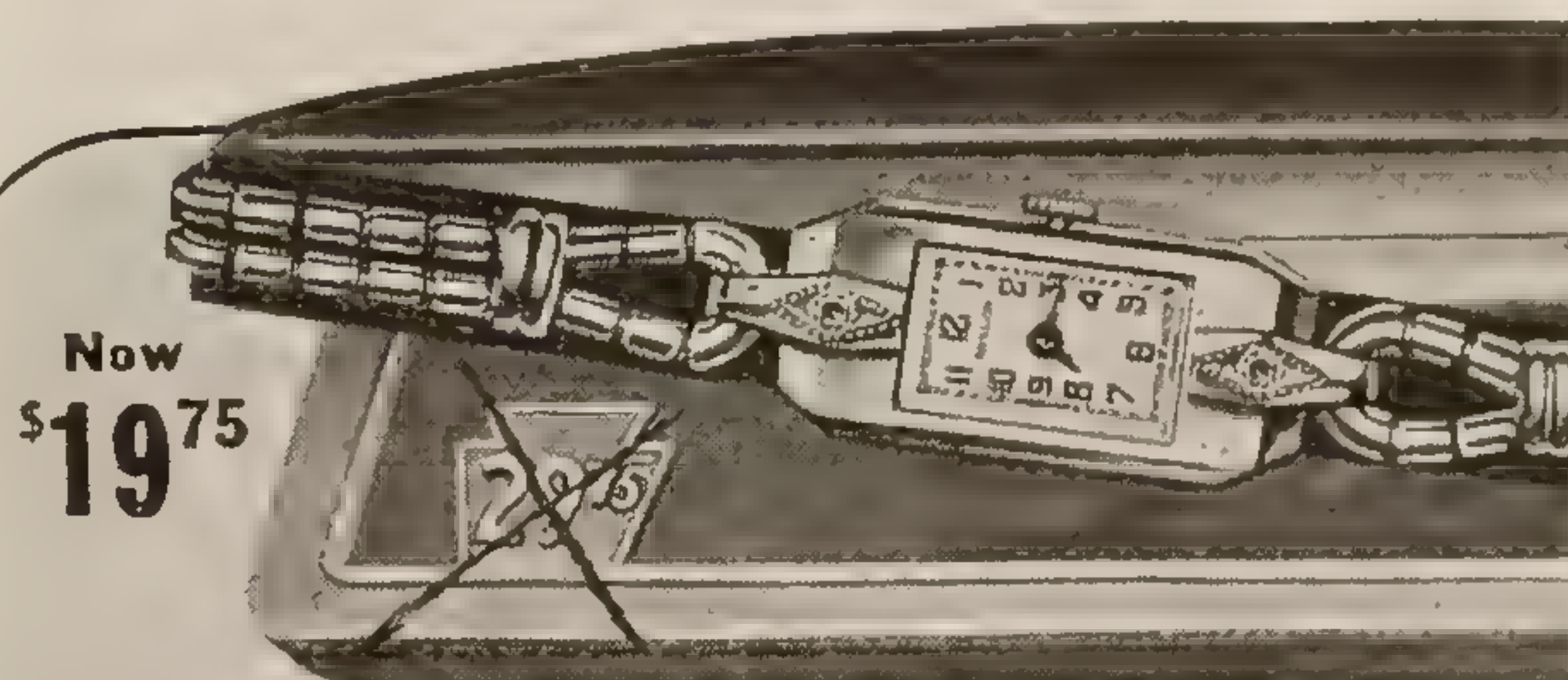
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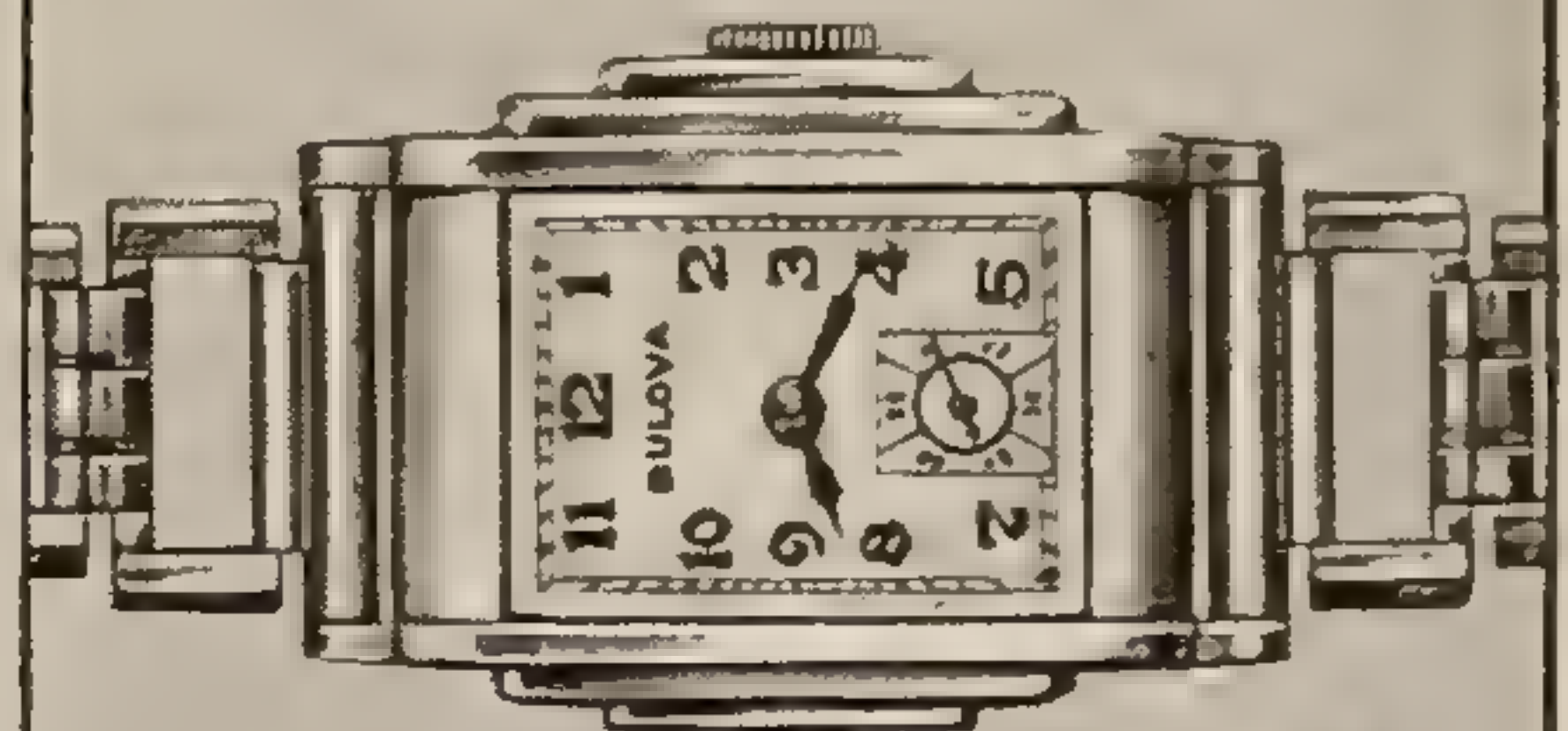


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KL-4 . . . The famous WALTHAM — offered at a specially low price. Handsomely engraved, 12 size white lifetime case; factory guaranteed, accurate and dependable 17 Jewel WALTHAM movement; complete with engraved knife and chain to match. All for \$19.75 — Only \$1.88 a mo.



It all depends on the WOMAN

There are sensitive women everywhere who do not trust the superficial information that is going around about feminine hygiene. These deep-natured women want the whole truth from the scientific standpoint. They must depend on themselves to sift out the real facts. And to them the news about *Zonite* will be welcome.

● You do not need to use poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene, just because an older generation used them. In those days there were no antiseptics powerful enough for the purpose, except the poisons. But that was before the discovery of *Zonite*—the antiseptic-germicide of the World War.

Zonite is powerful, and *Zonite* is safe. *Zonite* is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body. But *Zonite* is not poisonous. Not caustic. *Zonite* has never harmed any woman. It will not desensitize tissues. It cannot cause accidental poisoning.

● The old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic has no place in the life of the modern woman. She has welcomed *Zonite*—and *Zonite* is now available in every town and city throughout the length and breadth of America. Sold in bottles; 3 sizes, 30c, 60c, \$1.00.

Another form of *Zonite*... Suppositories

Besides the liquid *Zonite*, there are also *Zonite* Suppositories. These are \$1.00 for box of a dozen. They are dainty white cone-like forms, each sealed in its own glass vial. Some women prefer them to the liquid. Other women use both. Ask for both the *Zonite* Suppositories and the Liquid *Zonite* by name at drug and department stores. There are no substitutes.

● Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. Much discussed in women's circles. Coupon below will bring you a copy. Read it and get frank, authoritative data on this important phase of modern life. Write today.

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I'd go see him. He was never in, as it happened, when I called. Sid was his violin director and after awhile he asked if there was anything he could do for me. When I told him how badly I needed a job, he arranged an audition for me at NBC. And right after that, I got a spot on the air on a sustaining program."

The rest is pretty much history. Phil Baker came East and heard her sing. Two weeks after her debut on the network, he had signed her up for his *Armour Show*. When he went back to Chicago, he asked her to come with the program. But she refused.

"I was falling in love with Sidney," she explained, "and I wouldn't have left New York for all the money in the world."

Sid was also showing a decided interest. Under the pretense of helping her select songs, he came calling at least four mornings a week. Since he was playing every night at the *Cocoanut Grove*, he couldn't take her out to dances or shows. But Martha didn't care as long as she could sit at a table and watch the band.

"He never really proposed to me at all," Martha laughed. "He didn't have to tell me he was in love with me. It wasn't necessary, we understood each other so well, we felt as if we'd always belonged to each other."

They were married last summer, after Sid had started out on tour with the band. It took only a few days away from Martha to make up his mind. He came home one Friday, ostensibly for a weekend, and they were married on Sunday. They're living now in a sunny apartment, just the place for babies, overlooking Central Park.

"When we were married," Martha told me, "everyone insisted that I'd ruined my career. That Sid would object to the irregularity of the meals and the uncertainty of my hours in general. That I'd have to give up radio as a result. It didn't work out that way at all."

"So now, when they say that my baby will write finis to my professional life, I think they're wrong again, and I'm going to prove it!"

Secrets of a Society Hostess

(Continued from page 45)

have his dinner, which has been kept warm in the kitchen, brought on.

The reason I evolved this method is that such a handling of the situation makes me feel better when I, myself, am late. And the Golden Rule is just as effective in social matters as it is in every day living.

In fact there is one general rule that can be made for every hostess. When you find yourself in a tight spot simply put yourself in the place of the guest and figure out what would make you feel most at ease under similar circumstances. Then follow that line of behavior. Though I've said before that rules are made but to be broken, this is an infallible law which no set of circumstances can change.

Much more important than having the correct silverware and the finest china and perfectly blended flowers is the business of human relations. As I explained before I have always tried to have people who mixed well together. But it is impossible for any hostess to keep up with all social feuds and the time is bound to come when she finds she has invited two guests who do not speak to each other. And here, for once, it is up to the guests to carry the situation.

It is very stupid for people to stop speaking. There may be plenty of people whom you do not like, but it is childish to carry a feud so far that you cannot exchange a greeting with your most deadly enemy. And yet I must admit that there are about three people I know (and I think this is a fairly good average out of the thousands in my acquaintance) with whom I do not make conversation, but I bow to everyone in a mutual friend's house.

Knowing so well in what a bad spot an unpleasant atmosphere puts a hostess, I try when I'm in another's home to avoid any suggestion of a scene. Suppose for instance, I happen to be seated next to someone who does not speak to me or to whom I do not speak. Without making it at all obvious I simply turn to the person on my other side and make conversation. My enemy is at liberty to do likewise. And that is good etiquette for guests.

But if a hostess knows that some feud is going on (and she should be clever enough to sense an atmosphere) then the best thing she can do is to pretend to ig-

nore it. The officious peacemaker is not welcome. Those little pat phrases like, "Really you two should be friends" only infuriate enemies the more. These are individual problems which a person should be allowed to work out individually.

One of the grandest receptions I ever gave was that in honor of Noel Coward and Deems Taylor. Noel had a successful play running on Broadway and Deems' "Peter Ibbetson" was bringing him glory at the Metropolitan Opera.

Robert Montgomery, Lawrence Tibbett, Murray H. B. Paul, William Mathius Sullivan, Clifton Webb, Grace Moore, Fray and Braggiotti—everyone was there that evening.

There were three pianos in the house—two in one room and one in another, and a couple of musicians, who weren't a piano team at all, found some two-piano music and began playing it.

LAURENCE TIBBETT, who is, as you know, a baritone, sang the tenor part of *Tosca* and sang it wonderfully. Then Noel Coward sat at the piano. It was as if he were inspired. He played and sang everything he knew. But that was too much for Beatrice Lillie. She had to do something, so she and Clifton Webb did the most screamingly funny burlesque of *La Boheme* I've ever heard. Can you imagine Bee as *Mimi* and Clifton as *Rodolfo*?

With those three pianos going at once and the various types of singing it must have sounded outside as if I were trying to outdo bedlam instead of giving a reception for two eminent artists.

I could go on and on. I could describe hundreds of brilliant affairs that have taken place at my house but I'm afraid that they would bore you, for actually the purpose of this series is to give you some of the social tips that I've found successful during the years. Have I helped you? I hope so. For I consider being a good hostess a great art. And any art needs study, style, flavor and personal talent.

I'm taking for granted that you know the common usages of etiquette—such things as that the lady guest of honor should be at the host's right and the gentleman honored at the hostess's right; that husbands and wives should not be put next to each other at dinner; that

there should; however, be a man and a woman, a man and a woman; that the hostess should be served first; that when wine is served a very little should be poured from the bottle into the host's glass before the guests are served and then that his glass should be filled at the very last (this is done so that if a little of the cork has fallen into the wine the host—and not a guest—has it in his glass; that all signals for sitting down and leaving the table should be given by the hostess; that table flowers should always permit guests seeing over them; that the ladies should leave the table first and sit awhile in the drawing room, giving the men a chance to smoke and tell their stories.

These things, and many, many more, are the well founded rules. A good hostess must know them, but if it is necessary to break one of them she must have the wit to carry it off as if it were carefully studied out on her part. She must never, never let a guest see that she is ill at ease and if a dish is broken or something spilled she must show no displeasure whatsoever.

But while these things should be known, they are not the real secrets of being a good hostess. I have tried to let you in on these real secrets. It might be fun to summarize them:

Be different! Have a style of your own! Know the rules and then have the courage to break them.

Create a background for yourself. Just by using a little energy and will power and daring to be different from her friends any woman can be a good hostess.

TREAT your parties casually. Plan the menu, invite the guests and forget about it until the time arrives. You'll have a lot more fun than if you fuss and worry for weeks.

If two people you know are quarreling and happen to be at your house simultaneously (this could only happen if you didn't know about it beforehand) don't try to make peace between them. Pretend to ignore the fact that they do not chat. It is up to them to bridge the difficult situation.

Have the things that your guest of honor likes most to eat. It always flatters him tremendously.

If a guest is late wait fifteen minutes beyond the appointed time and then go in to dinner. When the guest arrives say, "I thought you'd be more comfortable if we sat down," and then have his dinner served to him.

But the most important rule of all is—when you find yourself in a tight spot, simply put yourself in the place of the guest and figure out what would make you feel most at ease under similar circumstances. Then follow that line of behavior.

I wish all of you could come to my home for a cosy pleasant evening. But since distance denies that, I'm glad you let me come to your homes, because that's what I feel you are doing when you read here my "secrets!"

Thank you—it is most sweet and gracious of you to do so!

Don't miss the grand feature on "One Man's Family," the program which you insisted remain on the air—in the January issue, out November 26.

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY NUMBER?



You May Think It is No. 1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No. 2 Rather than No. 4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

BY *Lady Esther*

Are you using the right shade of face powder for you?

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the *most becoming* for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (19)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 29)

6 WEEKS AGO

Y-E-A SKINNY

TODAY

Posed by professional models

Compare Her Measurements With Yours

H'GHT. 5 FT. 4 In.
W'GHT. 120 Lbs.
BUST . . 35 In.
WAIST . 26 In.
HIPS . . 36 In.
THIGH . . 21 In.
CALF . . 14 In.
ANKLE . . 8½ In.

NEW "7-POWER" YEAST ADDS 5 TO 15 LBS. QUICK

Richest imported ale yeast now concentrated 7 times with three special kinds of iron in pleasant tablets

AN AMAZING new "7-power" yeast discovery is putting pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh on thousands of "skinny," run-down people who never could gain an ounce before.

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many who need these vital health-building elements, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try this wonderful new "7-power" Ironized Yeast for just a few short weeks. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2212, Atlanta, Ga.

whole thing. Jack Mills, head of Mills Music, Inc., large publishing house, says that firms all over the country are so swamped with songs from unknown composers that it is impossible to give them proper attention. However, you may garner some comfort from this startling statement by Sigmund Romberg.

"It is harder to write popular music than classical music."

Essentially, he means, in the simpler melodies of the popular song, the composer has a more limited range in which to work, and is thus faced with a more difficult task in making his composition distinctive.

* * *

NOW, if there are any of you who have studied and studied until you feel you can compose original chamber music, take heed of the competition being conducted by the NBC Music Guild. The awards are: First Award, \$1,000; Second Award, \$500; and Third, \$250. To enter, it is absolutely necessary for you to write for the entry blank and complete details. Address the NBC Music Guild, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. C. Manuscripts must be received by February 29, 1936.

* * *

SHORT, SWEET AND LOWDOWN

Catherine Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.—Last reports as we go to press indicate Buddy Rogers' Orchestra is playing at the Santa Catalina Island Casino, Santa Catalina, Cal. You might address him there. Mabel E. Gordon, Newark, N. J.—Are you sure you mean Marion Davies? We are certain she has not married any orchestra leader. Blanche Schrader, Minneapolis, Minn.—Pat Kennedy is reported as just now organizing his orchestra under NBC management, so that by this time, you might well be hearing him on some National network. M. E. Jollow, Brandon, Manitoba.—As far as we know, most of Ben Bernie's fall broadcasts will originate in Chicago. Miss Catherine Avery, Shaker Heights, Ohio—In future issues we hope to include as many pictures as possible of the vocalists you mention. Edwin Nelson, Salt Lake City, Utah—We hope our Following the Leaders section will help you locate some of the bands. It is utterly impossible to find out in advance where some of them will be. They don't know themselves. Lombardo Fan, Canton, Ohio—At present, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are on a sustaining series as well as being sponsored. This series is originating in the Place de l'Opera night club in Manhattan and is on over a CBS network Saturday nights at 10:30 EST and Thursday nights at 11:00 EST. These are subject to change. Mae Clark, Albany, N. Y.—To what Miss Tucker do you refer? If you will send me her full name, I may be able to help you. Rose France, New Haven, Conn.—Address Bob Crosby care of Rockwell-O'Keefe, 1270 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

* * *

FOLLOWING THE LEADERS

Some of you feel as though you just must see your favorite orchestras in action as well as listen to them. Pick out those bands and see if you are situated near enough to go to dance to their music. This list, covering the month of November, is subject to change.

Bernie, Ben. Chez Paree, Chicago.
Boulanger, Charley. Oriental Gardens, Chicago.
Coleman, Emil. St. Regis Hotel, N. Y. C.
Cugat, Xavier. Waldorf Astoria Hotel, N. Y. C.

Cummins, Bernie. Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y. C.
Duchin, Eddie. Plaza Hotel, N. Y. C.
Fio Rito, Ted. New Yorker Hotel, N. Y. C.
Grant, Bob. Savoy-Plaza Hotel, N. Y. C.
Johnson, Johnny. Commodore Hotel, N. Y. C.
Jones, Isham. Lincoln Hotel, N. Y. C.
Keller, Leonard. Bismark Hotel, Chicago.
Kemp, Hal. Pennsylvania Hotel, N. Y. C.
Little, Little Jack. St. Moritz Hotel, N. Y. C.
Lombardo, Guy. Cafe de l'Opera, N. Y. C.
Lopez, Vincent. Ambassador Hotel, N. Y. C.
Lyman, Abe. Hollywood Restaurant, N. Y. C.
Madriguera, Enric. Morrison Hotel, Chicago.
Nelson, Ozzie. Lexington Hotel, N. Y. C.
Noble, Ray. Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, N. Y. C.
Pancho. Pierre Hotel, N. Y. C.
Reisman, Leo. Central Park Casino, N. Y. C.
Rines, Joe. Mayfare, Boston, Mass.
Romanelli, Luigi. King Edward Hotel, Toronto.
Scotti, William. Essex House, Newark, N. J.
Stern, Harold. Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y. C.
Whiteman, Paul. Ritz-Carlton Hotel, N. Y. C.

* * *

YOU'RE TELLING US

You know we want you to use this coupon, but in order to be fair to everyone, questions should be confined to music and artists on the networks. And don't worry, if your question falls in that category and it's possible to answer it, we'll answer it. If it takes a bit of time, don't take your sword in hand, just use the mightier pen and the coupon below and ask us something else you want to know.

BULLETIN!

Word has been flashed to us just before going to press that Paul Whiteman is going on the air beginning January fifth for Bing Crosby's old sponsor at a salary reported as \$10,000 a broadcast. This confirms the report made earlier in this column that Paul would demand more money for any subsequent sponsored program using guest stars. With Bing going on for Paul's former sponsor, the two stars have, in effect, merely swapped horses in midstream.

John Skinner,
RADIO MIRROR,
1926 Broadway,
New York City.

I want to know more about:

Orchestral Anatomy.....

Theme Song Section.....

Following the Leaders.....

Or.....

Name.....

Address.....

Cooking for the Sisters of the Skillet

(Continued from page 51)

Sound last summer, and he insists that the flavor is delicious. However, since sea water is not always available, Ed and Ralph recommended some other potato recipes for you. As a matter of fact, the Sisters are almost lyric on the subject of potatoes. "You can see for yourself that we like them," Ralph explained, and Ed added, "We total five hundred pounds."

Ralph suggests cooking potatoes with dill, which he feels is just as much at home with a potato as with a pickle. Add a stalk of dill—fresh, preferably, although dried dill may be used—to the water in which potatoes are boiled—an especially good method for cooking potatoes for salad. Another way to introduce the dill flavor is to add finely minced dill to white sauce when serving creamed potatoes.

Ed feels that mashed potatoes are taken too much for granted and suggests a few variations. When adding the seasonings, include, for every cup of mashed potato, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, chives or onion. Grated cheese, melted in warm milk or cream, also adds a unique flavor. The Sisters have other potato recipes, too—a delicious potato loaf and a new and appetizing sour kraut, frankfurter and potato dish which I'll be glad to send to you.

Since winter is the time for stews, Ed and Ralph gave me this recipe for chicken stew, made with ham.

"SISTERS'" CHICKEN STEW

- 1 stewing chicken, disjointed
- 1 qt. canned tomatoes with juice
- 1 cup minced ham
- 3 minced onions
- ½ cup minced green pepper
- ¼ tsp. salt.
- ¼ tsp. paprika
- Half dozen pepper corns

Place chicken in heavy stew kettle, cover with tomatoes and juice, add ham, onion, green pepper and pepper corns and cook, covered, until tender (about two hours) adding paprika and salt when partly cooked. Thicken to taste and serve on large platter surrounded by a ring of rice, egg noodles or spaghetti. Or serve with biscuits—and if you've never before added a tablespoon of minced pimiento to your biscuit dough try it now.

The oyster stew, with double portion of oysters for Ed and none at all for Ralph, is just the thing for winter evenings and if you would like to try it just ask me for it.

If you are a sandwich addict, especially if you have a sandwich toaster, you'll want to try this favorite of Ralph's. Butter two slices of rye bread then, keeping the buttered sides outside, make a regulation sandwich of Swiss cheese spread with mustard—Ralph prefers domestic cheese and Belgian mustard—and toast on both sides until the cheese is melted and the bread browned.

It isn't only in the field of so-called masculine cookery that Ed and Ralph excel. When we touched on the subject of holiday dishes, Ed suggested a new plum pudding and Ralph bobbed up with a variant of cranberry sauce that you will like. I'll send these recipes with those for oyster stew and potatoes if you will ask me for them. And don't forget that I'll also get for you your favorite radio stars' favorite recipes if you will let me know the ones you are interested in. Address Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

STOP YOUR Rupture Worries!



Learn About My Perfected Unique Rupture Invention!

Why worry and suffer with that rupture any longer? *Learn now about my perfected rupture invention.* It has brought ease, comfort, and happiness to thousands by assisting Nature in relieving and aiding many cases of reducible hernia! *You can imagine how happy these thousands of rupture sufferers were when they wrote me to report relief, comfort and results!* How would YOU like to be able to *feel* that same happiness to sit down and write me such a message—a few months from today? *Hurry—send coupon quick for Free Rupture Book, PROOF of results and invention revelation!*

Marvelous-Acting Device Binds and Draws the Broken Parts Together as You Would a Broken Limb!

Surprisingly—continually—my perfected *Automatic Air Cushions* draw the broken parts together, allowing Nature the Great Healer, to swing into action! All the while you should experience the most heavenly comfort and security. *Look!* No obnoxious springs or pads or metal girdles! *No* salves or plasters! My complete Appliance is feather-lite, durable, invisible, sanitary and *CHEAP IN PRICE!* Wouldn't YOU like to say "goodbye" to rupture worries and "hello" to NEW freedom . . . NEW glory in living . . . NEW happiness—with the help of Mother Nature and my marvelous-acting Air Cushion Appliance?

BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE SENT ON TRIAL!

My invention is never sold in stores nor by agents. Beware of imitations! You can get it only from my U. S. factories or from my 33 foreign offices! *And I'll send it to you on trial.* If you don't like it—if it doesn't "work"

—it costs you NOTHING. But don't buy now. Get the facts about it FIRST! Write me today. I'll answer in plain, sealed envelope with amazing information Free. Stop Your Rupture Worries—send coupon now!

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.
182F State St. Marshall, Mich.

CONFIDENTIAL COUPON for RUPTURE SUFFERERS

H. C. BROOKS,
182F State Street,
Marshall, Mich.

Rush me your new Free Book, amazing rupture method revelation, proof of results, *all without obligation*, and in plain, sealed envelope.



C. E. BROOKS
Inventor

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
State whether for Man ☐ Woman ☐ or Child ☐

What's New on Radio Row

(Continued from page 46)

Millions Suffer Few Tell—



**AN AFFLICTION ALL
THE MORE DANGEROUS
FOR ITS DELICACY**

THERE is nothing more painful than Piles—more enervating! Piles can make you a veritable wreck, physically and mentally. Moreover, they can turn into something very serious.

If there's one thing that should be treated promptly and earnestly, it is Piles! Yet, on account of the delicacy of the trouble, many hesitate to seek relief.

A real treatment for the distress due to Piles is supplied today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching—and makes for complete comfort. Pazo is effective because it is threefold in effect.

THREEFOLD EFFECT

It is (1) *soothing*, which tends to relieve the pain and itching. It is (2) *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. It is (3) *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and stop bleeding.

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tubes with a special Detachable Pile Pipe, which is perforated. The perforated Pile Pipe, when attached to the Collapsible Tube, makes it easy for you to apply the Ointment high up in the rectum where it can reach and thoroughly cover the affected parts. Thousands of persons have used this method with complete satisfaction.

However, for those who prefer suppositories, Pazo is now put up in that form, too. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form, and self-lubricating. Pazo Suppositories are packed 14 to the box and are not only more effective but more economical than the ordinary.

PROVE IT!

Try Pazo today and see how unnecessary it is to suffer the torment of Piles. All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories at small cost. Either will surprise you with results.

It's a girl in the home of Em, of Clara, Lu 'n' Em. She was christened Jane Pendleton Mitchell, Mrs. John M. Mitchell being Em's name in real life. This makes two children in the domiciles of the trio, Lu (Mrs. Howard Berolzheimer) having adopted a boy baby several months ago. Now the fans are wondering what Clara is going to do since her buddies have shown the way. . . . Barbara (Bennett) Downey is awaiting another visit from the stork. Morton said he was going to have a family of thirteen children and doggone if it doesn't look as if he meant it! . . . And Pearl Hamilton, of the Three X Sisters, is also preparing the bassinet. Her husband is Edward Santos, the trumpeter . . . Mark Warnow's brother, Raymond Scott, the composer and arranger, recently eloped with Pearl Stevens.

MUSINGS OF THE MONITOR MAN

THERE has been much ado over ace NBC announcers like Jimmy Wallington, Kelvin Keech and Frank Singiser resigning as staff mikemen to become free lance broadcasting butlers. Such procedure is not surprising for it is human nature to want to better oneself; the surprise is that more announcers who have established themselves haven't thrown off the shackles of the studios. The remuneration is far better on commercial programs, the work is easier and the hours shorter. Relieved of the routine of the air castles, hopping from one studio to another, day in and day out, they are free to accept screen and transcription jobs and in other ways increase their earning capacities.

Have you wondered why you don't hear on the air so much these days as you used to such poems as Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," Kipling's "Boots and Saddles" and Riley's "Old Swimmin' Hole?" The reason is the authors' estates or their publishers who own the copyrights now exact a fee of ten dollars for each reading. The requirement applies to any of their works.

AUDREY MARSH, whom you hear as Esther in Harv and Esther on the Columbia network with Teddy Bergman, used to be known as Audrey Mason on the radio bills. She discarded the Mason as a jinx when she lost out on a couple of fine commercial prospects. Her real surname, by the way, is Zellman.

GRACIE ALLEN now thinks George Burns is the numbskull of the team. It is all because a manufacturer of women's hats wanted to put on the market a bonnet to be named "Gracie's Little Blue Hat," and offered \$10,000, in cash or its equivalent, for the privilege. George declined on the grounds that the commercialization of Gracie's little blue hat would ruin its value for laughs. Grace maintains \$10,000, deposited in the bank to the account of Sandra, their adopted baby daughter, would be even a bigger laugh.

DID YOU KNOW—

That Benay Venuta began her radio career on the Pacific Coast not only as a singer but also as a continuity writer and producer of sketches? . . . That Jessica Dragonette was the first radio artist to sing before a studio audience? . . . That

Jean Grombach, producer of many radio features, is a graduate of West Point? . . . That Forman Brown, the voice of the March of Rhyme on Club Columbia, once shoveled salt in a pickle factory? . . . That Phillips H. Lord was a country school teacher before he ever dreamed of becoming Seth Parker? . . . That Virginia Verrill made her singing debut at the age of thirteen as voice double for Barbara Stanwyck in the movies? . . . That Bert Parks, Columbia announcer and singer, started his business career as the proprietor of a popcorn stand?

WMCA, one of New York's enterprising independent stations, has been the training ground for many personalities now heard on the networks. Among those who acknowledge WMCA as their alma mater are: Rudy Vallee, Jerry Baker, Baby Rose Marie, Don Carney (Uncle Don), Art Gillham, Helen Kane, Ozzie Nelson, Will Osborne, Norman Pearce, Les Reis and Artie Dunn, Dick Robertson, Whispering Jack Smith, May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose, Frank Parker, Ann Lester, Arthur Tracy and Gabriel Heatter.

MAJOR EDWARD BOWES, in his 60's, is the highest salaried man in all show business. His income is \$19,000 or more a week, most of which is derived from his amateur shows on the air, on the screen and in the theaters . . . It is now estimated the year 1935 will drop \$85,000,000 into the laps of the broadcasters of the United States. This will exceed by \$12,000,000 the best year in the history of broadcasting, which was 1934. The czars of the air castles *know* prosperity is here.

Robbed, He Wrote a Poem About It

COULD you, on finding your house ransacked, your most prized possession gone, but a pair of pajamas and some books left, write a poem about it?

David Ross—philosopher, poet, humorist, ace announcer of the Columbia Broadcasting System—did just that, even when the robbery involved the loss of his coveted Gold Medal awarded him by the American Academy of Arts and Letters for good radio diction.

Mr. Ross arrived home from a Chesterfield program to find his rooms despoiled, and, his anger still hot, got into the pajamas, sent the suit out to be pressed, then penned the following vilification against the robbers:

Alas poor slithering thief
Of no avail my golden plaque
To cleanse the speech you have employed,
Since your barbaric tongue
Will still pronounce it:
"Toidy-toid."

Alas, Demosthenes
Whose brow is stamped upon the gold
And broods in silent grace,
Could he but hear your fetid speech,
He'd spit his pebbles out
Upon your face.

Go, poor squirming scum,
Melt down the stolen gold
And sell it for dishonored pence instead;
And withered be your tongue some day.
David Ross.

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

Chicago

(Continued from page 46)

a boat enthusiast, had been standing too close when a gasoline launch exploded. It knocked him flat and made him deaf for days.

* * *

Although Wayne King expects to do a lot of touring this winter he has renewed his lease on the top floor of the Edgewater Beach apartments. The same nurse who trained Wayne's little daughter is now the boss of young Mr. Weems, Ted Weems' boy.

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy tried to keep it a secret when they went out and bought an airplane. But the news leaked out anyway. Now they commute all over the midwest by air having breakfast in St. Louis and lunch in Peoria. Charles (Andy) Correll is learning how to fly from the instructor who taught Wayne King to pilot his own ship.

* * *

When Linda Parker, the Sunbonnet Girl of the Cumberland Ridge Runners, died following an emergency operation for appendicitis recently, most of the Greater Sinclair Minstrels went down to La Porte, Indiana, for the funeral. Linda was the wife of Art Janes, baritone of the minstrels' quartet.

* * *

Charles Previn, conductor of the Silken Strings concerts, and Marcelli, who directs the music for Fibber McGee and Molly, are stabbing at each other daily and becoming quite proficient with the fencing foils. When Hal Kemp played the Palace Theater here, Horace Heidt and Mrs. Heidt came backstage after the first show and paid Hal such a glowing compliment on his work that Kemp was dizzy for the rest of the day.

To explain how definitely his band governs itself, including Heidt, he drew up an organization chart showing special committees to handle program planning, music arranging, broadcasting, dance music, new talent auditions, education, recreation, advertising, personnel, stage productions and even intermission entertainment. It's as carefully worked out as a plan for a big business firm.

* * *

Although Abner of Lum and Abner bought himself a cabin express cruiser last summer he hasn't used it as much as he thought he would. Being a canny small town boy he is horrified at the expense of the thing, forty gallons of gasoline for an afternoon! So he added a little outboard motor. Of course the outboard won't push the boat through the water very fast but it will keep it moving when he and his family are just out bumming around. And it runs all afternoon on about two gallons of gasoline.

* * *

The gang over at NBC were very, very sorry when their bosses decided to use that waste space on the nineteenth floor for more studios. Because that was where they played ping pong in off moments.

* * *

Mrs. Freeman Gosden, wife of Amos, was highly pleased with her visit with Dr. Daffoe and the Dionne quintuplets up in Canada. She made the trip specially to see the babies and has been talking about it ever since.

* * *

WGN's new studios, adjoining Tribune Tower in a new building all their own, are really beautiful. Here in one studio

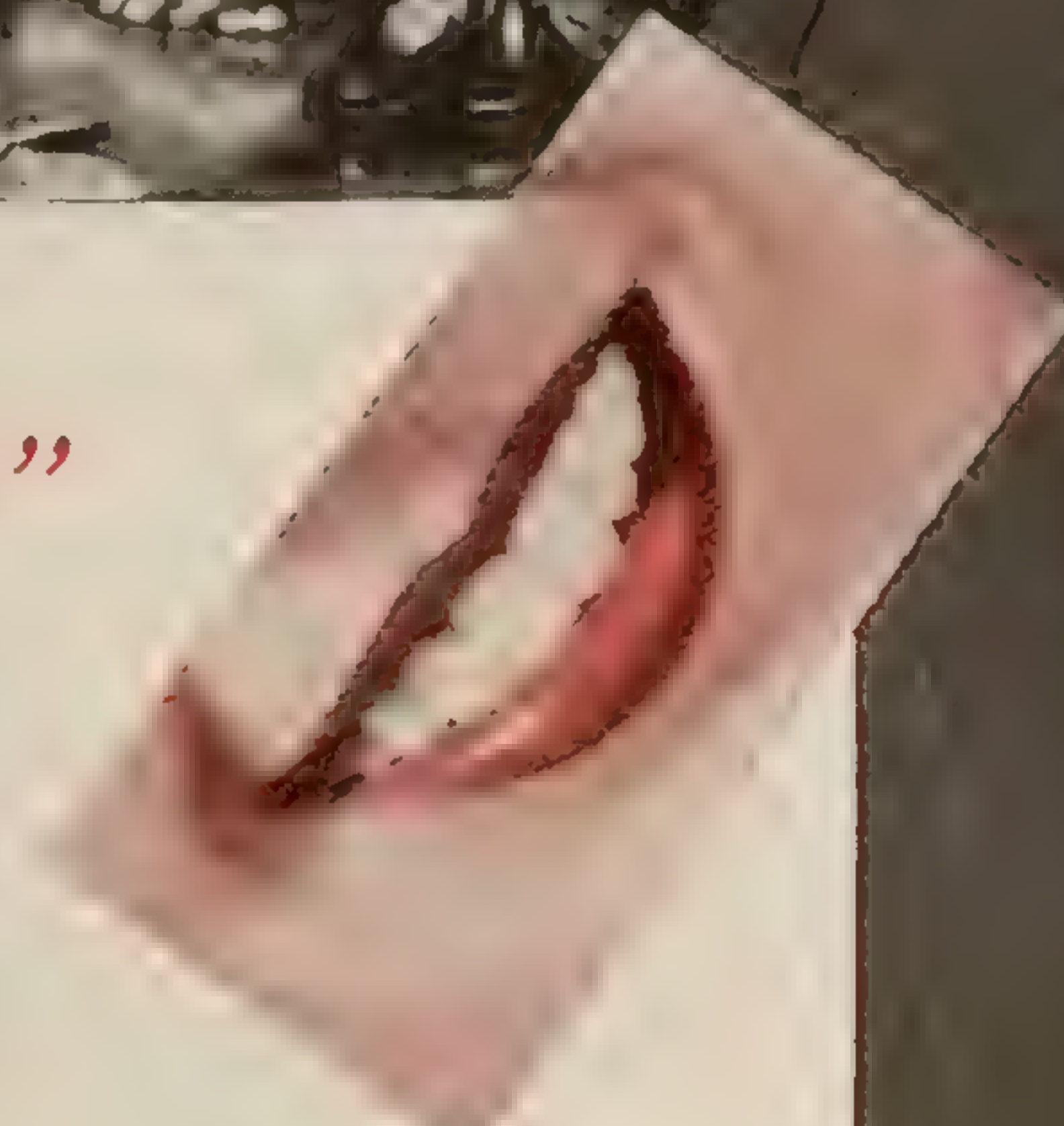
Two men told me . . .



My dentist said:

"It's a fine health habit"

"Everyone should chew Dentyne," my dentist said. He explained that it gives the mouth exercise which it fails to get from our modern soft-food diets. It strengthens the muscles and helps improve the mouth structure. It helps the normal self-cleansing action of the mouth . . . and improves the condition of the teeth. You'll notice Dentyne's firm consistency that is so important in giving you these benefits.



Jack called it

"Wonderful gum"

Men who are particular always like Dentyne I find. It has that "different" taste — spicy, lively, and refreshing. After trying Dentyne, I certainly complimented him on his good taste. Notice the handy, flat shape of Dentyne — an exclusive feature, making it convenient for your purse or vest pocket.



DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE • MOUTH HEALTHY

ACCEPT FREE

2-DRAM BOTTLE OF

\$3 La Richeesse
PERFUME!



To introduce

LUXOR...moisture-proof powder

Combats shiny nose, conspicuous pores, flourey blotches

You can't possibly have a lovely skin if face powder mixes with natural skin moisture and lets shine through, clogs pores and makes them conspicuous, or forms pasty-looking blotches.

So change at once to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder. Prove it yourself. It won't even mix with water in a glass. Thus, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin and make a harmful paste.

More than 6,000,000 women stick to Luxor because it is moisture-proof. It comes in a range of smart new shades, scientifically blended in our vast laboratories to flatter brunettes, blondes, and in-betweens with gorgeous natural effect.

No powder at any price, contains finer, purer ingredients. Insist on Luxor by name, and get

FREE! 2-drams of La Richeesse

a sophisticated, smart French scent, selling regularly at \$3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together in a bright new Christmas wrapper at all cosmetic counters for the price of Luxor powder alone.

Moisture-proof
Luxor **55c**
FACE POWDER



AMAZING HAND SOFTENING CREAM DRIES LIKE MAGIC!

By all means try this spectacular new softener for hands. A marvelous absorbent cream works right into tissues—dries like magic! At all cosmetic counters.

they can seat 600 visitors, a much larger number than the biggest of NBC's studios can accommodate. In Chicago the Columbia network's studios are not equipped for any visitors at all. But CBS has been using the main ballroom of the Medinah Club as a special theater type studio for big broadcasts.

Vivienne Segal came all the way from New York to Chicago recently because the only dentist she likes to have working on her teeth is here.

Marion and Jim Jordan, who play the amusing parts of Fibber McGee and Molly, tell a prize story of under emphasis. Once they were stopping in a Kansas boarding house when a bad storm hit the town. The house rocked and swayed and creaked until Marion was really frightened. The landlady knocked. When Jim opened the door she said calmly, "You folks had better put your windows down. Looks like it might storm."

Eleanor Holm and Art Jarrett have their own orchestra now and both sing with it. But Eleanor is probably better known as a champion swimmer than as a singer. The wife of one of Chicago's better known sports editors asked Eleanor how she manages to keep her face out of

the water when she swims. Apparently the wife didn't know Eleanor's medals are for back stroke swimming.

This fall sees the advent into Chicago of Orville Knapp and his California orchestra. Knapp replaces Wayne King at the Aragon ballroom. Incidentally Knapps' orchestra features one of those new Hammond electric organs which so many of the big shots are buying. Rudy Vallee has two, one for his band and the other for his home. Jan Garber is back at the Trianon, both Jan and Knapp broadcasting over WGN.

Also come to Chicago for their first prolonged stay this fall are the Mills Brothers who are doing a commercial NBC series with Art Kassel's orchestra and Hal Totten as sports commentator.

Now local lights are beginning to wonder how long Chicago can hold Vivian della Chiesa, the beautiful voiced soprano WBBM unearthed in its recent public auditions for singers. She is on the verge of becoming nationally famous and, as in the case of Jane Froman, will probably migrate to New York. Jane got her build-up in Chicago under Paul Whiteman's sponsorship before she went to New York and national fame.

Untold Chapters in Grace Moore's Life

(Continued from page 15)

The next night, she knew, he was going to propose. At the table where he had spent so many evenings in the past month, he offered her all she had been dreaming. For a moment the career that she had been willing to sacrifice everything for, was forgotten. She accepted.

And the moment the announcement was made, Grace was assailed by the doubts she had refused to listen to before. Instinctively she knew the roar of disbelief and amazement Park Avenue must be setting up, knew that though Robertson loved her, revered her, his family would waste neither love nor friendship on her.

Grace had reached the first crossroads of her career. She lost no time making a decision. Throwing position, Newport, gowns, travel to one side, she broke the engagement to accept a small part—a very small part—with a road company of the musical show "Sweet Sixteen."

Forsaking the chance to sit at tea with aristocratic ladies, she fared forth to delight not overly discriminating theatergoers west of the Hudson River with nightly renditions of "First You Wiggle, Then You Waggle." In time, Robertson and all he had meant was forgotten. By economy so rigid, she tried not to think about it, she saved sufficient funds to buy passage for Europe. When the tour finished, Grace sailed, with barely enough money left over to pay rent the first month.

As though acknowledging her brave challenge to a doubting world, divine Providence intervened. It led her to Monte Carlo and an old friend who staked her to a fling at the roulette wheel. She had never gambled before, but she wound up the evening, with proverbial beginner's luck, forty thousand francs ahead.

Tucking her new-found fortune in her purse, Grace took the first morning train for Paris where she enrolled that very day with one of France's foremost vocal teachers. It was in this gay, magical city that, Quixote-like, she had her second tilt with the windmills of society.

In Paris, students enjoy life whether they have money to spend or not. Grace joined this crowd of fellow countrymen and amid innocent revelry on the Left Bank, met an art student named Biddle. For weeks they shared all the excitement that Paris offers young couples in love before Grace learned who Biddle really was. And when she did, she burst into gales of laughter.

She learned that he was George Biddle of Philadelphia, no ordinary art student but a son of one of America's oldest and wealthiest families. She had laughed when she remembered that Biddle was a life-long friend of Robertson, and confessed a story.

DO you remember where you and Markoe often used to dine?" she asked, mentioning the name of an exclusive New York restaurant. "Well, last Christmas the girl who shared my apartment and I found ourselves with just fifty cents to buy a holiday dinner. I couldn't bear the thought of that, so I telephoned Oscar, the head waiter there, and told him I was Grace Moore. When he said he'd never heard of Miss Moore, I told him indignantly, 'Why, you must remember me, I come there often with Mr. Robertson and Mr. George Biddle!' Using your name worked like a charm. Oscar fell all over himself. I opened up a charge account. Marge and I had our Christmas dinner, and used our fifty cents for the tip."

Biddle fell in love with Grace from that moment on, and his acceptance of her story with a sense of humor she hadn't expected to find turned the scales in his favor. Their friendship ripened as only Paris friendships can. In the soft spring night that followed, George Biddle courted the young singer. When he proposed, offering her the opportunity to sign all future restaurant checks "Mrs. George D. Biddle," she accepted.

She wasn't so certain by now that the career she had been so sure of was ever going to lead anywhere. Her forty thousand francs were nearly gone, her voice

instruction was only half finished, and her fiance wanted to return home. Though she had said she would marry him, she suddenly held back. While he was urging her to pack, a cable arrived from his father. "Come home at once," it ordered, "and explain this engagement."

Biddle returned without Grace, holding only her promise to return in the fall. Swearing undying devotion, he stepped on board the transatlantic liner. Four months later, when Grace returned, he was waiting. In the taxi uptown, he urged a hasty elopement.

Once more Grace faced security for life with a man she found charming and engaging or the grim, drawn out battle to make good in the entertainment world. But her mind was made up. Just as firmly, just as kindly as she had Robertson, she sent George away.

Even five years later, when Grace had achieved a measure of success that would more than satisfy the average young singer, she still held steadfast in her determination to reach the topmost rung before answering love. She had played leading roles in several more Broadway shows, had scored a triumph in a Metropolitan debut. Then came her greatest success, the role of Louise in the Opera Comique of Paris and the greatest ovation ever given anyone in the part since it was created by Mary Garden.

THE cream of Europe's aristocracy joined in that ovation. In a box, his enthusiasm flashing in his black eyes, a descendant of Roman royalty stood up and cheered. The Prince de San Faustino, a Neapolitan noble of an ancient regime, sought and gained an introduction. His orchids were first to arrive at her suite in the morning. He put his cars at her disposal. And he wooed with all the impetuous abandon of his race. Engulfed by his ardor, she whispered a hesitant "Yes." But no sooner had she time to collect her thoughts than she regretted. She broke the engagement and relinquished the opportunity to become a titled lady.

Italian society had gasped when the engagement was announced. Now it had even a greater shock. A mere singer was passing up the chance to become a Princess! Stories of how this same Grace Moore had snubbed American wealth and name were recalled. Ladies asked one another "What next?"

Grace answered their question. Next came greater fame. Conquest of operatic audiences, millions of movie-goers, more millions of radio listeners. Her name became a household word of the tiniest hamlet, on the smallest Main Street. What next? Tea with Queen Mary, a social recognition few are ever destined to receive. Park Avenue was as impressed as was Italian society when Mussolini followed the Queen's example and extended to Grace another invitation to tea—tea for two.

Like the siege of Troy was Grace's storming of the citadels of international society by refusing the more obvious methods of marrying rich young men and depending instead on her own abilities. Today, fond mothers would boast if their offspring were to come home with the news that glamorous Grace Moore had said "Yes."

But Grace Moore has already found love. Her husband is not listed in the Social Register nor has he vast wealth, but because they had planned to go away for a second honeymoon, King Leopold II of Belgium had to countenance a polite "no" when he invited Miss Moore to give a command performance.

Royalty and society can still cool its heels. Grace Moore recognizes only one man—Valentin Parrera.

A de luxe Dessert..easy!



EAGLE BRAND SURPRISE APPLE CAKE

- 2 tablespoons butter, melted
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- 2 cups canned or drained, sieved apple sauce

Add butter and cinnamon to graham cracker crumbs. Spread thick layer of crumbs on bottom of buttered spring mold or deep 10-inch layer cake pan. Beat egg yolks well, add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, rind and apple sauce. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into mold. Cover with remaining cracker crumbs. Bake 50 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve hot or cold.

• Tender and moist and delicately flavorful inside, and nice and crumbly outside—here's a chef's creation. Yet a beginner could make it! • But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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All You Want to Know About Roses and Drums

(Continued from page 36)



TO END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

*Try This Improved
Pasteurized Yeast
That's EASY TO EAT*

IF you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is sadly deficient in the typical every-day diet. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to the diet in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination again becomes regular and complete.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

*You may paste this on a penny post card*NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. RG-12-35
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

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broadcasters worked with the two girls, and on April 8, 1934, played a trick on the radio public. On that day, they gave both girls the script and they read alternate lines of the Betty Graham part. Not to themselves, but over the microphone. No one detected anything wrong. The following Sunday, Helen Claire took over unaided. It was some time before the listeners were aware that Betty Graham was being portrayed by another actress.

If you were to add up all the famous actors who have appeared at different times in *Roses and Drums* you would have one of the greatest all-star casts in history. You will remember De Wolfe Hopper, Pedro de Cordoba, Osgood Perkins, Walter Connolly, Guy Bates Post and Mrs. Richard Mansfield among others.

ACTING for the microphone is a lot different from other acting. There is one man in the cast of *Roses and Drums* who has developed a truly remarkable radio technique. He is Jack Roseleigh. Believe it or not, he can by the tone of his voice, by a turn of his head, let you know whether he is sitting down or standing up. By his voice alone! He has played about a hundred different roles on *Roses and Drums*.

The job of matching living voices with those of the dead is constantly with the men who make *Roses and Drums*. Recently they gave us a few flashes of P. T. Barnum and Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale. The voices of these two, as famous as any of the soldiers of the war, also had to be matched.

Barnum, we might say in passing, was introduced for the same reason that Sidney Lanier, the tubercular Southern poet was—for the sake of variety. Even the most devoted listeners would grow weary if the program were kept to the war all the time.

The amount of research this program requires is staggering. *Roses and Drums* demands more digging into books, manuscripts and ancient records than any other program in radio. Just to give you an idea of how far the author and director will go to be right, they have obtained a list of privates in Union and Confederate Armies, and listed them on cards. Why? Simply for the sake of accuracy. When the script requires the use of a private's name, the cards are consulted, a private's name chosen—and this name is used. It gives the play authenticity. Relatives of privates whose names were used are reported to have written letters of appreciation.

SO complete and so accurate is the research that in the preparation of the episode dealing with the death of Jeb Stuart, the author was able to describe the weather for every hour of the day. Herschel Williams, the director, has been equally thorough. When he proposed to introduce a rebel yell, he wanted to have it right, a yell that could not be criticized by anyone. He located an old Confederate soldier living several hundred miles from New York, prevailed upon him to give the cry as he had given it many years before, and recorded it. The record was then used to guide the actors participating in the play.

Maestro Pelletier, who conducts the seven-piece orchestra, contributes much to the success of the program. He can make his seven men sound like a brass band, a fife and drum corps or a fifty-

piece symphony orchestra. And that is no small accomplishment.

The manuscript of *Roses and Drums* is a bulky forty-page affair. It takes a long time to write. There is so much detail to manage that the author has been able to keep only four weeks ahead of the current program, which is six weeks less than is generally required on other programs. He is often delayed in the preparation of scripts by the necessity of taking trips to the actual battle scenes to study the terrain.

When the finished play is okayed by Professor Jernegan and passed by the network authorities, it is ready for rehearsal. Griggs, who plays Randy, describes the process of getting ready for the Sunday broadcast as follows:

"The rehearsal starts on Thursday when the entire cast discusses and works over the development of the week's episode and its characters. On Friday a four-hour rehearsal with sound effects and on Sunday from twelve-thirty to the hour of the broadcast. The long rehearsal gets us into the spirit and atmosphere of the play and we go on the air in top form.

"With the characters so well known, most of the rehearsal time is given to creating the illusion of the story.

"It was this program which first used spotlights in the studio, not for the benefit of the audience, but to give intensity of feeling and theater sense to the actors.

"The sense of character that, on the stage, can be supplied by costume, make-up, movement and facial expression, on the air depends on the actor's voice. Radio is constantly seeking actors who can 'think with their voices,' who can tell in tone of voice what they think and feel and are, as well as what they want to convey to another character."

THE actual plot which carries along from Sunday to Sunday is fictitious, of course, but the story of the activities of Civil War spies that is told is based on actual fact. Betty Graham is closely modeled after Betty Duval and Betty Boyd, both spies for the Confederate Army. Many of her adventures are those of these unsung Betties of Southern history.

So far as *Roses and Drums* is concerned, the Civil War is a virtually inexhaustible field for drama. Periodically, meetings are held to consider whether there should be a change to another panorama of history, such as the opening of the West or the World War. But always, the decision is to draw further on the rich sources of the inter-state struggle.

Influencing this decision is the thought that, with the end of the Civil War, we shall see the culmination of the struggle for the hand of Betty, which has been going on so long between Randy and Gordon. The odds seem to favor Gordon although you can never tell.

One thing is certain, the listeners are as interested in this love affair as they are in the war. Which rather grieves the program makers. Eighty per cent of their effort is spent on research and when it is over, they find their audience giving it divided attention, sometimes lending their best ears to the romantic side of the story, which is a side requiring no research at all.

Still, it should be a comfort to all of us, especially those who have lost faith in human nature, that people should be more interested in romance than in bloodshed.

Radio Mirror's Directory

(Continued from page 48)

RUFFNER, Edmund. "Tiny". Announcer; born Crawfordsville, Ind., Nov. 8, 1899; married Florence Kowalewska; debut over NBC, 1930. N. Y.

RUSSELL, Johnny. Singer, Sizzlers Trio; born Toledo, Ohio, Jan. 11, 1914; unmarried; debut in Columbus, Ohio. N. Y.

RYAN, Babs (Blanche). Singer; born Davidson, Tenn., Jan. 16, 1914; unmarried; debut Fred Waring's Pennsylvanias, 1933. N. Y.

RYAN, Tim. Comedian; partner of Irene Noblette, "Circus Night in Silvertown"; born Bayonne, N. J., July 5, 1899; married Irene Noblette; debut San Francisco, June 12, 1932. N. Y.

SAGERQUIST, Eric. Orchestra leader, "Campana First-Nighter"; born Karlstad, Sweden, Dec. 6, 1898; married Leonore Koropp; debut in Chicago, over WLS, September, 1924. CHIC.

SALATHIEL, Leon. Baritone, "Tone Pictures"; born Independence, Kan., Jan. 7, 1904; married Betty Sickels; debut in St. Paul, 1923. N. Y.

SANFORD, Harold. Orchestra leader; born Northampton, Mass., Sept. 5, 1879; married June Sanford; debut over WEAF, June, 1926. N. Y.

SANELLA, Andy. Orchestra leader, "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round"; born Brooklyn, N. Y., 1900; married; one daughter; debut over WJZ, 1923. N. Y.

SAXE, Henry. Actor, "Sally of the Talkies"; born Montreal, Canada, May 19, 1895; married Germaine Noel LaPierre; debut over WBBM, Chicago, 1931. CHIC.

SCHREIBER, Mignon. Actress, "The Hoofinghams"; born Chicago, Oct. 27, 1907; unmarried; debut over WTAM, Cleveland, June, 1929. CHIC.

SCHUMANN-HEINK, Ernestine. Contralto; born Lieben, Austria, June 15, 1861; widow. N. Y.

SCOTT, Ivy. Soprano; born on steamer off coast of Java, Feb. 10, 1885; married Fred Earl Walker; one son; debut over WEAF, 1925. N. Y.

SEARS, Charles. Tenor, "Temple of Song"; born Hoopetown, Ill., Feb. 8, 1904; married Florence Edwards; debut over WMAQ, Chicago, March, 1930. CHIC.

SEARS, Jerry. Orchestra leader; born Westboro, Mass., March 25, 1906; unmarried; debut in New York City, 1933. N. Y.

SEYMOUR, Anne. Actress, "Grand Hotel", etc.; born New York City, Sept. 11, 1909; unmarried; debut over WLW, Cincinnati, 1933. CHIC.

SHACKLEY, George. Orchestra leader; born Quincy, Mass., March 7, 1890; married; one son; debut over WJZ, 1922. N. Y.

SHEFTER, Bert. Pianist, partner of Morton Gould; born Tolstovia, Russia, May 15, 1904; married Edith Pearl; one son; debut over KDKA, Pittsburgh, 1921. N. Y.

SHELTON, George. Comedian, partner of Tom Howard, "Rudy Valle Variety Hour"; born New York City, March 4, 1896; unmarried; debut on Vallee program, 1933. N. Y.

SHERRIS, Marley. Singer, Balladeers Quartet; born Toronto, Canada, June 23, 1893; married Mabel Leeson; debut in Edmonton, Canada, 1923. N. Y.

SHIELD, Roy. Orchestra leader, "Music Magic"; born Waseca, Minn., Oct. 2, 1893; debut over NBC from San Francisco, June, 1931. CHIC.

SINATRA, Ray. Orchestra leader, "Drears Come True"; born Gergenti, Sicily, Nov. 1, 1904; married Prima Cordani; one son. N. Y.

SISSON, Kenn. Orchestra leader, "Hits and Bits"; born Danbury, Conn., Aug. 15, 1898; married Emma Redner; one son. N. Y.

SKINNER, Cornelia Otis. Monologist; born Chicago, Ill., May 30, 1901; married Alden S. Blodgett, Oct. 2, 1928; debut over NBC, June, 1935. N. Y.

SMALL, Mary. Child singer, "Little Miss Bab-O"; born Baltimore, Md., May 10, 1922; debut on Rudy Vallee program, 1933. N. Y.

SMITH, Homer. Tenor, Southernaires Quartet; born Florence, Ala., Dec. 2, 1904; unmarried. N. Y.

SMITH, Whispering Jack. Baritone; born New York City, May 30, 1896; debut in Philadelphia, 1920. N. Y.

SMYTHE, J. Anthony. Actor, "One Man's Family"; born San Francisco, Calif., Dec. 18; unmarried; debut in San Francisco, 1932. SAN F.

SOUBIER, Cliff. Actor, Sinclair Minstrels, "Uncle Ezra's Radio Station", etc.; born Brantford, Ontario, June 25, 1891; married Maria Wood; debut in New York City, 1930. CHIC.

STARKEY, Louise. Actress, plays "Clara" in "Clara, Lu, 'n' Em"; born Des Moines, Iowa, Nov. 6, 1905; married Paul Mead; debut over WGN, June, 1930. CHIC.

STERN, Harold. Orchestra leader; born Russia; debut in New York City, 1923. N. Y.

STEVENS, Leigh. Orchestra leader, "Molle Merry Minstrels"; born Mt. Moriah, Mo., Sept. 13, 1909; married; debut over WHB, Kansas City, 1923. N. Y.

STEWART, Paul. Actor, "Easy Aces", etc.; born New York City, March 13, 1908; unmarried. N. Y.

STOKES, Leonard. Baritone, Songsmith's Quartet; born Moultrie, Ga., May, 1904; unmarried; debut in New York City, 1927. N. Y.

STUART, Donald. Comedian, plays "Percy the Playwright" in "Carefree Carnival"; born London, England, Dec. 2, 1897; married; debut in Los Angeles, 1933. SAN F.

SWARTHOUT, Gladys. Mezzo-soprano; born Deep Water, Mo., Dec. 25, 1904; married Frank Chapman; debut over NBC, 1932. N. Y.

TAYLOR, Eva. Singer; born St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 22, 1900; married Clarence Williams; two sons, one daughter; debut, 1922. N. Y.

TEELA, Dick. Tenor; born Oshkosh, Wis., Jan. 6, 1910; married Gwyneth Neil, May, 1933; debut over NBC, January, 1932. CHIC.

THIBAUT, Conrad. Singer and actor, "The Log Cabin Show"; born Northbridge, Mass., Nov. 13, 1906; married Eleanor Kendall; debut over WCAU, Philadelphia, 1932. N. Y.

THOMAS, John Charles. Baritone; born Myersdale, Pa., Sept. 6; married Dorothy Koehler; debut in Newark, N. J., N. Y.

THOMAS, Lowell. News commentator and author; born Woodington, Ohio, April 6, 1892; married Frances Ryan; one son; debut over NBC, 1930. N. Y.

THOMPSON, Kay. Singer, "The Hit Parade"; born St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 9, 1909; unmarried; debut over KWL, St. Louis, 1925. N. Y.

"TIZZIE LISH". Comedian, "Al Pearce and His Gang"; born Syracuse, N. Y., 1892; unmarried; debut in Los Angeles, 1924. N. Y.

TODD, Mabel. Singer and comedienne, "Al Pearce and His Gang"; born Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 13; unmarried; debut with Pearce, 1932. N. Y.

TOLLINGER, Ned. Master-of-ceremonies, "Care-free Carnival"; born Macedonia, Iowa, Jan. 6, 1904; married; one son; debut over KOIL, Council Bluffs, Iowa, 1925. SAN F.

Beautiful Eyes

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EYE BEAUTY AIDS

MASCARA...EYE SHADOW...EYEBROW PENCIL...EYELASH TONIC CREAM...EYEBROW BRUSH

"**LOOK**-Miss Nobody thinks she
can play" someone whispered

—but when she sat
down at the piano . . .

Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town.

Eileen was thrilled—yet so frightened. Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look adorable," he told her proudly. Eileen wondered how the others would feel about her. She soon found out.

It was while they were playing bridge. "Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper. "I never saw her before," came the reply. "Seems nice enough but nobody of importance, I guess."

Eileen blushed. She'd show that smart crowd a thing or two! Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

"Where's Jim Blake tonight?" someone asked. "If he were here we could have some music."

"Jim had to go out of town on business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. Summoning all her courage she said, "I can play a little."

There was a moment of silence. Hesitantly Eileen played a few chords—then broke into the strains of "The Cuban Love Song." Her listeners sat spellbound—never had she played so well. It was almost an hour before she rose from the piano . . . later Eileen told Bill a surprising story.

I Taught Myself

"You may laugh when I tell you," Eileen began, "but I learned to play at home without a teacher. I laughed myself when I first saw the U. S. School of Music advertisement. However I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it all was, I sent for the complete course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note from the start. No grind-

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ing practice sessions—no tedious finger scales. It was just as simple as A-B-C. And do you know it only averaged a few cents a day!

This story is so true-to-life that we want you to send for our Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson at once. They prove just how anyone can easily learn to play by note, for a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. Select your favorite instrument. The U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Mail the coupon today. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 30612 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

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Instrument..... Have you Instrument?.....

STOP A COLD THE FIRST DAY!

**Drive It Out
of Your System!**

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger!
Trust to no makeshift method.

A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. A cold also calls for a COLD treatment and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is definite treatment for a cold. It is expressly a cold treatment in tablet form. It is internal in effect and it does four important things.

Four Effects

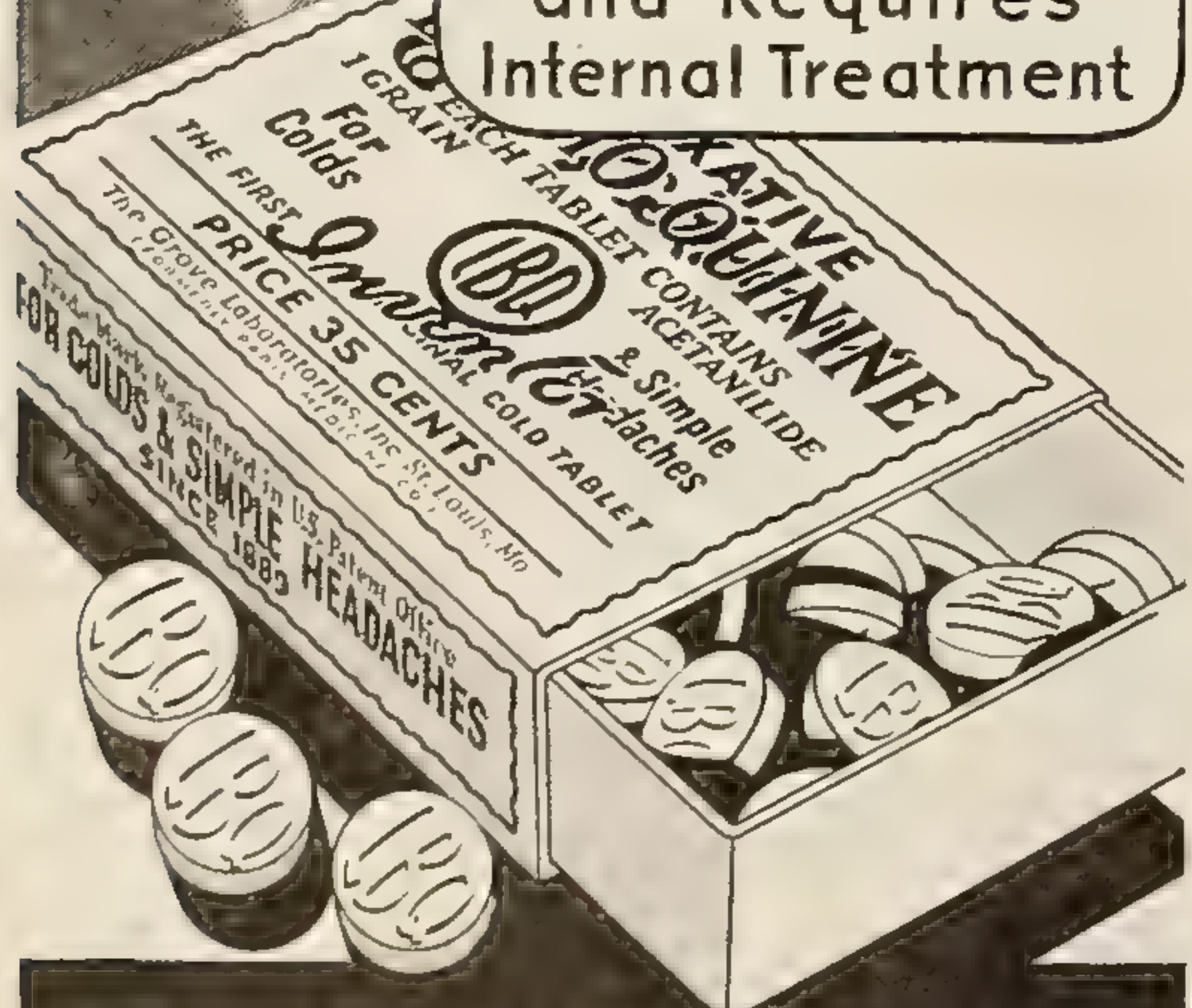
First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Bromo Quinine is distinguished for this fourfold effect and it is what you want for the prompt relief of a cold.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, don't let anyone switch you to something else, for any reason! The cost is small, but the stake is large!



**A Cold is an
Internal Infection
and Requires
Internal Treatment**



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

TONEY, Jay. Baritone, Southernaires Quartet; born Columbia, Tenn., Sept. 21, 1896; married. N. Y.

TRIGGS, Harold. Pianist, partner of Vera Brodsky; born Denver, Colo., Dec. 25; unmarried; debut in Chicago, 1930. N. Y.

TROY, Helen. Comedienne, "Carefree Carnival"; born San Francisco, Calif., 1906; unmarried; debut over KYA, San Francisco, 1930. SAN F.

TUCKER, Madge. Director various children's programs and actress; born Centralia, Ill.; unmarried; debut in Washington, D. C., 1928. N. Y.

UPTON, Monroe. Comedian, plays "Lord Bilgewater" in "Al Pearce and His Gang"; born Bandon, Ore., Aug. 15, 1900; married Bernardine Holdridge, 1932; debut in Shanghai, China, 1922. N. Y.

VALLEE, Rudy. Orchestra leader and master-of-ceremonies, "Vallee Variety Hour"; born Island Pond, Vermont, July 28, 1901; married Fay Webb; debut over British Broadcasting Co. network, London, 1926; U. S. debut over NBC, 1929. N. Y.

VAN, Gus. Comedian and master-of-ceremonies; born Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1887; married Margaret Van; debut over KDKA, Pittsburgh, 1922. N. Y.

VAN BUSKIRK, Inglis. Singer and comedian, "Ronnie and Van"; born Reading, Mass., 1907; unmarried; debut in Boston, 1931. CHIC.

VAN EMBURGH, Harold. Tenor; born Newark, N. J., Sept. 21, 1904; married Florence Meskill; one daughter; debut over WAAU, Newark, 1925. N. Y.

VAN HARVEY, Art. Actor, plays "Vic" in "Vic and Sade"; born Chicago, Aug. 23, 1883; married Marie Paul; debut in Chicago, 1931. CHIC.

VAN LOON, Henrik Willem. Commentator and narrator; born Rotterdam, Holland, Jan. 14, 1882; married Helen Criswell, August, 1920. N. Y.

VANNA, Gina. Soprano, "House by the Side of the Road"; born Chicago, March 15, 1914; unmarried; debut over WENR, Chicago, 1930. CHIC.

VIA, Pedro. Orchestra leader; born Madanacas, Cuba; married; one son, one daughter; debut over WGY, Schenectady, 1927. N. Y.

VINCENT, Elmore. Comedian, plays "Senator Frankenstein Fishface" in "Carefree Carnival"; born Amorilla, Texas, June 10, 1908; married Julia Pattison; debut over KJR, Seattle, 1930. SAN F.

VOORHEES, Don. Orchestra leader; born Allentown, Pa., July 26, 1903; married; debut over CBS, September, 1926. N. Y.

WAINMAN, John. Baritone, "Morning Devotions"; born Jordanville, N. Y.; married; debut over NBC, 1928. N. Y.

WALDEN, Bertha. Actress, "House of Glass"; born Vienna, Austria, 1888; widow; debut over NBC, 1933. N. Y.

WEED, Robert. Baritone, "Radio City Music Hall of the Air"; born Baltimore, Md., Feb. 22, 1905; married; two sons; debut in Baltimore, over WBAL, 1926. N. Y.

WELCH, John. Comedian, plays "Sassafras" in "Honeyboy and Sassafras"; born Dallas, Texas, April 11, 1903; unmarried; debut over WFAA, Texas, 1923. N. Y.

WELLS, Kathleen. Contralto; born Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 27, 1911; unmarried; debut over WHOM, Jersey City, 1931. N. Y.

WEYANT, Randolph P. Tenor, Songsmith's Quartet; born Wakefield, Kan., Jan. 24, 1904; married; one daughter. N. Y.

WHITE, Bob. Actor, "Sally of the Talkies"; born Philadelphia, Pa., May 20, 1903; married Betty Raynolds; two sons; debut in New York City, 1927. CHIC.

WHITE, Francis. Soprano, "Music at the Haydens"; born Greenville, Texas, Oct. 30; unmarried; debut in Los Angeles, 1933. N. Y.

WHITE, Howard. Pianist, "Landt Trio and White"; born Scranton, Pa., July 31, 1901; married; debut over NBC, October, 1928. N. Y.

WHITE, Joe. Tenor; born New York City; married Maureen Mavourneen; three children; debut on Silvertown program, 1924. N. Y.

WHITE, John. Singer and actor, "Death Valley Days"; born Washington, D. C., April 2, 1902; married Augusta Postles; debut in New York City, 1927. N. Y.

WHITEMAN, Paul. Orchestra leader and master-of-ceremonies, "Whiteman's Music Hall"; born Denver, Colo., March 28, 1891; married Margaret Livingston; debut from the Westinghouse Station, New York, Feb. 22, 1921. N. Y.

WHITNEY, Edwin M. Actor, "Death Valley Days"; born Parma Center, N. Y., March 17, 1877; widower; debut over NBC, 1928. N. Y.

WICKER, Irene. "The Singing Lady"; born Quincy, Ill., Nov. 24, 1906; married Walter Wicker; one daughter; one son; debut in Chicago, April, 1930. CHIC.

WICKER, Walter. Actor, "Today's Children"; etc.; born Morgan Park, Ill., July 19, 1902; married Irene Seaton; debut in Chicago, 1931. CHIC.

WILKINSON, Jimmy. Baritone, "Kitchen Party"; born Cumberland, Md., March 21, 1903; married; debut over WBAL, Baltimore, 1924. N. Y.

WILLSON, Meredith. Orchestra leader, "Carefree Carnival"; etc.; born Mason City, Iowa, May 18; married Peggy Wilson; debut on Atwater-Kent program, WEAF, 1923. SAN F.

WILSON, Kathleen. Actress, "One Man's Family"; born Girard, Kan., Jan. 15, 1911; married Rawson Holmes; debut in San Francisco, 1926. SAN F.

WILSON, Muriel. Soprano, plays "Mary Lou" in "Show Boat"; born New York City, June 29; unmarried. N. Y.

WINCHELL, Walter. News and gossip columnist; born New York City, April 7, 1897; married June Magee; one son, one daughter; debut in New York City, 1928. N. Y.

WINNINGER, Charles. Actor, played "Uncle Charlie" in "Uncle Charlie's Tent Show"; born Athens, Wis., May 26, 1884; unmarried; debut in Chicago, 1924. N. Y.

WIRGES, William. Orchestra leader, "Hits and Bits"; born Buffalo, N. Y., June 26; married Alice May; one son; debut over WEA, 1924. N. Y.

WOLFE, Winifred. Actress, "One Man's Family"; born San Francisco, Aug. 26, 1922; debut in San Francisco, January, 1933. SAN F.

WONS, Tony. Commentator and poetry reader, "House by the Side of the Road"; born Menasha, Wis., Dec. 25, 1891; married; one daughter; debut over WLS, Chicago, 1929. CHIC.

WRIGHT, William H. Comedian, plays "Zeb" in "Eb and Zeb" sketches, "Al Pearce and His Gang"; born March 26, 1894; married Nell Peabody; debut with Pearce, 1922. N. Y.

WYNN, Ed. Comedian; born Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 9, 1886; married Hilda Keenan; one son; debut over NBC, 1930. N. Y.

YARBOROUGH, Barton. Actor, "One Man's Family"; born Goldthwaite, Texas, Oct. 2; formerly married; one daughter; debut in San Francisco, 1930. SAN F.

YOUNG, Victor. Orchestra leader, "Shell Chateau"; born Chicago, Aug. 8, 1900; married Rita Kinnel; debut in Chicago, 1929. L. A.



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Amateurs at Life

(Continued from page 44)

could watch. Tad was whistling now. He imitated Crosby and the singer with Ted Weems. Then he did his bird calls.

It was a smashing success for half of the team of Byron and Crail. Mickey could see that Tad had won the crowd. Instinctively she also knew that no one had missed her, unless it was Tad. She waited until the last hand clap before walking to Tad's side.

"Where were you?" he asked. "We waited hours."

Mickey didn't explain. What was the use? The rest of the party passed in a blur.

There was so much to do the next two days that Mickey never found herself alone with Tad. If he wasn't with Marion, she was with one or another of the young Van Biddle male guests. She learned the first day that wealth didn't prevent boys from being good looking, attentive, and very nice. The third morning, before Tad was up, she asked for a car to take her into New York. She went straight to Uncle Jim and unburdened herself.

"Uncle Jim, we've just got to get Tad out of here. He's taking things too much for granted, as though all anyone had to do in this life was to be attractive and gay. He's never been lazy before and now he acts as though he were planning to stay on that estate until snow flies."

"I'm sorry this is happening to you, Mickey," he said. "I've seen the same thing so often before. If Tad would only stop now it would be all right. But he won't. He'll drift on, being gay and charming and staying places as a house guest until he's lost all his ambition. When it's too late, he'll want to settle down. You go back and tell him that. Make him see."

All the way to Westchester, Mickey thought up arguments. She hoped she'd find Tad as soon as she got there; perhaps she could overwhelm him at the outset. He was finishing breakfast on the porch when she arrived. Without preliminaries, she started in.

"Tad, we can't accept this hospitality any longer. We'll have to leave today. Besides, we'd be much better off doing nothing in Poughkeepsie. At least maybe we'd find work to do there."

He stretched and lit a cigarette. "Just my sentiments, little one. Honest work never hurt." He drew a letter from his pocket and threw it in her lap.

Mickey knew before she opened it, from the look on Tad's face, that it was an offer. She read it through once and remembered every word.

"Isn't that the nuts?" Tad exclaimed. "A commercial program wanting me for spot broadcasts at a hundred per!"

For once, Mickey's sense of humor failed her. It was hard enough holding back the tears but there must be a sunny side somewhere—perhaps the fact that a month from now Tad would be so sick of this he'd be the one wanting to leave. After all, doing one novelty number every week or so could become deadly boring.

She clung to that hope and managed to cheer up when they were ready to leave by noon. She could even have enjoyed the drive into town if it hadn't been for the farewells in the front hall.

Tad had stood a moment, holding Marion's hand. Everything had been said in the way of thanks for a wonderful time. He and Marion had just looked at each other a moment. "Goodbye," Tad had said simply, and Mickey couldn't avoid

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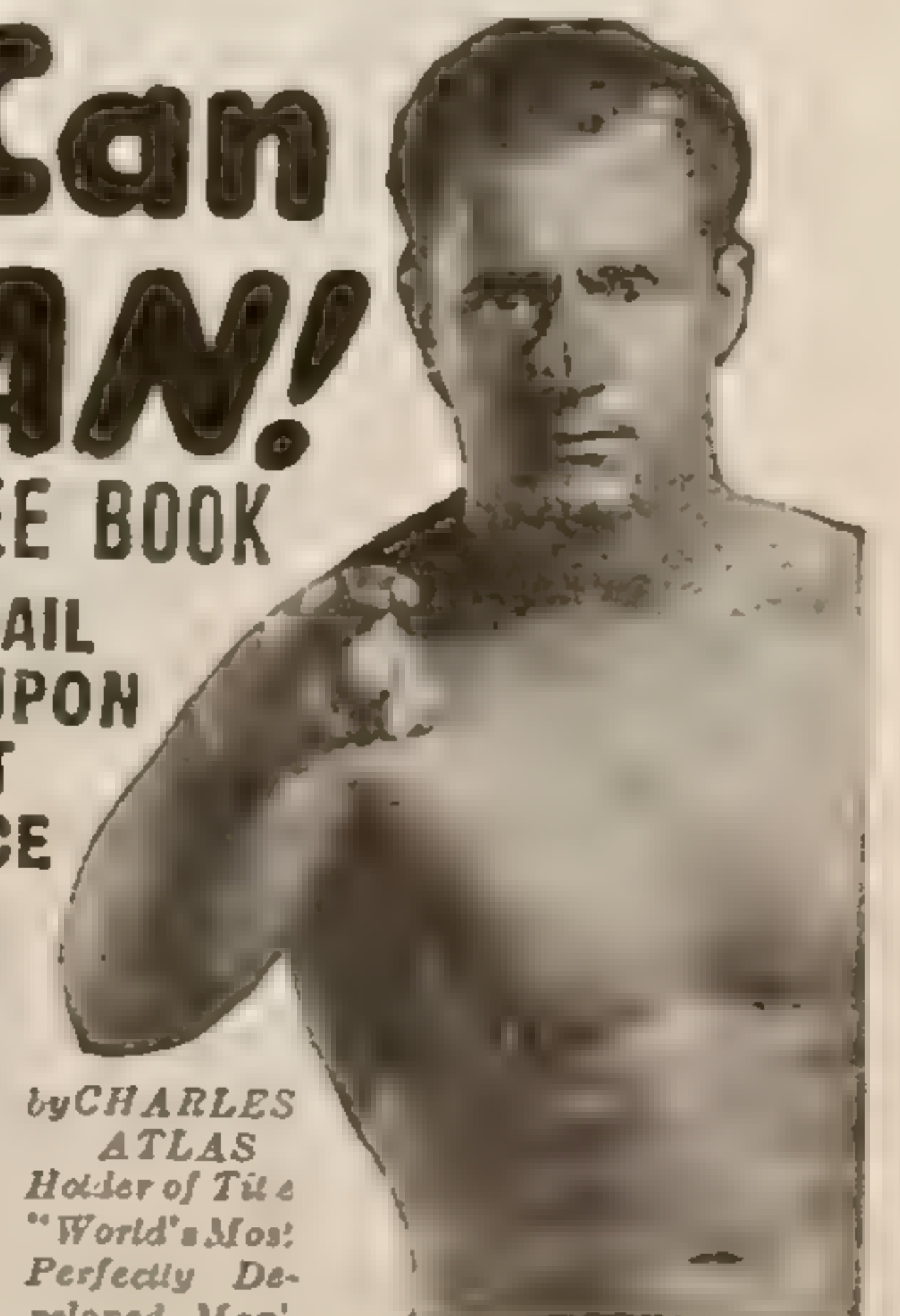
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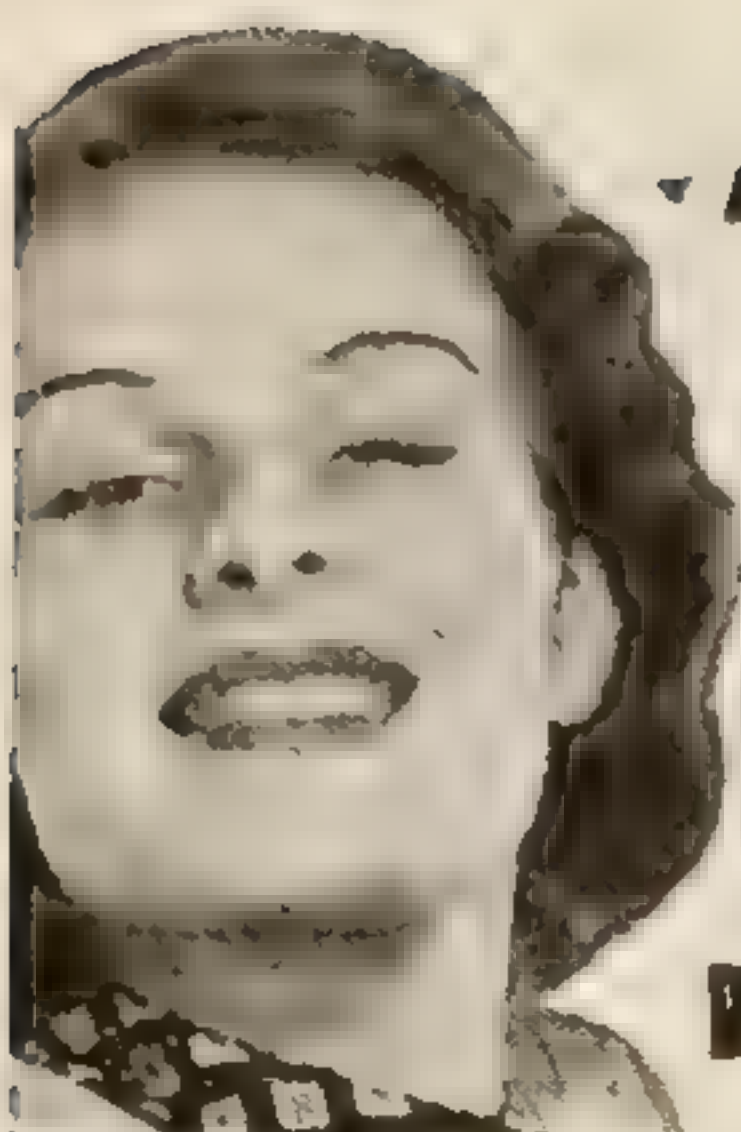
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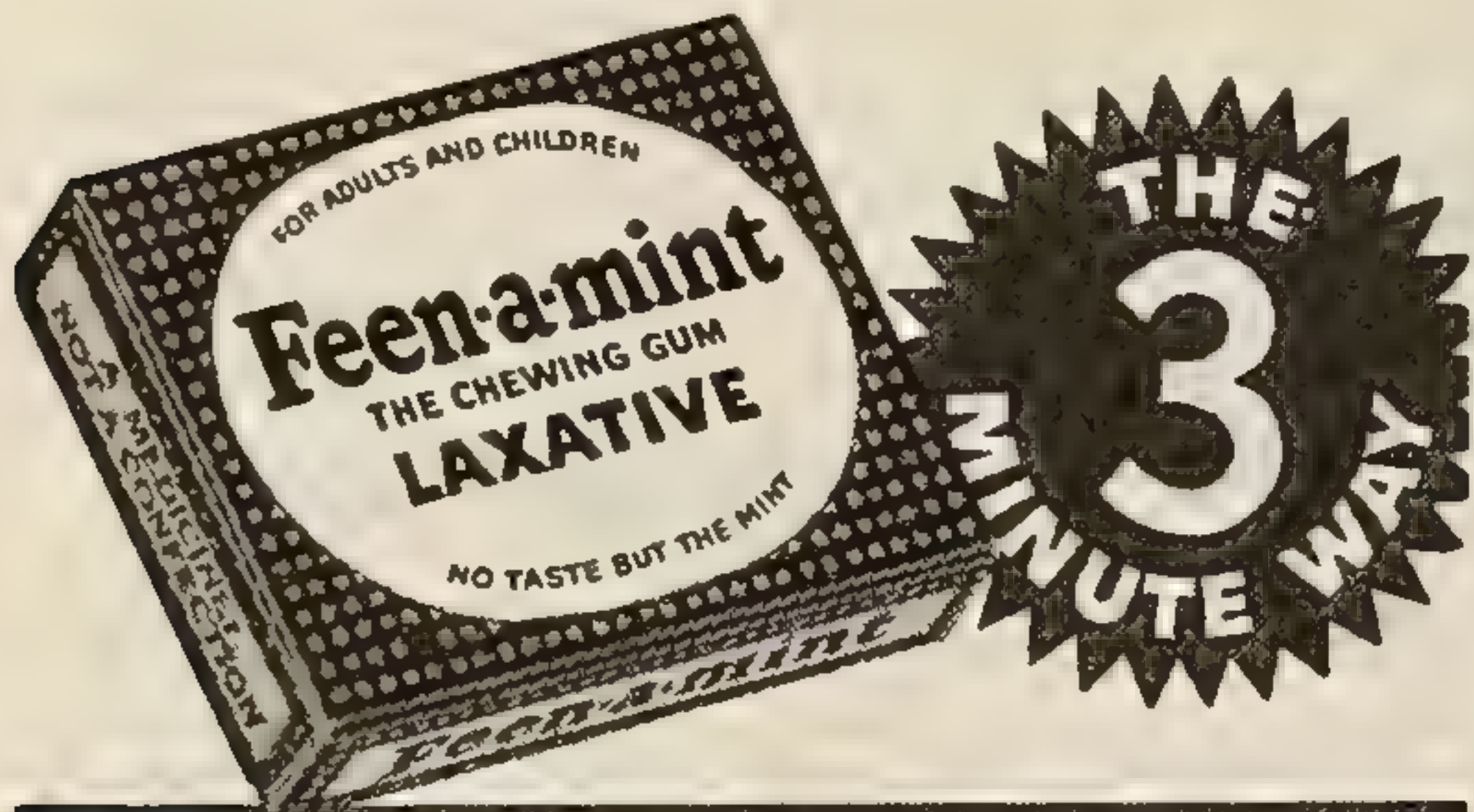
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seeing the look that passed between them. Back in New York, in their rooms, Mickey had a phone call from Uncle Jim. His sponsors wanted Byron and Crail for a return engagement on the Hour. "Et tu, Brute?" she said. "Do you have to turn against me, too?"

"Sorry, Mickey, it's the way this game works," Uncle Jim replied.

For their second broadcast, Tad decided they must have a new song. He also decided that this time he would sing as well as whistle. "Because the Van Biddles liked your voice?" Mickey snorted, but Tad was impervious to sarcasm.

They rehearsed until Mickey thought she'd go crazy. Not until the following Thursday was Tad satisfied. Then, instead of rehearsing, Tad took her around during the day. The spot broadcasts he'd been offered didn't start for another ten days, so he had time to play.

Eventually it was Sunday again. "This time," Tad declared, "we win and no two ways about it."

Tad was not exaggerating. By nine-thirty Sunday night, there was no longer any doubt as to the winner of the evening's Hour. Byron and Crail were over a thousand votes ahead. Uncle Jim announced into the mike, when the last act had finished:

"Unless I'm very much mistaken, we have a new pair of winners. They are Byron and Crail, the two kids from Poughkeepsie you heard two weeks ago."

The votes that straggled in between ten and ten-thirty only swelled their lead. Uncle Jim came over to congratulate them. "You start your week at the Century, Friday. Better have a third song in reserve, for encores. And remember, you're professionals now."

TAD said, "Okay, Uncle Jim. We won't forget all you've done for us when our names are in the bright lights."

It was Tad's careless reply, really, that did the trick. Mickey didn't say anything that night, but the next morning she took the bull squarely by the horns.

"Tad, I've been itching to say this for a long time. Now that we've won first prize, I can't hold it back any longer."

"Go ahead, shoot," Tad said.

"All right, look. We came down here on a lark. We've had all the excitement and more than we were looking for. What else do you expect from an amateur hour? You can't just put aside all the plans you've been making for the past four years. Let's go back. I don't mean right now, but after our week at the Century. We don't want to be entertainers all our lives, do we?"

"Sure, why not?" Tad said.

The utter futility of arguing broke Mickey. Without caring whether anyone was watching, she began to cry. This wasn't Byron and Crail. It couldn't be—not at swords' points. Her shoulders shook with sobs of chagrin.

"Hey Mickey, darling, you know I can't stand tears," Tad said, his voice softer than Mickey had ever heard it. "Don't let it get you down. I didn't know you felt that way. We'll go home tomorrow, if you say."

"Not tomorrow, after our week at the theater," Mickey replied, drying her tears.

"Okay, that's a promise," Tad said cheerfully. "A week from Thursday we're off—for good. Now forget it, huh? We have a new song to learn this week."

Mickey always remembered that first afternoon at the Century. Everything was so foreign to her—the backstage activity, with its chorus girls in tights and brassieres, singers in full evening dress, workmen in grimy overalls; battered dressing rooms that had been the goal of



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so many young actors; the sudden hush before the show began.

It was a full house she and Tad faced. The theater orchestra crashed into its number, quieted down to a barely audible accompaniment, then Mickey began.

That night, after the last show, Tad came to her in her dressing room. "Mickey, if I never say it again, you were swell! And wear that dress some time for me when we're old and gray and have swapped husbands and wives."

Wednesday night, the next to the last, the doorman at the theater knocked on Mickey's door as she was putting on the last touch of make-up. "Man downstairs to see you," he called, "name of Ahern."

"Send him up," Mickey replied, idly trying to remember whom she knew in New York. Someone knocked again. She opened the door to admit a total stranger, a short, dark man with a friendly, toothy smile.

"Miss Crail?" he began, and without waiting for an answer, went on, "I'm Les Ahern, from the Gable Advertising Agency. Will you come to see me in the morning? I'm pretty sure I'll have a job for you, something in the radio line. Here's my card and the address." He backed out. "Don't forget. Ten o'clock. I'm counting on you."

Mickey was glad the man hadn't pressed for an answer. There was only one thing to do. Refuse. Wasn't she going home tomorrow, with Tad?

SOME inner sense kept her from telling Tad about the offer. In a week, it would be forgotten anyway. Yet, when ten o'clock the next morning came and went, she felt a definite sense of relief. And each succeeding hour that passed she personally gave a shove to hurry its exit. At last it was eleven thirty and they had finished their last performance.

They stood together outside Mickey's dressing room, Tad's arm carelessly draped over her shoulder.

"Mickey," he began, and hesitated.

"What is it, Tad?" she asked.

"Mickey," he started again. "I've had a definite offer for a radio program. It's a novelty half hour every afternoon and they want to put me on a regular salary for three weeks."

He paused, but Mickey was silent.

"You're making it tough for me," he said.

"Go on," she urged, quietly.

"I know how you feel about all this, how you think we should have been home a week ago. Mickey, I'm staying. Maybe the best way out of this is for you to go back. But I'm staying."

Mickey heard a rustle of skirts on the stairs. "Is that you, Tad?" someone called. It was Marion. She came on up to them.

"Be right with you," Tad told her. He put out his hand. "Goodbye, Mickey. It's all been swell and I'm sorry you can't see things my way. Will you write me?"

"What's this?" Marion asked. "You aren't going home!" When Mickey half nodded, she said, "But that's so absurd. You two are just getting started."

"I know," Tad said, "I've told her that. But she seems to have her mind made up. Well, kid, wish me good luck."

Then he was gone. Mickey went into the dressing room and stood in front of the mirror, staring at her reflection. Marion had been swell. Tad too. It was really nobody's fault. She shivered a little, braced herself and said, half aloud, "Okay, Crail, your move now."

What happens to Mickey? Does she go back alone to Poughkeepsie? What changes the whole course of her life is revealed in the absorbing next installment in the January issue, out November 26.

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Mrs. Lanny Ross Answers

All of Your Questions

(Continued from page 9)

two people can be happy when practically all of their time must be devoted to business, remember what Olive White Ross says about that: "A writer or an artist never really leaves his work. It is on his mind from morning until night. So it is with the singer and actor. Besides, business matters can be brought into the home because there is always some interesting personal problem involved—exciting because it's really play and fun."

And to guard against too much concentration on business, there is still a separate office elsewhere in the city for both star and manager with a competent secretary for each of them. The apartment contains Lanny's attractive studio where he can work on his singing or his song writing (he's just sold "Day Dreams" to Harms, Inc.) and where he can turn business conferences into pleasant social functions!

REMEMBER that Lanny, who doesn't smoke, and drinks only an occasional cocktail, cannot go into crowded, smoky cafés—for smoke invariably gives him colds. So even though Olive is much more social in her tastes than Lanny, they effect a happy compromise by visiting friends at Montauk Point where they go fishing and enjoy life in the house-party manner. Sometimes during the week they give little parties at one of the bagatelle (the marble game) "palaces" which New Yorkers find so amusing. At the last counting Lanny had run up 11,000 points on his favorite machine—and when he reaches 15,000 the management has promised him, instead of one of the routine prizes, the machine itself. Then Lanny plans to set it up in his own play room on the second floor of the new apartment!

As for their future plans—well, Olive would not be human if she did not wish to raise a family—and I know she does. At the moment Lanny doesn't think about it—certainly he doesn't wish to talk about it—but I know that one day, when their lives have been enriched and fulfilled in every other way, they'll want to complete them in this way, too.

Which brings us back to the part of their lives which interests Olive most and which she herself expressed this way: "My most sincere hope is that all the fans will continue to admire Lanny for his beautiful singing, personal charm and excellent work in pictures, the theater and radio."

And my wish is that with this pleasant glimpse behind the scenes of Mr. and Mrs. Lanny Ross's life, they will be left in peace to work out their careers which have one common end: the unqualified success of Lanny Ross.

Sincerely,

—ERNEST V. HEYN.

Mary Lou Has Left the Show Boat!

What Has Become of Her?

In the January issue of RADIO MIRROR the real reason you no longer hear this famous star on Thursdays will be revealed.

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Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 47)

Mel Williamson's voice is being raised from most Los Angeles stations these days for the Federal Housing Administration . . . One-time aviator, University of Texas graduate, lots of local announcing and program experience.

* * *

Fenton Earnshaw, a last summer's grad from the University of California at Los Angeles and a colonel in its R. O. T. C., has joined his father's radio production firm as assistant stage director. His father, Harry, created and wrote the Chandu series which, by the way, has just started all over again on KRKD, Los Angeles.

* * *

Russ Johnston, Los Angeles radio writer, has bought twelve acres at the base of Palomar Mountain . . . built a rustic shack and lives there with his wife except for commuting twice a week to Los Angeles.

* * *

Johnny Murray is back on the air again, KFVB, after a year's absence. Once a trumpet player, long-time a popular Hollywood emcee, he held a record on the hi-jinks weekly frolic until it went off the air. Now he has a brand new series with one of those talent hunt angles.

The Mad, Mad March of Time

(Continued from page 10)

it in the scripts which they're working on.

The rooms which are the delivery ward five times a week for a new fifteen minutes on the air are as barren of comfortable furnishings as the editorial offices of a struggling weekly newspaper.

The windows are devoid of curtains, the walls are broken by holes where wires have been jerked to make room for more telephones. The only chairs are the swivel type in front of the desks. A visitor stands up. Bill Geer's office is the same, with the exception of one battered arm chair that is pushed out of the way in a corner.

When Geer looks up from his desk, he is holding a paper. Pointing to a front page story, he grins and says:

"We had that whole thing on the air last night. Fifty per cent of the time we scoop the papers that way."

That is your first intimate glimpse of how fast a pace these producers set for their program and it brings up a question: If the scripts are being prepared this early in the morning, how will they make room for a story that breaks late in the afternoon?

"Two ways," Geer answers. "First, the script men know that there's a good chance that by five o'clock, we'll have thrown out the particular story they've worked on to make room for another, better one."

"Then, certain stories—for instance the Italo-Ethiopian situation—are built up carefully and the ending left off until dinner time. If nothing new has developed by that time we finish up with what we already have learned. But if war has been declared or something else has happened that is of momentous importance, we tag that on."

Talking to this man you get the feeling that no eventuality will be too great for the staff to cope with. When you have

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been given a description of the complete production set up, you're positive no situation can get out of hand.

Bill Geer is the news editor, an all-important job. But there are other personalities behind the scenes that help wield the day's stories into a night's radio show. There is Arthur Pryor, Jr., who has been associated with the March of Time since its debut on the CBS network. As general production manager, he is responsible for the tying together of the scripts, the music, and the acting.

At his side is Howard Barlow, well known musical director, who has just finished his summer's work on NBC's State Fair with Lanny Ross. At five o'clock every afternoon, Barlow and Pryor go over the scripts, discuss the possibilities, and Barlow goes off to dig out the incidental music that will best suit the moods of the evening's program.

At five o'clock, if nothing has happened to upset the schedule, Pryor assembles the cast of actors, hands out the parts, and they hold an undress rehearsal without the orchestra.

In the meantime, back down on the fifteenth floor, the teletypewriter continues to clack out a digest of the day's news. While Pryor, his assistants, and Barlow work to unite the scripts they already have, more stories are breaking that must be incorporated.

Geer, waiting until the last minute, rushes up to the studio and calls a conference. He may have one, two, or three big stories that the others know nothing about. They have half an hour to decide which of the scripts they've already spent two hours on should be thrown away.

WHEN that is decided, Geer hurries back downstairs, calls the script men (the same who started at 8:30 in the morning) into his office, and gives out the latest stories. In an hour they must be written, checked by Geer himself, copied on stencils and run off on a mimeograph machine. After that, they are laid out on a long flat table, sorted, and clipped together.

The night you elect to go to these rooms to see for yourself, a woman in Ontario, Canada, has given birth to her tenth child and is tied for the lead in a race to have the most children by 1936 and win a five hundred thousand dollar prize. Because this story didn't come in until after five, everything is an hour behind schedule.

You go to the fifteenth floor at seven thirty as you've been told. The rooms are empty. A studio conference with Pryor, Barlow, and Geer hasn't ended yet. Until it does, nothing more can be done.

Three quarters of an hour later, things began to happen. Geer strides in, followed by three script men, a secretary, two mimeograph girls, and two others to help sort and clip.

The script men sit down at typewriters, light cigarettes, run their fingers through their hair, and begin to write. Geer pulls himself up to his desk, a heavy pencil in his hand, and begins to cut scripts to make room for the addition of the baby derby.

As he finishes a page, it is rushed to a typist, copied, run off the mimeograph, and handed back to Geer. He makes pencilled corrections—corrections which must be made on every sheet as it comes off the mimeograph—and one complete script (four will be used tonight) is ready.

The binder swings into action. The second script is five pages. These five pages are separated in neat stacks. The binder goes down the line, whisking off the pages. Back and forth. In five minutes he has them in order and bound.

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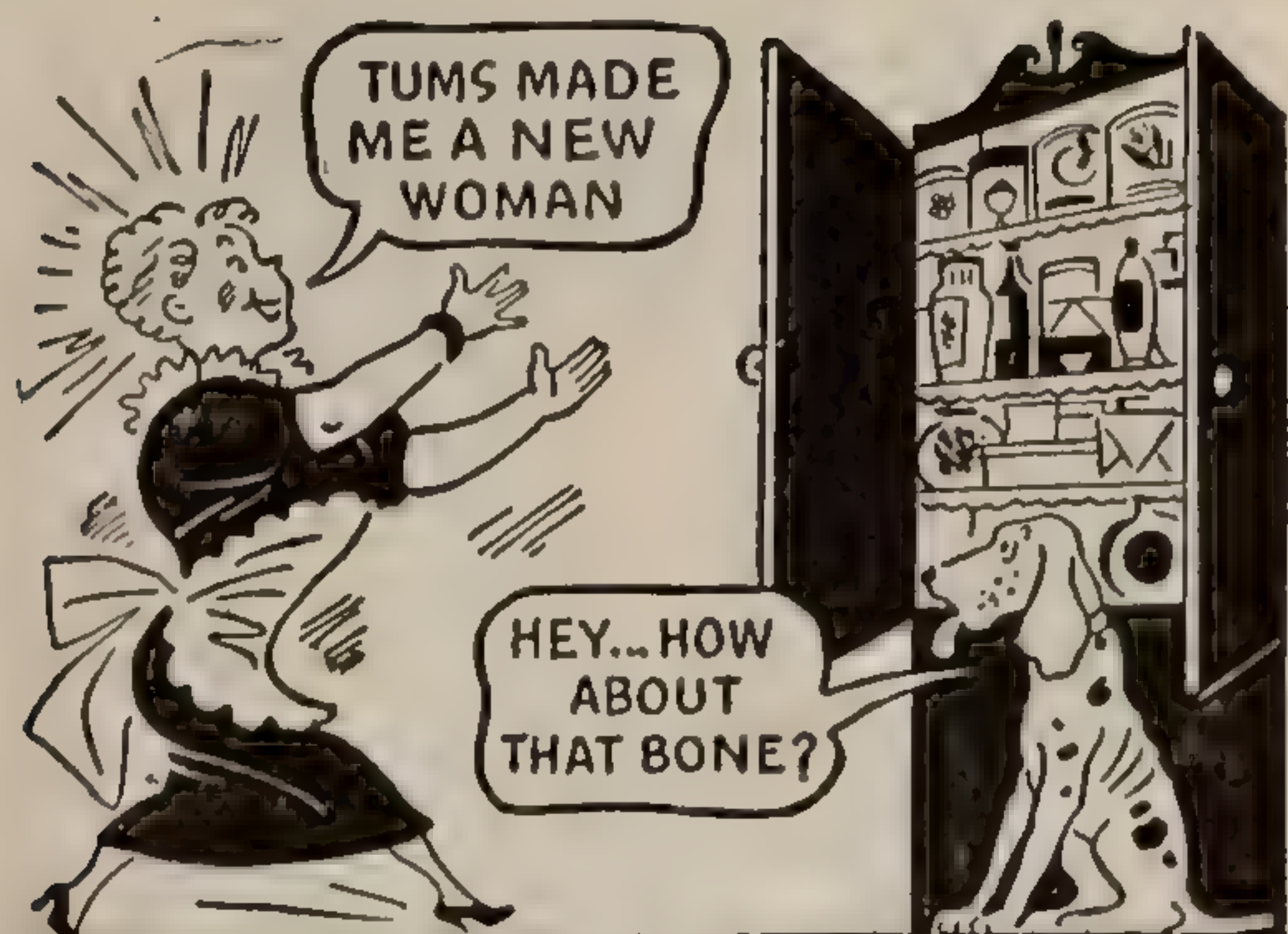
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TURNES NIGHT AIR INTO BRIGHT HOME LIGHT

A wonderful scientific light development! Revolutionizes home lighting! Gives you 20 times light of old wick lamp at fraction of cost. Actually 300 candlepower of brilliant, soft, white light—yet burns 96% FREE AIR, only 4% cheap kerosene (coal oil)!

LIGHTS WHOLE HOUSE FOR FEW PENNIES! Your home all brightly lighted for hours for only a few cents! No chimneys to smoke, clean or break. No wicks to buy or trim!

30-DAY TRIAL In Your Home! Built in beautiful modern art lamp models. Get descriptive folder—have your choice sent on 30-day no-risk trial. Enjoy this wonderful, new light right in your home for a whole month. Send at once for details!

AKRON LAMP & MFG. COMPANY
122 Lamp Bldg. AKRON, OHIO

AGENTS!
Fast, steady money-maker. Be first to have it in your territory. Write today.

As the deadline approaches—everything must be finished by nine thirty—you feel the tension increase, note that everyone is smoking, hear muttered curses as typewriter keys stick. Finally, the last staple binds down the last five pages.

With one accord, everyone in the room wheels out the door and into the hall to get to an elevator to the twentieth floor. In the studio, Barlow, his orchestra, Pryor and his actors are waiting.

Geer runs into the control room while the writers hand out the scripts to the actors. At nine-thirty-five Pryor raises his hand, Barlow taps, and the March of Time theme song bursts forth.

In exactly thirty-five minutes the rehearsal is finished. For the first time since seven o'clock relaxation is the order of the day. Pryor grins through the glass of the control room, stretches, and speaks into the loudspeaker that is attached into the studio proper.

"Okay, kids, that was swell. Time out now for a 'coke.'"

Band men, writers, actors, engineers, announcers file out, trying to shake off the tightness of their nerves. Outside in the lounge, they wait the fifteen minutes of leisure until ten-twenty-five.

At ten-twenty-eight everyone is back in the studio and for everyone but Geer and his assistants the tension is worse than ever. For Geer and the men who group at his side, the job is over. No more stories to write until nine in the morning. Unless—and you suddenly remember what he told you earlier in the day.

"We have a direct wire from the typewriter to the control room. Even while we're on the air, we can get news. If it is important, a messenger writes it out on paper and goes into the studio to give it to Harry Von Zell. We're breaking an iron clad rule of the CBS—no calls into the control booth while the broadcast is going—but we'll do it if we have to."

The rule is safe for one more night. No stories come in on the direct wire. The fifteen minutes are up and an exhausted studio of people can go home and stretch out in bed, safe for a few hours from the inexorable demands of a five-time-a-week dramatic digest of the news of the day.

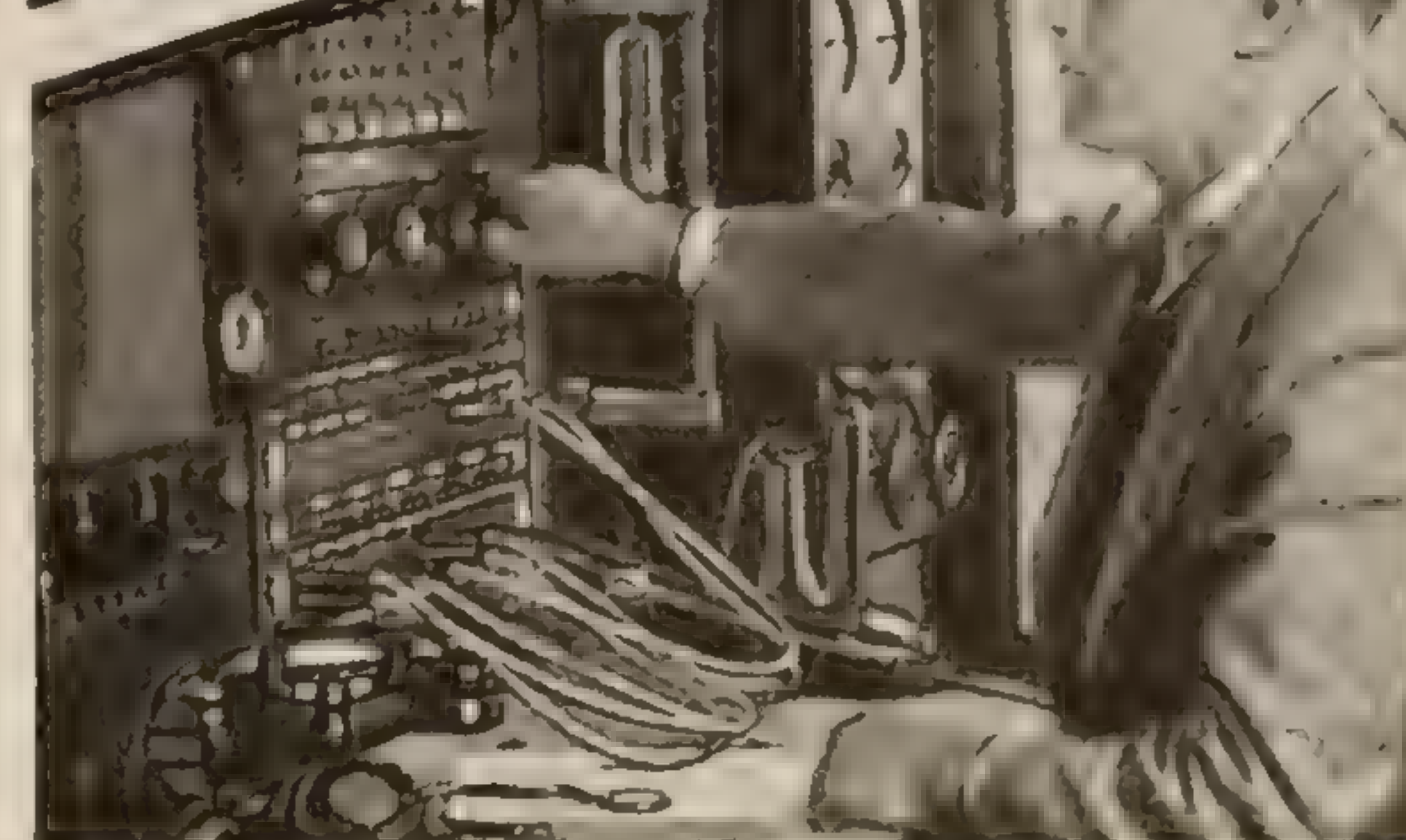
But even as they sleep, even as the earth turns towards another dawn, somewhere in the blackness of night a new March of Time has begun!

NEXT MONTH

An Exclusive First Interview with Jack Benny's Father!

Don't miss this highly entertaining feature on radio's famous comedian, Jack Benny. It's filled with amusing anecdotes never before told. In the January issue, out November 26.

Be a RADIO EXPERT



Learn to Make \$30, \$50, \$75 a WEEK

I'll train you at home in spare time



\$40 to \$100 Month in Spare Time

"I am servicing broadcast, auto Radios and electrical appliances in spare time. I have run from \$40 as high as \$100 a month. My Radio work equals and often exceeds my regular salary."—JOHN J. REIDER, 536 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.



Now Has Fine Business

"I have a fine business servicing sets. I am making a good living—seldom have a week under \$40. If it wasn't for N. R. I. I would probably be tramping the streets."—GLENN C. KING, 46 Division Ave., 5 Grand Rapids, Mich.



Gets Job While Training

"Before finishing your Course I was Radio Expert for the largest sporting goods store in North Carolina. Since enrolling I have made about \$8500. I want to thank N. R. I."—J. F. HUFF, 601 W. 18th St., Austin, Texas.

Get my FREE book about the opportunities in Radio. Mail the coupon now. Get the facts about this new, fast-growing industry. N.R.I. training fits you for jobs making, selling, servicing short and long wave Radio sets, to have your own business; to build, service and install loud-speaker systems; to operate Radio apparatus on board ships, in a broadcasting or commercial land station; for Television, which promises hundreds of good jobs soon, automobile Radio, aviation, police Radio, and many other branches. My FREE book gives full information and tells how to learn quickly at home in spare time. Stop struggling along in a dull job with low pay and no future. Start training now for the live-wire Radio field. Hundreds of men now in Radio owe their success to N.R.I. training.

Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

Hold your job. I'll train you in a few hours of your spare time a week. The day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets which quickly show you how to do Radio repair jobs common in most every neighborhood. I give you Radio equipment that teaches you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. George W. Honert, 248 Water Street, Ligonier, Ind., made over \$500 from the start of the Course to its completion.

Get My Book—FREE—Now

My book has shown hundreds of fellows how to make more money and win success. It's FREE to any ambitious fellow over 15 years of age. Investigate. Find out what Radio offers; about my Course; what others who have taken it are doing and making; about my Money Back Agreement, and the many other N.R.I. features. Mail coupon NOW.

**J. E. SMITH, Pres.
National Radio Institute
Dept. 5NT
Washington, D. C.**

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Dept. 5NT
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:
Without obligating me, send free book about spare time and full time Radio opportunities, and how I can train for them at home in spare time. (Please write plainly)

NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....



JUNGLE MADNESS FOR CULTURED LIPS



Here's a freshly different, more alluring lipstick shade that brings to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night—the new *Jungle* shade of SAVAGE Lipstick! It's a brilliant, vivid, brighter red—the most exotic color ever put into lipstick—and a truly adventurous hue! And is *Jungle* indelible? So much so that its intense color becomes an actual part of you... clinging to your lips... all day... or, all night... *savagely*! There are four other SAVAGE Lipstick shades: *Tangerine* (Orangish)... *Flame* (Fiery)... *Natural* (Blood Red)... *Blush* (Changeable). 20c at all 10c stores.

Wicked
NEW shade!
JUNGLE
A brilliant, vivid,
brighter red



SAVAGE



LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR WITHOUT PEROXIDE

... to ANY Shade you Desire
... SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful, fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste it cannot streak. Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete, with brush for application.

FREE 36 page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.
ERWIN F. LECHLER, Hair Beauty Specialist
565 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

Roll Your FAT Away

NO DIET • NO MEDICINES
• NO EXERCISES •

AN AMAZING invention called Roll-ette, developed in Rochester, Minnesota, makes it possible for you to rid yourself of unsightly pounds of fat and have a beautiful, slender form. This remarkable patented device takes off fat quickly from any part of your body without strenuous diets, dangerous drugs, exercise. Leaves the flesh firm and gives a natural healthy glow to the skin. Makes you feel years younger.

A FEW MINUTES A DAY
ROLLS FAT AWAY

Take off many inches from the spots where you want to reduce most. ROLLETTE is an effective, scientific principle for reducing which is receiving the approval of physicians everywhere. Just send name and address for **FREE** Trial Offer—Today

Rollette Co., 11 East Huron St.
Dept. 501 Chicago, Illinois



LOSES 23 Lbs.

"By using Rollette I have lost 23 lbs. the first month."
Anne Reilly,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Will War Guns Silence

Radio?

(Continued from page 18)

women slinking about our comparatively peaceful nation, taking an uncommon interest in our affairs, our morale, the strength of our defenses and of our courage. Above all, they're interested in the shipment of food, clothing and fuel that are leaving these shores for foreign ports. That's the vital information they must uncover, must transmit to their superiors in their country, or to warships of their nation patrolling the seas.

How can they dispatch this dangerous intelligence quickly and secretly? The mails? Too slow. By cable or wireless telegraph? Too easy for our government's agents to check filed messages. By concealed, unlicensed transmitters? Old stuff, too simple for the agents to locate them with the highly developed direction finders of today.

BUT you know the answer already. Those spies can use our broadcasting stations and do it with neither you, nor I, nor the broadcasters suspecting a thing. The man who told me how it might be done is one of a quiet-spoken, resolute little army of government, military and naval officials who will strike, and strike hard, at any espionage which takes advantage of us and of our broadcasters. How, then, can it be done?

All right, let's try our hands at this amateur secret service radio sleuthing. We'll say just for instance that Italy is at war with Germany. Lying at a New York pier, is a heavily loaded Grecian freighter. She will clear secretly at half-past one in the morning for Greece, a neutral nation, with her cargo of wheat. Germany strongly suspects that that wheat will be transshipped to Italy and, under the circumstances, she has no intention of permitting the Italians to eat well, if at all.

In other words, Germany doesn't want that ship to reach Greece. Somewhere outside the neutral waters of the United States, lie German warships, ready to see that she doesn't. But unless these war vessels know when she's sailing, what she looks like, how are they going to stop her?

You are sitting in your home, listening half-heartedly to a musical program being broadcast from a small New York station. Suddenly you lean forward alertly as a bouyant announcer spouts his advertising message.

"... Grainite is a product used by five million Americans. Originated in Greece in the days of the Greek Olympic games, it is a product which is being bought this very night, by hundreds of athletes. Isn't fifteen cents, one and one-half dimes, a mighty small price to pay for your own safety? We now present. . . .

All in a dither, you pull out a pencil and paper and go to work.

FIFTY miles out in the Atlantic ocean, a sleek, gray, German war vessel pitches and rolls as she restlessly patrols at half speed, waiting for intelligence from shore. In her radio room sits a hard-faced young officer, earphones clamped to head, eagerly sucking in every word of that advertising message.

He scribbles rapidly. Another officer flips through a code book. "Five million," he mutters. "That means five thousand tons . . . Grainite? . . . Ah, wheat . . .



STOP SUFFERING

FROM Abdominal Weakness, Backaches, Nervousness and other ills caused by bad posture. Welcome relief from such ills and discomfort has come to thousands after wearing the light, comfortable Natural Body Brace, as the brace gently helps return the vital organs to a more normal position.

30-Day Trial Offer

Write today for free booklet, "Health, Strength and Perfect Figure" and details of 30-day Trial Offer.

Supports - Strengthens - Straightens

Comfortable, easy to wear. Over 300,000 satisfied users—MEN and WOMEN.

The Natural Body Brace Co.
2312 Rash Bldg. Salina, Kans.

NURSES ATTENDANTS & OTHERS

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY REGARDING GOOD JOBS IN INSTITUTIONS, HOSPITALS, ETC., everywhere write NOW for information enclosing stamp to Scharf Bureau, Dept. 12-34, 145 W. 45th St., N. Y.

BUNIONS Torture Needless

Pain stops almost instantly. The swelling and inflammation is so quickly reduced you can wear smaller, neater shoes with ease. Prove it on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation. Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. P-212, Chicago, Ill.

Learn Photography at HOME

Make money taking pictures. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No previous experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*, and full particulars.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY
3601 Michigan Avenue Dept. 1389 Chicago, U. S. A.

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED

Straight regular features! Charming new beauty! They can be yours. Dr. Stotter (grad. of University of Vienna) reconstructs faces by famous Vienna Polylinic methods. Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Large Lips, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, etc., are all quickly corrected. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet "Facial Reconstruction" (Mailed in plain wrapper.)
Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 8-M, New York

Operator No. 38



Follow This Man

Secret Service Operator No. 38 is on the job! Running down Counterfeit Gang, Tell-tale finger prints in murdered girl's room. Thrill, Mystery.

Free The Confidential Reports of Operator No. 38 made to his chief. Write for it.

Earn a Regular Monthly Salary

YOU can become a Finger Print Expert at home, in spare time. Write for details if 17 or over.
Institute of Applied Science
1920 Sunnyside Ave.
Dept. 79-19 Chicago, Ill.

WILL YOU WEAR THIS SUIT

and Make up to \$12 in a Day!

I let me send you this fine all-wool tailored suit **FREE OF COST**. Just follow my easy plan and show the suit to your friends. Make up to \$12 in a day easily. No experience—no canvassing necessary.

Send for Samples—FREE of COST

Write today for **FREE** details, **ACTUAL SAMPLES** and "sure-fire" money getting plans. Send no money. H. J. Collin, Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. Z-349, 500 S. Throop St., Chicago, Ill.



BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR
...and Look 10 Years Younger

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNTONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNTONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

HEADACHES

ENDED FOREVER

Why try to stop your headache? Of course you want to rid yourself of the pain. But wait! Instead, shouldn't you talk it over a bit with your headache? It is there for no other purpose than to warn you—it says, LOOK OUT. Something has gone wrong. Learn to diagnose your headache and you at once spot the real source of trouble. If you are not well; if some one of your organs does not function properly; if you are constipated; if your stomach does not properly digest the food it takes—a headache is very likely to wave its signal to you to LOOK OUT!



In his startling book, *Headaches*, Bernard Macfadden goes into the subject of headaches in a most thorough manner. He tells you the causes as well as the treatment for the different types of headaches.

You need send no money for this book. Merely pay the postman \$2.00 plus postage. If not satisfactory return in 5 days and your \$2.00 will be refunded. The small \$2.00 price for this book includes a one year's subscription for *Physical Culture Magazine*. This price applies to the United States only.

Macfadden Book Company,
1926 Broadway

Dept. R. M. 12
New York City

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 18, 254 W. 31 St., New York

You Can—DANCE IN THREE HOURS—Now

Just three hours practice, at home without music or partner. It's a new and simplified course in ballroom dancing, written by C. P. Appelbaum, dance instructor at the St. Louis Y for 4 years. It's a full course 24 lessons for \$1.00. Send stamps, cash or money order. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

LEARN TO DANCE IN THREE HOURS

CARL F. APPELBAUM, 1120 So. Cheyenne, Tulsa, Okla.

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed
We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises... and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%. Write for wonderful voice book—sent free, but enclose 3c for part postage. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.
**PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 79-19
64 E. Lake St., Chicago**

CLEANS CLOTHES

New Way...Sells On Sight

NEW DRY-CLEANING CLOTHES BRUSH. Revolutionary invention. Banishes old-style clothes brushes forever. Never anything like it! Secret chemical plus unique vacuum action. Keeps clothing spic-and-span. Also cleans hats, drapes, window shades, upholstered furniture, etc. **Saves cleaning bills.** Low priced. **AGENTS WANTED.** Hustlers making phenomenal profits.

SAMPLE OFFER Samples sent at our risk to first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. Be first. Send in your name TODAY!

KRISTEE MFG. CO., 442 Bar St. Akron, O.

Stop PAIN without Pills!

OUCH! Another accomplishment of electricity. Quick relief from pain... a boon to sufferers of rheumatism, gout, lumbago, lame back, sciatica, neuritis, arthritis, swellings, inflammations, etc. Produces a dry, penetrating heat from your home electric socket... and it feels so good. Pain disappears like magic. Absolutely safe. Fully guaranteed 1 year. Works on A.C. or D.C. current... automatic control. Relieves while you sleep. Directions and information with 12" x 15" pad, silk covered wire, switch, plug, etc., only \$2.49 each with order... C. O. D., plus postage.
**ECK ELECTRIC MFG. CORP., Dept. 112,
50 W. 3rd St., New York**

Let me tell You how I Got Rid of PIMPLES AFTER SUFFERING for 15 YEARS

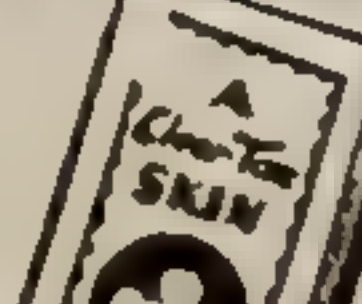
I know what it is to suffer the embarrassment of unsightly skin caused by pimples. I, too, know that for years I tried nearly everything to get rid of them. I now know the joy of a clear skin brought about by an easy-to-use home treatment.

A POSTCARD BRINGS THIS BOOK

Tells in plain language how this wonder treatment was discovered and how it works. Simple to apply. The first application usually stops the pain and itching. Send your name and address for complete information. Do this today. Address

**E.S. GIVENS 2508 Southwest Blvd.
Kansas City, Mo.**

FREE



Greece... Greek... This very night... One and one half dimes... Half past one. Get this to the commander immediately. Five thousand tons wheat on Greek ship clearing New York tonight 1:30 for Greece."

A moment later, the destroyer heels down hard as she swings about in a sharp turn and bites into the heavy seas on a fast run northward to head off the Greek freighter.

When you snatched up your pencil and paper, you knew there was something wrong with that advertising talk. You were right. There was enough wrong to have started off a chain of events which might well have meant the vengeful entry of another nation into the war.

But how was that message permitted to get on the air in the first place? Very simple. A manufacturer can always buy time on an independent broadcasting station. It wouldn't be very hard for a foreign nation to assign spies to purchase and conduct in an outwardly respectable manner a manufacturing business solely for the purpose of being able to buy advertising time on our air and using it to transmit espionage intelligence.

SUCH messages won't be easy to detect; won't, obviously, be as crude as the example I gave. One officer of the Intelligence Department of the Army suggested to me that it was not at all unlikely that musical codes would be used by foreign agents.

If you're musically inclined, you might amuse yourself playing about with the vast possibilities there. In an original composition, written expressly to transmit a specific message, each note of the melody could correspond to a letter of the alphabet. In a familiar composition, certain chords could represent code words previously agreed upon. Drums might rap out messages in Morse code, saxophones slip in signals now and again in the International wireless code. But just because I pass these possibilities on to you, please don't suspect the first foreign musician you meet.

No matter how it were done, if our intelligence officers spotted any such secret transmission of messages through our broadcasting stations, even though we were neutrals, they'd clamp down on these offenders against our peace and security with a fast-moving, if heavy, hand.

The chances are remote that any broadcasting station itself would be in any way responsible. Yet if spies were to persist in using our air facilities, the government could and would take over control of broadcasting under the powerful national emergency law.

THAT'S the law which could make your radio so silent you'd walk on tiptoe every time you went into the same room.

You see now that spy activities constitute a threat to your listening freedom. You also realize that broadcasts from the war front could be so crammed with propaganda as to imperil our peace and neutrality that strict curtailment of broadcasting could be necessary.

It is important that you know how such propagandizing by radio could develop to dangerous proportions. You should know that there are other menaces which roaring war guns hold for your listening. Unless you know them, you cannot be prepared for the drastic steps the government is ready to take in war emergencies. These, then, are the things which I shall reveal to you in the January issue of *RADIO MIRROR* out November 26.

Today's MOST Distinguished Radio Achievement



CUSTOM BUILT ROYALE 24-TUBE Radio

THIS super radio-musical instrument was created for those discriminating and exacting few who insist on the finest, most beautiful, most precisely built radio obtainable. A set of rare distinction, musically and artistically perfect, the Royale offers over 100 features... assuring a luxurious and idealized type of brilliant, sparkling, guaranteed world-wide performance... heretofore unattainable. It is today's only "aged" radio... offers 6 tuning ranges... 4 1/2 to 2400 meters... etc.

This 24-tube achievement outperforms other receivers. Assures Unlimited Scope Full Fidelity Audio range is 20 to 16,000 cycles per second... 40 watts undistorted output. Fully guaranteed for 5 years... absolute satisfaction assured

The 30-day FREE Trial Offer enables you to try the Royale in your own home, without obligation. Write for literature now or mail coupon TODAY.

ROYALE RADIO CRAFTERS
(Division Midwest Radio Corporation)
Dept. 207F, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation, send me literature describing Custom-Built 24-Tube 6-Tuning Range, Royale Radio... and details of your 30-day Free Trial Plan.

Name.....
Street.....
Town..... State.....

CHS PINS 35c
RINGS 1.60

Wear a Glass Pin or Ring!
Send For Free 1936 Catalog
PINS handsomely silver plated, enameled 1 or 2 colors, any 3 or 4 letters and year. Dot. Price \$3.50. Sterling or Gold Plate 50c. Dot. \$5. RINGS, Sterling Silver, similarly low priced. Largest makers for 40 years. Over 300 designs. Write today!
BASTIAN BROS. CO.
62 BASTIAN BLDG. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

For 15 Years, the Choice of Fastidious Women

GOLDEN GLINT

the SHAMPOO with the tiny tint RINSE

Brightens Every Shade of Hair

Kicked Upstairs!

(Continued from page 25)

of the little Philadelphia station that it became a regular weekly feature, and the amusing adventures of "Sir Percival Postlethwaite," a comic-strip type of Briton, became the talk of Philadelphia.

Letters poured in to the station in ever increasing volume, to such an extent, in fact, that the enterprising manager of the station, sensing that such a "find" would not long be content to work merely for the fun of it, and without any salary, offered Carter a regular job on the announcing staff. The salary was higher than that of the newspaper job, and even though it hadn't been, the microphone's bite had taken effect. The lure of the studio had become stronger even than that of printer's ink, and Carter seized the opportunity eagerly.

Two weeks later a representative of the radio station waited shame-facedly for an uncomfortable audience with the managing editor of the tabloid newspaper. Admitted to the presence, he stammered in his embarrassment. "Say, listen," he blurted at length, "can you take this guy Carter back? He's a swell guy personally, and we like his work, but somehow, he doesn't seem to go over with sponsors. They don't like his British accent."

Inasmuch as Carter, like most good newspapermen, had been earning about twice what he was being paid on the paper, the managing editor had no hesitation in restoring his job, and Carter came back once more to the clackety-clack of typewriters, the strident cacophony of linotype machines, and the roar from below of batteries of presses.

SIX months later, as a circulation promotion stunt, Carter's newspaper made an arrangement with radio station WCAU, Columbia's outlet in Philadelphia, and a newsreel, for a daily news broadcast. Carter was assigned to the task of preparing and broadcasting the material. In less than two weeks, his daily broadcast had attracted such widespread attention that three sponsors were bidding for his services, and in a month he had become more of a Philadelphia institution than the newspaper for which he worked. During the two years that followed, Carter's news broadcast became the Quaker City's most popular and widely talked of air feature, although it was not until 1932, when the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped, that the rest of the nation's listeners-in came to know his clipped tones and terse emphasis.

From the little village of Hopewell, Carter broadcast the details of the kidnaping and the subsequent activities of the hunt for the kidnapers, and more than fifteen thousand letters attested to the widespread attention his words commanded.

One day, during the Hopewell siege, the time for Carter's broadcast arrived to find him totally unprepared. Some information he had been expecting, and upon which he had counted for material, had failed to reach him. Resourcefully, he clipped from that day's edition of his newspaper an editorial concerning the kidnaping, stepped before the mike, and read the article in its entirety, spacing it out so that it just filled in the time allotted.

So forceful was his delivery, so much fire did he manage to inject into the cold type of the editorial, that letters by the hundreds deluged the newspaper office and that of the broadcasting company. The editor of the paper heard of the tremendous response to Carter's broadcast.

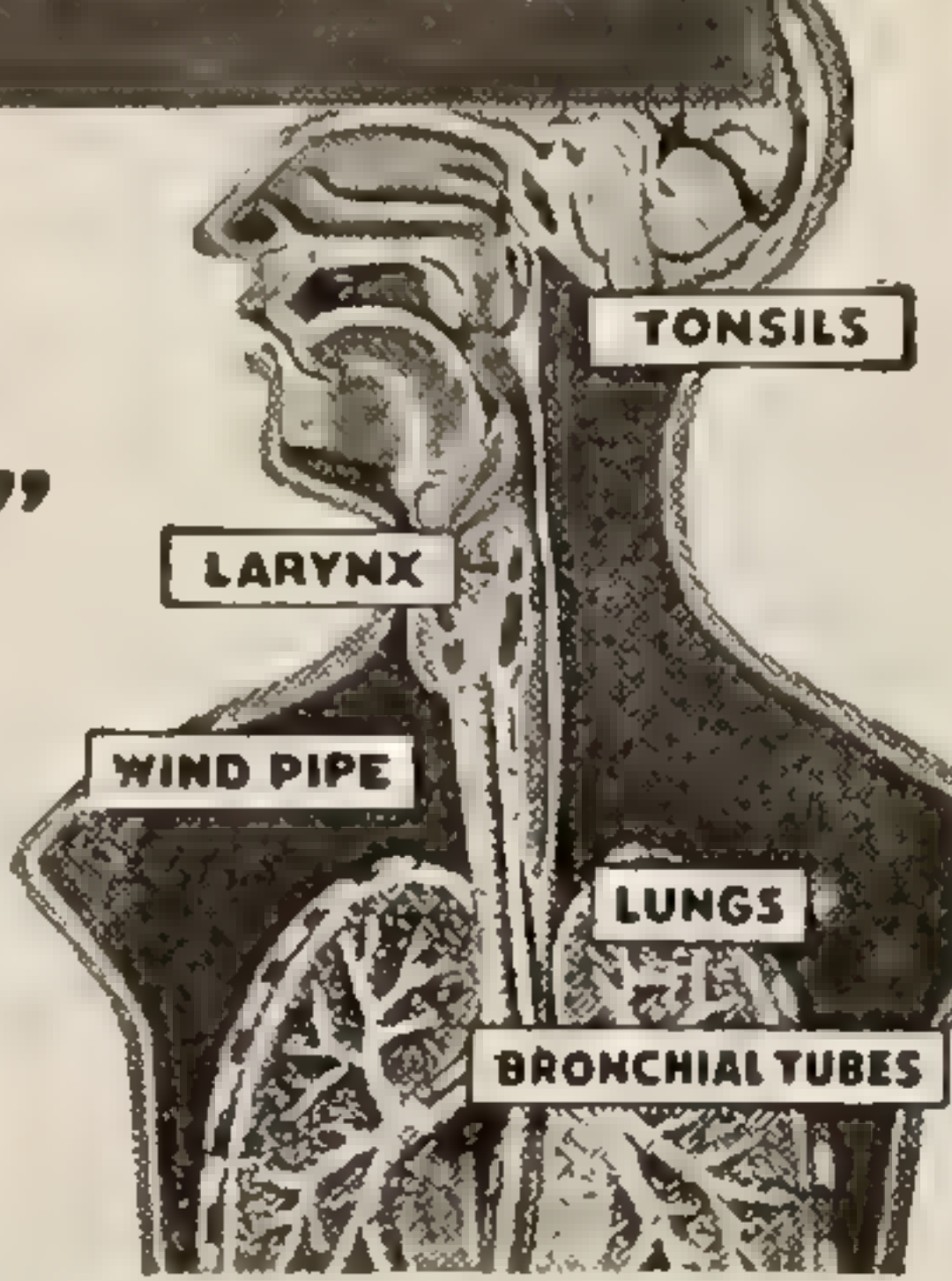
"Have Carter send a copy of that

Stop COUGHS quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

Getting throat's moisture glands to work "soothes" coughs away

THE usual cause of a cough is the drying or clogging of moisture glands in your throat and wind-pipe. When this happens, heavy phlegm collects, irritates. Then you cough. The quick and safe way to relief is by letting Pertussin stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily raised. You have relief!

Get after that cough today—with Pertussin. Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.



PERTUSSIN "MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N. Y. C. I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

Name _____

Address _____

RM-12

NO "CHAP" for ME

No more sticky lotions for me. My hands quit chapping when I changed to—

HESS WITCH HAZEL CREAM

—the no-gum lotion. Hess is never sticky. It keeps skin free of chap all winter long. Heals and soothes rough, sore, red skin like magic. Try it. Sold in all 10c stores. (57)

E. E. HESS CO., Brook, Ind.



FREE INSTRUCTIONS SHOW HOW TO MAKE THESE 5 clever novelties



FREE instructions show you how to make these charming novelties. Gifts that you can make and give your friends this Christmas! Make them out of clothes-pins, empty cereal boxes, old phonograph records, and other odds and ends, and a small amount of Dennison's gay, colorful crepe paper. We show you how FREE. It's as simple as ABC and loads of fun besides. Send the coupon now.

DENNISON'S Dept. M-145, Framingham, Mass.

Please send FREE the instructions for making five clever novelties.

Name _____

Street (or R. F. D.) _____

City _____

State _____

Why not let us include some of these other Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

Fun for All: Party Games, Stunts and Decorations

1935 Book of New Dennison Crafts... Crepe Paper Flowers...

New Crepe Paper Costume Book... The Cellophane Craft Book...

Dennison Crepe



Protect Your Home from Tuberculosis

BUY

CHRISTMAS SEALS

5¢ LITTLE BLUE BOOKS EACH
Send postcard for our free catalogue. Thousands of bargains. Address: LITTLE BLUE BOOK CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk 468, Girard, Kansas.

PINS 35¢ **Rings 1.65**
CLASS PINS—any letters, any year, any colors. Silver plated. 1 to 11, 40¢ ea; gold plated, 50¢ ea; sterling, 60¢ ea. Silver plated. 12 or more, 35¢ ea; gold plated, 45¢ ea; sterling, 55¢ ea. Sterling silver rings as shown, 1 to 11, \$1.90 ea; 12 or more, \$1.65 ea. Write for Big FREE Catalog showing hundreds of pins, rings, medals, emblems, trophies, etc.
METAL ARTS CO., INC. FACTORY 67 ROCHESTER, N.Y.

SKIN ERUPTIONS

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ITCH, ACNE, RINGWORM
Distresses from these disorders now QUICKLY relieved with PSORACINE, a remarkable preparation used by thousands. Many wonderful reports from everywhere. FREE INFORMATION ON SKIN DISORDERS. WRITE ILLINOIS MEDICAL PRODUCTS, 208 N. Wells, D-62, Chicago.

Denison's plays 57 Years of Hits
We supply all entertainment needs for dramatic clubs, schools, lodges, etc., and for every occasion.
T. S. Denison & Co., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 28 Chicago

MENDS WITHOUT SEWING

SEW-NO-MORE Pays Up To \$200 an Hour
BEFORE SEW-NO-MORE—amazing new product mends rips, tears, holes in any fabric—instantly—neatly—without needle or thread. MENDS DON'T SHOW! Better than darning or sewing. Patterns matched perfectly. Takes only a minute. Can be washed, boiled, ironed. Saves eyes, clothes, time, money. Popular priced. Quickly demonstrated. Pays 21% profits. FREE SAMPLE—Write for FREE Sample to prove claims, FREE outfit and territory offer.
SEW-NO-MORE CO. DEPT. T-748 MADISON RD. CINCINNATI, OHIO

Old Faces Made Young!

Men as Well as Women Can Now Look Young.

A famous French beauty specialist recently astonished New York society by demonstrating that wrinkles, scrawny neck, "crow's feet", double chin and other marks of age are easily banished by spending only 5 minutes a day in your own home by an easy method of facial rejuvenation that any one can do.

No cosmetics, no massage, no beauty parlor aids.

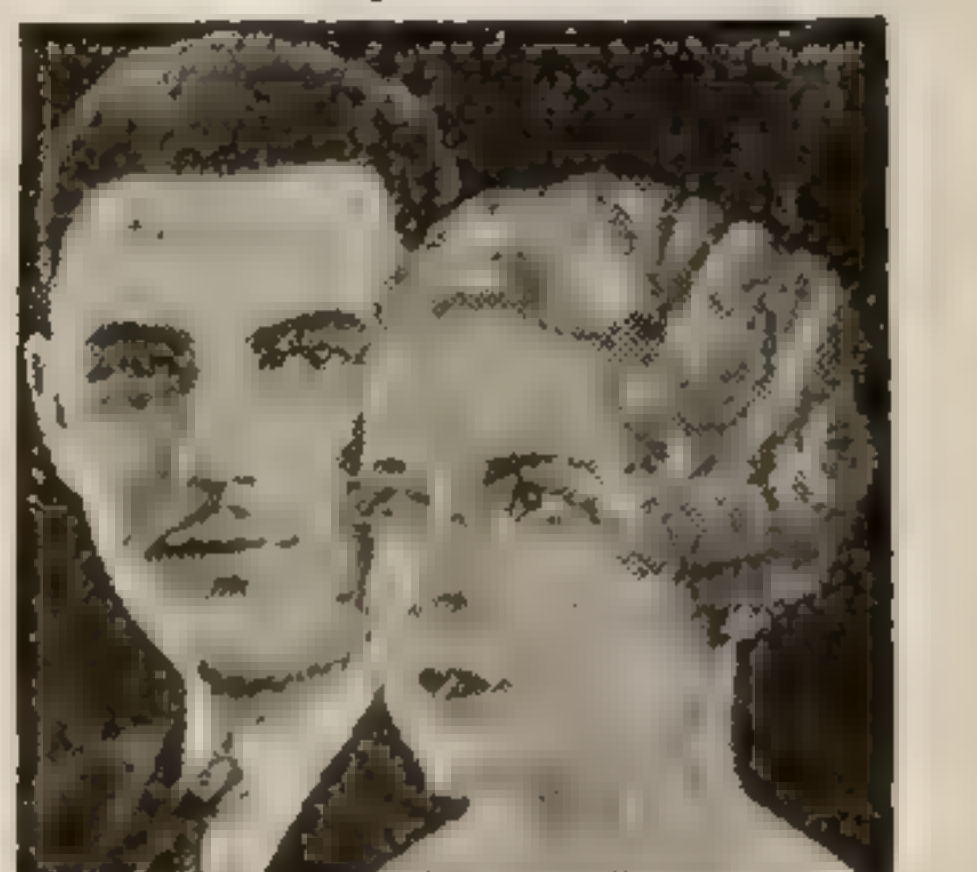
The method is fully explained with photographs in a thrilling book sent free upon request in plain wrapper.

Pauline Palmer, 1032 Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo. Write before supply is exhausted.

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City _____

State _____



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1931, C. M. CO.

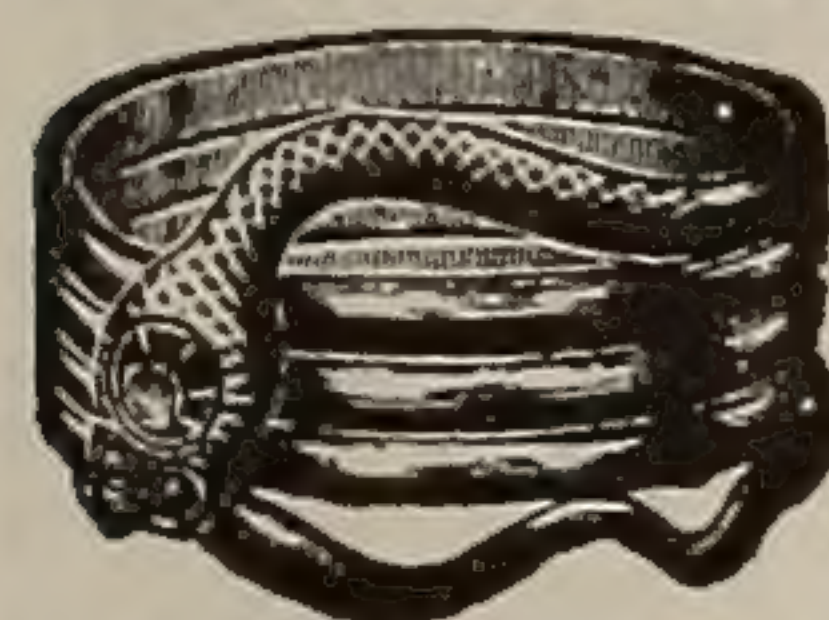


Old Leg Trouble

Heals at Home While Working

Viscose Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for TRIAL. Describe trouble and get FREE BOOK. Dr. R. G. Clason Viscose Co., 140 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

MYSTIC SNAKE



Reminiscent of Sacred Oriental Serpent set with marvelously hued Sun Stone, symbol of the Sun's mysterious power for health and happiness. Gold acid test ring. Attracts, compels, mystifies. Pay postman \$1.98 and shipping charges, or make remittance with order and we pay shipping charges. Guaranteed. Oriental Lucky Coin FREE.

FRENCH ROY, Box 191, Varick Sta., Dept. 154, New York, N. Y.

NEW DEODORIZER for BATHROOMS

PAYS AGENTS UP TO \$8 IN A DAY. Dispel Bathroom Odors easy, inexpensive way. Puro Bowl-Itizer overcomes odors and replaces them with flower-like fragrance. Hangs out of sight, inside Toilet. Guaranteed as advertised in Good House-keeping Magazine. Every home needs Bowl-Itizer... one of 12 fast-selling home necessities. Make sensational daily profits. Write today for details and Full Size Sample FREE.

THE PURO CO., Dept. W-2165, 3107 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Get Rid of PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, Oily Skin, etc. Write for Great News about New Home Treatment for clearing skin of unsightly Pimples, Acne, Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Oily Skin and other blemishes. Discovery of Famous Skin Specialist used privately for years with marvelous success. SENT ON TRIAL. You Risk Nothing.

FREE Send for Free Booklet At Once. Don't suffer embarrassment any longer. WRITE TODAY. Seboline M. Co., Box 2408, Kansas City, Mo.

No JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that— Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. Noises stopped his head. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness. Artificial Ear Drum THE WAY COMPANY 714 Hofmann Bldg., Detroit, Michigan

AMAZING! SILK HOSE GUARANTEED TO Wear Without Holes OR NEW HOSE FREE

Beautiful silk hose guaranteed to wear without holes up to 8 months or replaced free. "Anti"-Snag, Spot-proof, Ringless. Sheer chiffons and service weights. 68 styles, colors for men, women, children. Sold only by representatives direct to users. Big money for agents.

AGENTS: UP TO \$24 IN A WEEK Write for special full or part time plan. Give hose size. WILKNIT Hosiery Co. P-8 Midway, Greenfield, O.

broadcast immediately, and print it on page one," he ordered. His rotund face was red when he learned that the broadcast which had attracted such widespread attention was no more than a verbatim repetition of his own newspaper's editorial, which had attracted no more than ordinary comment when printed.

An insistent radio audience demanded Carter after its appetite had been whetted by his masterful handling of the Lindbergh case and, shortly after his return from Hopewell, he was signed by his present sponsor—for whom he is entering his fourth year, with a growing popularity.

With a flair for showmanship, Carter dropped the prosaic given name "Harold," adopting for broadcasting purposes the more picturesque "Boake," and borrowed of a great-grandfather, Francis Boake Carter, of Shanganah Castle, Dublin. Thus, in the event that you visit an art gallery and note a portrait prominently displayed bearing the signature "H. T. H. Carter" you will know that "H. T. H." and "Boake" are one and the same, for when he could snatch time from his newspaper work, before he first came to the microphone, Carter was an accomplished portrait painter, with such a favorable reputation in his adopted city of Philadelphia that more than a hundred of his works, at one time or another, were exhibited there.

EVEN more than his forceful delivery, a checkered career crowded almost unbelievably into his brief thirty-five years gives him a background for his interpretative news broadcasts. Born in Baku, Russia, where his father was British consul, Carter spent his boyhood in that country. The four schools from which he was unceremoniously ousted, by his own admission for "backwardness, inattention, and general nuisance," were in England, but during his brief stay at each, he managed to gain sufficient knowledge for his admission to Christ College, Cambridge, where his academic and athletic careers were interrupted by the war.

When he was mustered out of the Royal Air Force, he came to America, where he drilled for oil in Mexico and Texas before finding his way to Philadelphia and newspaper work. In a newspaper office he also found romance, marrying the assistant society editor of his newspaper with whom, and their two children, he now lives in suburban Philadelphia.

His rather divergent diversions are his painting and cricket and he is recognized as one of the foremost exponents of the game.

And to his credit, witness to the fact that success has left him unspoiled, be it said that he has never indulged in that last (and best) laugh at the expense of his former newspaper colleagues to which he is justly entitled. For basis of one of the most merciless "ribbings" to which they subjected him was an occasion when a hard-boiled city editor publicly, and with somewhat pointed rudeness, rebuked him for talking with a yacht salesman on office time. The city editor is still a city editor—but Carter has a yacht.

We are happy to announce that the winner of the Irene Rich Dress, created by Frances Clyne for RADIO MIRROR'S first Fashion Contest, is Mrs. Ethel L. Booton of Springfield, Ill.



Never wait a second day take a Beauty Laxative

You simply can't expect to have sparkling eyes, a clear youthful complexion and plenty of pep, unless you insist on regular elimination. Never wait a second day. Take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets gently and safely help nature carry off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system; keep you looking and feeling fine and fit. And they're non-habit-forming.

Keep a box of these time-tried beauty laxatives handy for the times when nature skips a day. Three sizes, 15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS' OLIVE TABLETS THE Beauty LAXATIVE

MAKE MONEY AT HOME! Learn easy Koehne Method of coloring photos and miniatures in oil. New! No art training needed. Big demand. Send for free booklet, *Make Money At Home*. NATIONAL ART SCHOOL 3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 1389, Chicago

TIRE PRICES CUT! on repaired GOOD YEAR GOODRICH-FIRESTONE FISK-U.S. AND OTHER FAMOUS MAKES

Here are the outstanding standard brand tire bargains of the year, repaired by the improved "criss-cross" method and by skilled workmen. You take no risk when you buy from York, the old reliable tire house with 19 years of service in this field. Thousands of tire users throughout the U. S. declare our tires give them LONG, SATISFACTORY SERVICE. Buy Now—at these reduced prices and SAVE MONEY.

Don't Delay—Order Today!

BALLOON TIRES		REGULAR CORD TIRES		HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES	
Size	Price	Size	Price	Size	Price
28x4.40-21	\$1.85	30x3.5	\$1.85	33x4.5	\$3.10
28x4.50-20	2.00	32x4	2.65	34x4.5	3.10
30x4.50-21	2.10	32x4	2.65	30x5	3.30
30x4.75-19	2.15	34x4	2.65	33x5	3.40
28x4.75-20	2.20	34x4	2.90	35x5	3.55
28x5.00-19	2.55	32x4.5	3.00		
30x5.00-20	2.55				
28x5.25-17	2.60				
28x5.25-18	2.60				
28x5.25-19	2.60				
30x5.25-20	2.60				
31x5.25-21	2.90				
5.60-17	2.95				
28x6.00-18	2.95				
28x6.50-19	2.95				
6.00-17	3.10				
30x8.00-18	3.10				
30x8.00-19	3.10				
32x8.00-20	3.10				
33x8.00-21	3.25				
32x8.50-20	3.35				
6.00-18	3.65				

TRUCK BALLOON TIRES

Size	Price	Size	Price
30x8.00-18	\$3.70	34x7	\$9.95
30x8.00-19	3.75	38x7	9.95
34x5	3.95	36x8	10.65
32x8	7.25	40x8	12.65
36x8	9.00		

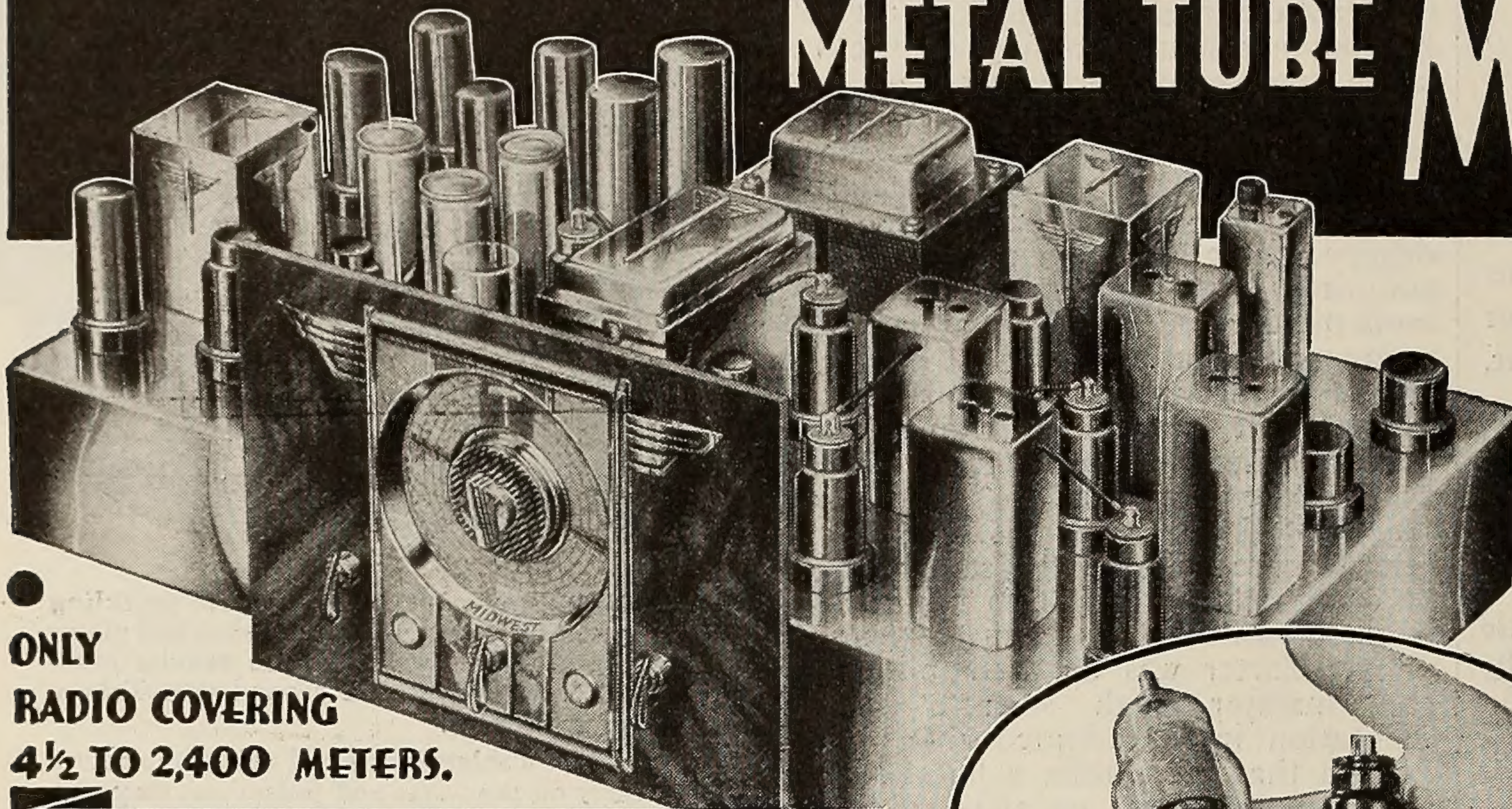
DEALERS WANTED SEND ONLY \$1.00 DEPOSIT on each tire ordered. (\$4.00 on each Truck Tire.) We ship balance C. O. D. Deduct 5 per cent if cash is sent in full with order. To fill order promptly we may substitute brands if necessary. ALL TUBES BRAND NEW—GUARANTEED—HEAVY GAUGE CIRCULAR MOLDED. Guard against price advances. Order Now. We agree to replace at half price any tire failing to give 9 months' service. YORK TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 2946 3855-59 Cottage Grove Ave. Chicago, Ill.

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Glorious Tone Realism.. World-Wide Entertainment Guaranteed!
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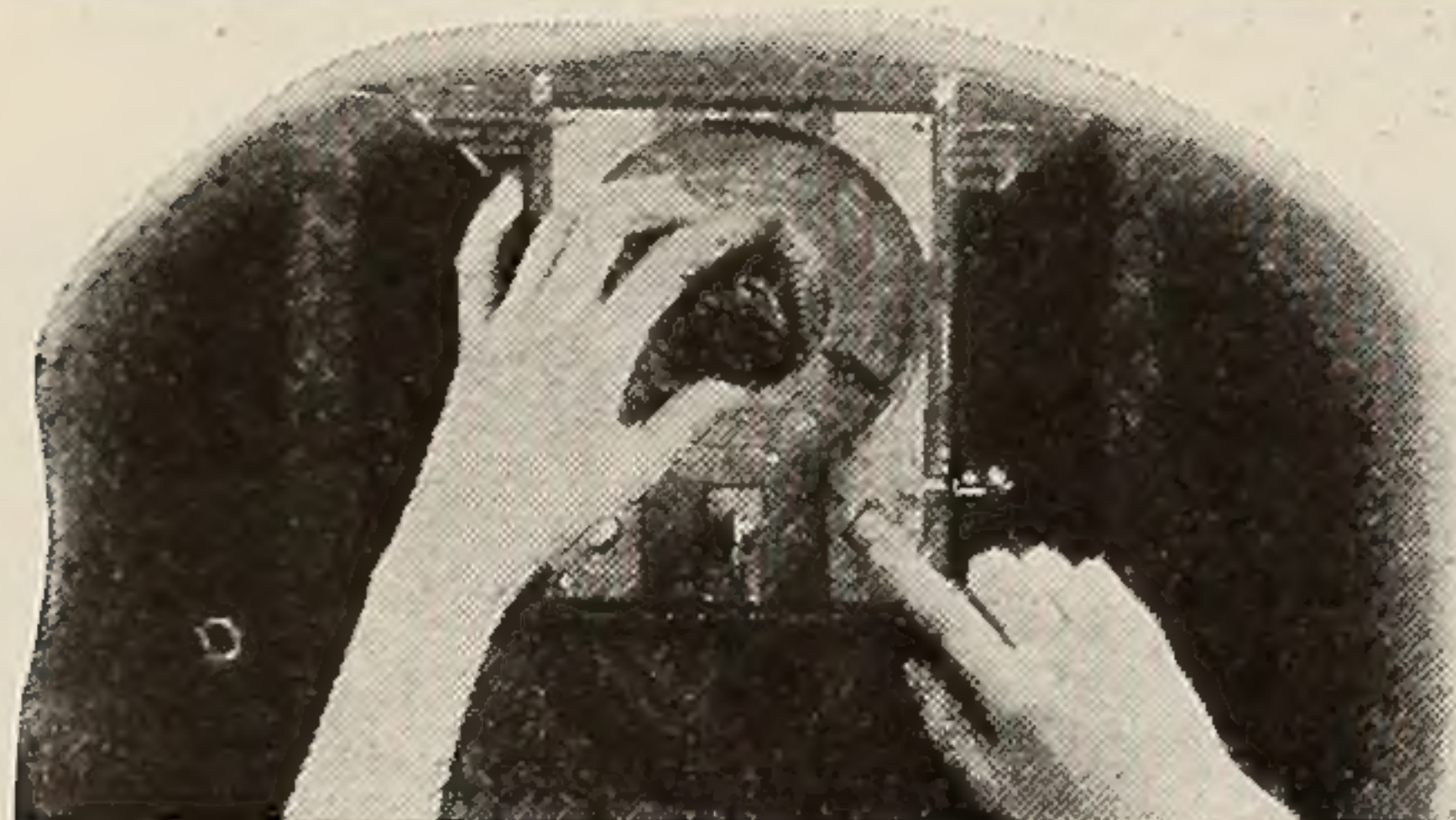


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RADIO COVERING
4½ TO 2,400 METERS.

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30 Days FREE Trial!



PUSH-BUTTON TUNING
(Noises Suppressed)

Now, Push Button Silent Tuning is offered for first time! Simply pushing Silencer Button hushes set between stations . . . suppresses noises. Pressing Station Finder Button automatically indicates proper dial position for bringing in extremely weak stations.

Acousti-Tone V-Spread Design
(Patent Pending)

...Establishes new radio style overnight! The V-Front Dispersing Vanes were developed by Midwest engineers as a result of a study of directional effect of the Midwest Full Scope High Fidelity Speaker. These Vanes spread the beautiful lacework of the "highs" throughout the entire room in a scientific manner... directing the High Fidelity waves uniformly to the ear. Send for new FREE 40-page catalog. It pictures the complete line of beautiful 1936 Acousti-Tone V-Spread consoles . . . and chassis . . . in four colors.

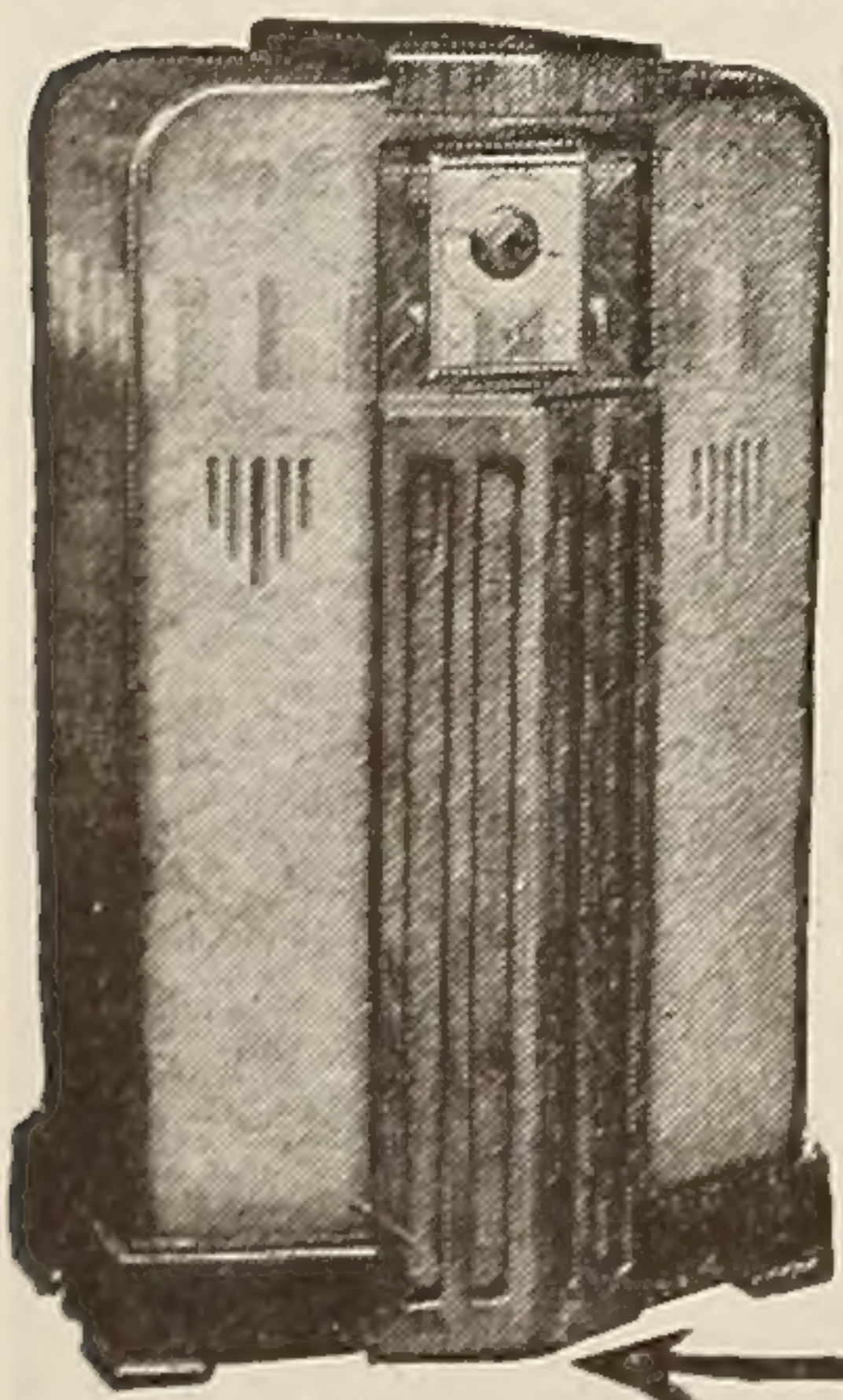
FULL SCOPE HIGH FIDELITY

Brilliant

Concert Tone

Now, get complete range of audible frequencies from 30 to 16,000 cycles, being transmitted by four new High Fidelity Broadcasting stations—W1XBS, W9XBY, W2XR and W6XAL. Glorious new Acousti-tone is achieved... assuring life-like, crystal-clear "concert" realism.

V-FRONT



EVERYWHERE, radio enthusiasts are praising this amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, super selective, 18-tube 6-tuning range radio. They say it is a tremendous improvement over Midwest's 16-tube set, so popular last season. It is sold direct to you from Midwest Laboratories at a positive saving of 30% to 50%. (This statement has been verified by a Certified Public Accountant who conducted an impartial survey among representative Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana radio retailers.) Before you buy any radio, write for FREE 40-page 1936 catalog. Never before so much radio for so little money. Why pay more? You are triple-protected with: One Year Guarantee, Foreign Reception Guarantee and Money-Back Guarantees! This super Midwest will out-perform \$200 to \$300 sets on a point-for-point comparison. That is why nationally known orchestra leaders like Fred Waring, George Olsen, Jack Denny, Ted Fio Rito, and others use Midwest sets to study types of harmony and rhythmic beats followed by leading American and Foreign orchestras.

80 ADVANCED 1936 FEATURES

Scores of marvelous features, many exclusive, explain Midwest super performance and thrilling world-wide all-wave reception . . . enable Midwest to bring in weak distant foreign stations, with full loud speaker volume, on channels adjacent to locals. Only Midwest offers so many features . . . only Midwest tunes as low as 4½ meters . . . only Midwest gives the sensational new Push-Button Tuning feature, etc. See pages 12 to 21 in FREE catalog for description of the 80 features. Read about advantages of 6 Tuning ranges . . . offered for first time: E, A, L, M, H and U. They make this Super De Luxe 18-tube set the equivalent of six different radios . . . offer tuning ranges not obtainable in other radios at any price!

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

No middlemen's profits to pay—you buy at wholesale price direct from laboratories . . . saving 30% to 50%. Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance . . . NOW . . . while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values. You can order your Midwest 1936 Full Scope High Fidelity Acousti-Tone radio from the 40-page catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to come yourself to our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% . . . you get 30 days FREE trial . . . as little as \$5.00 puts a Midwest radio in your home . . . Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write today, for FREE catalog.

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WORLD'S GREATEST
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with New
GIANT
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SONIC

(LESS TUBES) SPEAKER

TERMS AS LOW AS \$5.00 DOWN

Thrill to new explorations in sections of radio spectrum that are strangers to you. Every type of broadcast from North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia is now yours. Send today for money-saving facts.

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LIFE-LIKE TONE REALISM**

Long Island, N. Y.—After comparing many different makes, I finally decided upon Midwest. It out-performs other radios costing almost twice as much. The crystal-clear tone is so life-like that it sounds as though I am in the studios, actually hearing artists performing.



**TODAY'S FINEST RADIO
SAYS TED FIO RITO**

My new Midwest is finest radio I have had pleasure of hearing. Bass-Treble control is marvelous . . . enables one to hear every instrument in orchestra.



METAL TUBES

This Midwest is engineered from the ground up to see either the new METAL tubes or glass-metal counterpart tubes. Octal sockets and newest circuits permit use of either type . . . just as you desire.

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Without obligation on my part, send me your new FREE catalog, complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer, and FREE Miniature Rotating 18-tube Dial. This is NOT an order.

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\$1
BRINGS
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When I say that these are the greatest values that we have been able to offer in 56 years, I am ready to prove it. Even my father who founded this business 56 years ago—in the days of low prices—could not have done better. Look at these beautiful new rings and watches—look at the low prices. Let me send you your choice on money back guarantee. Here's how you do it. Simply put a \$1.00 bill in an envelope with your name, address, number of article wanted and tell me your age (must be over 20), occupation, employer and a few facts about yourself. This information will be held strictly confidential—no direct inquiries made. I'll open a 10-month charge account for you and send your selection for approval and 10-day free trial. If it isn't all I say about it and more—send it back and your dollar bill will be refunded immediately. If satisfied, you pay the balance in 10 small monthly payments that you will never miss.

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A2—Stunning flower design in 14K natural and white gold. High quality brilliant diamond. \$21.95 a month.



A-303—SWORN PERFECT DIAMOND. Select this dainty 14K wht. gold engagement ring—diamond is perfect. \$4.90 mo.

Sworn Perfect diamonds conform with the Federal Trade Commission ruling which provides that diamonds described as such must be without spots, flaws or carbon. You get an affidavit with purchase attested to by our diamond expert.



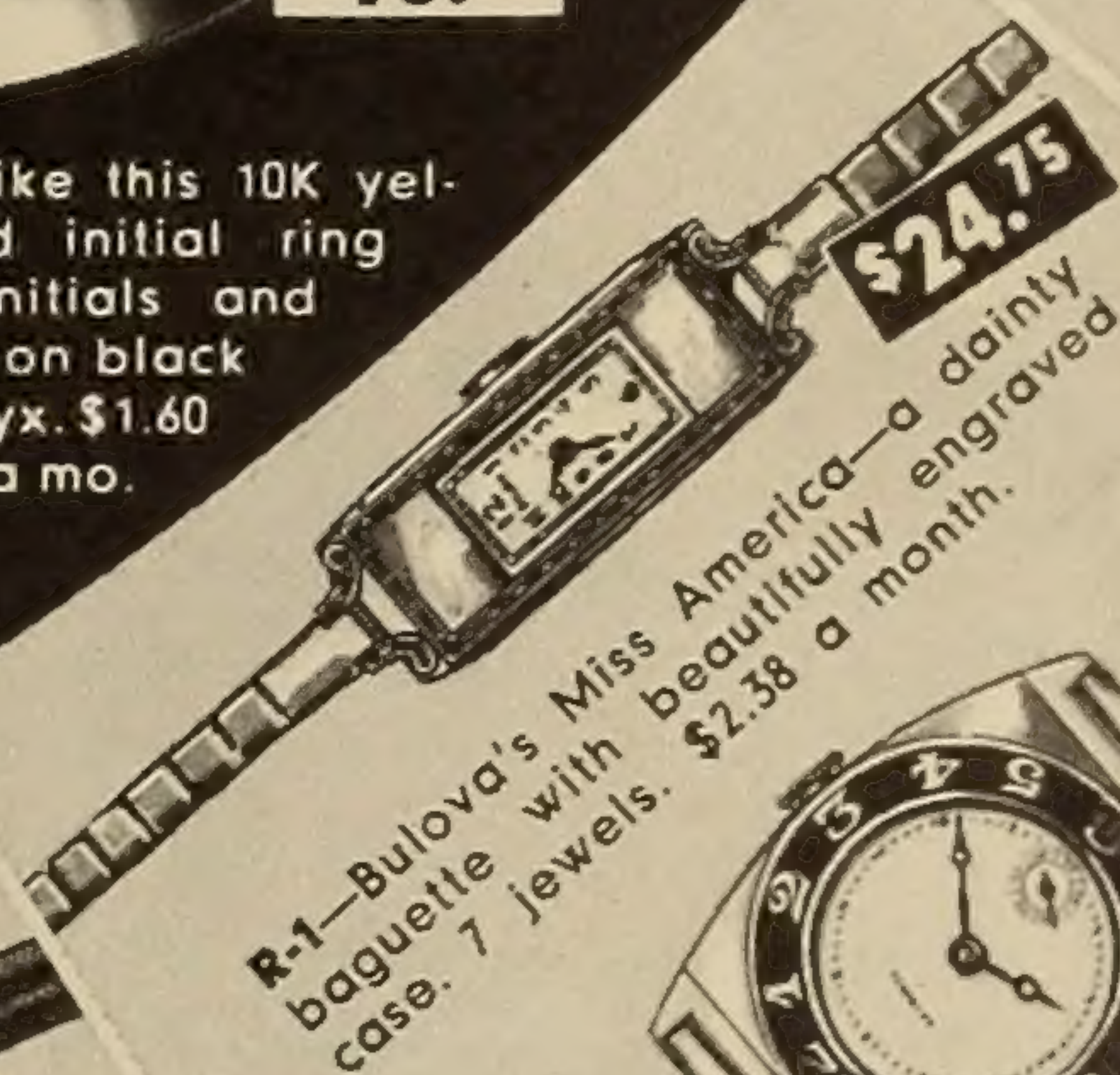
1207—Men like this 10K yellow gold initial ring with initials and dia. on black onyx. \$1.60 a mo.



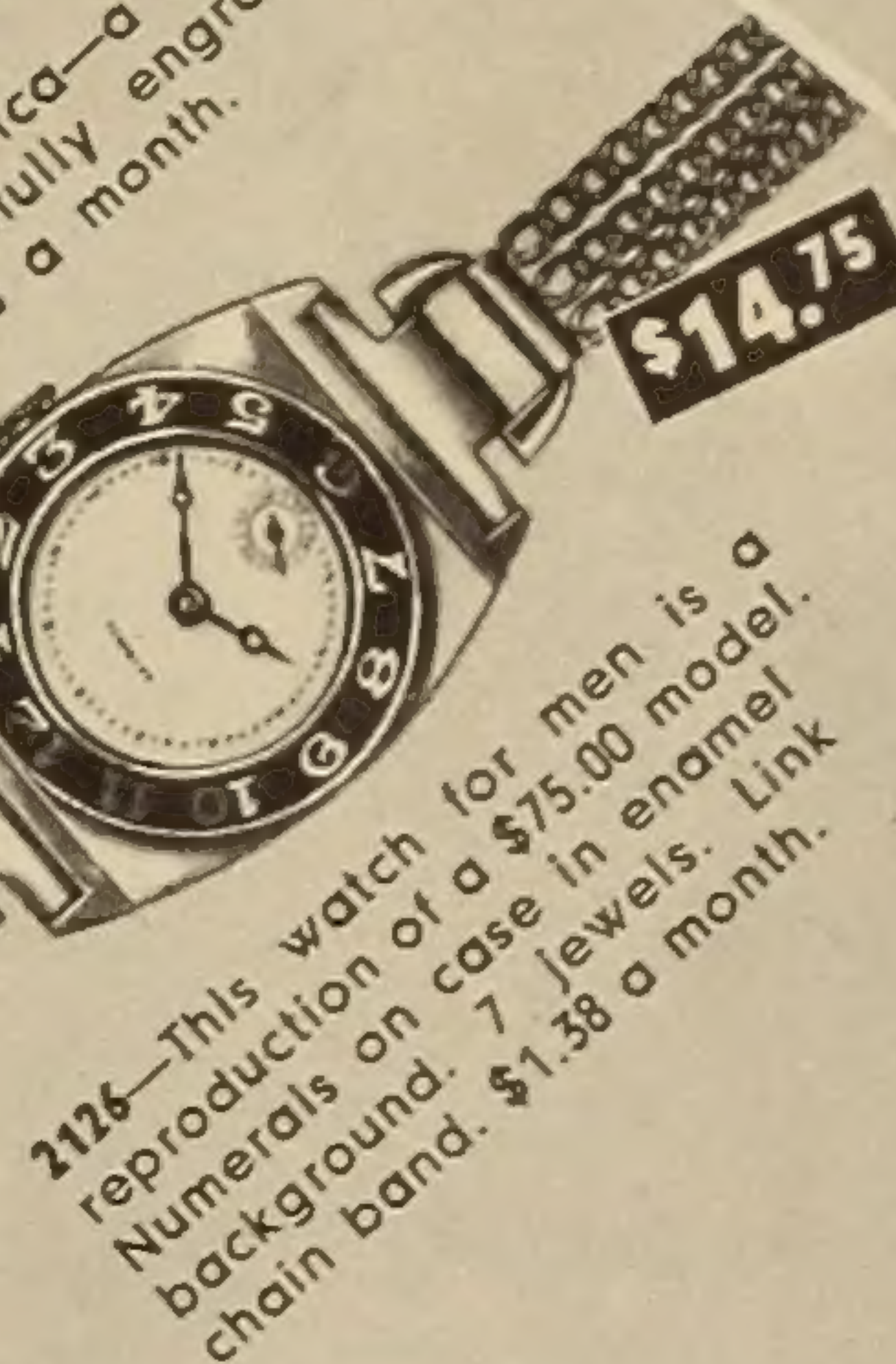
A-204—Smart engagement ring in 14K white gold with 5 high quality diamonds. \$2.90 a month.



A1/C6—Bridal Ensemble at a low price. Both rings carved to match in 14K white gold; 5 diamonds in each ring. \$3.15 a month.



R-1—Bulova's Miss America—a dainty baguette with beautifully engraved case. 7 jewels. \$2.38 a month.



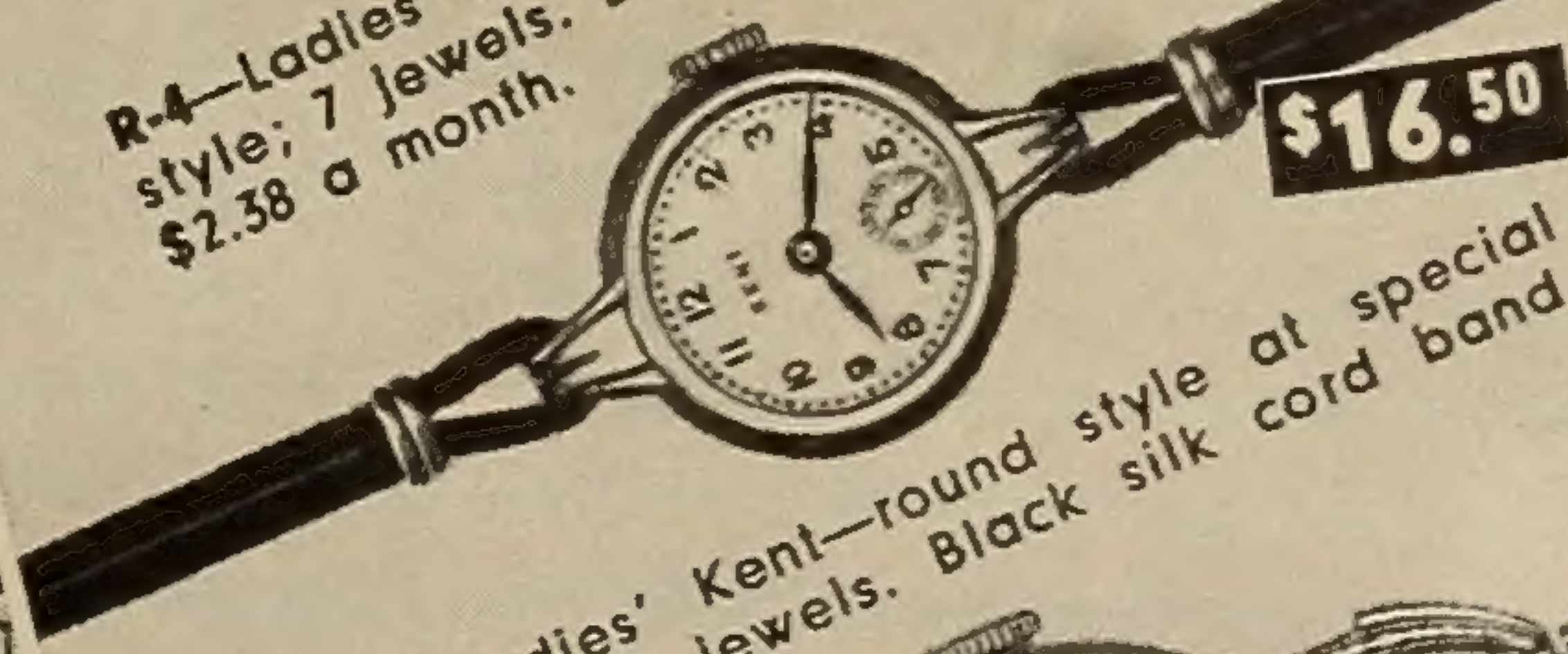
2126—This watch for men is a reproduction of a \$75.00 model. Numerals on case in enamel background. 7 jewels. Link chain band. \$1.38 a month.



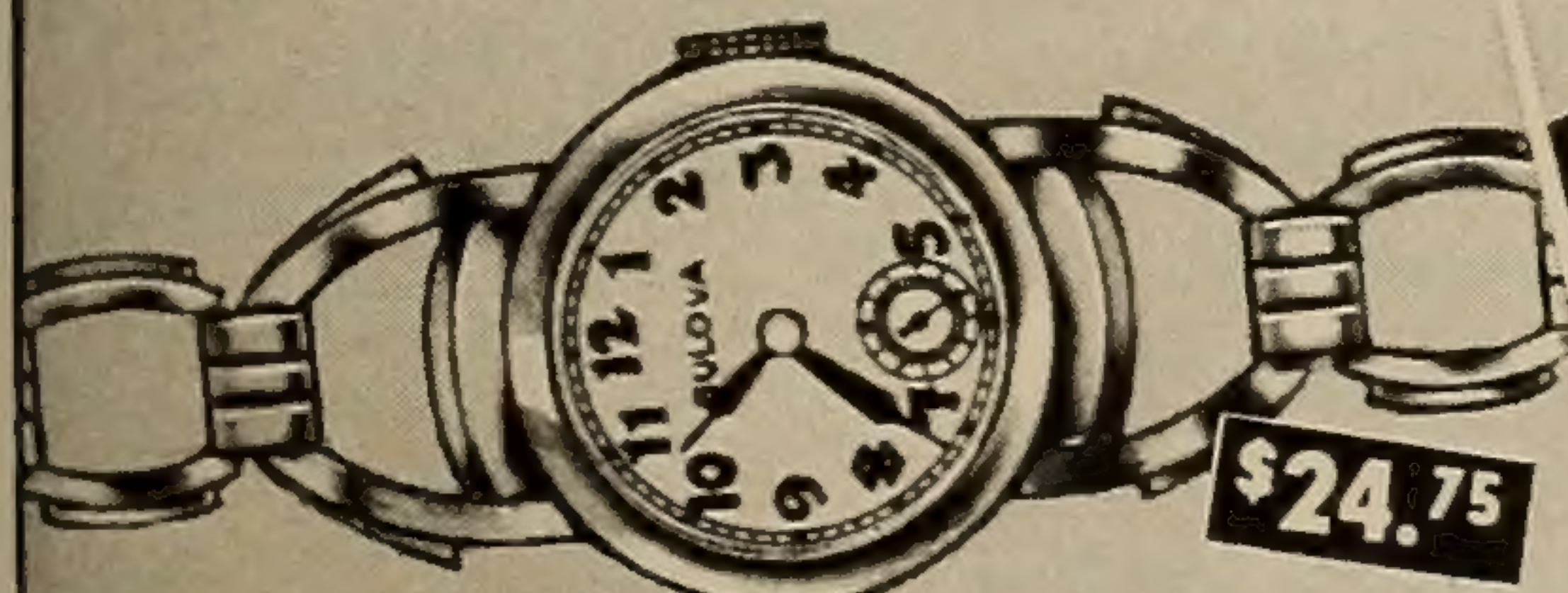
1842—This dainty baguette watch formerly sold for \$29.50. It's set with 2 brilliant diamonds. 7 jewels. \$1.90 a month.



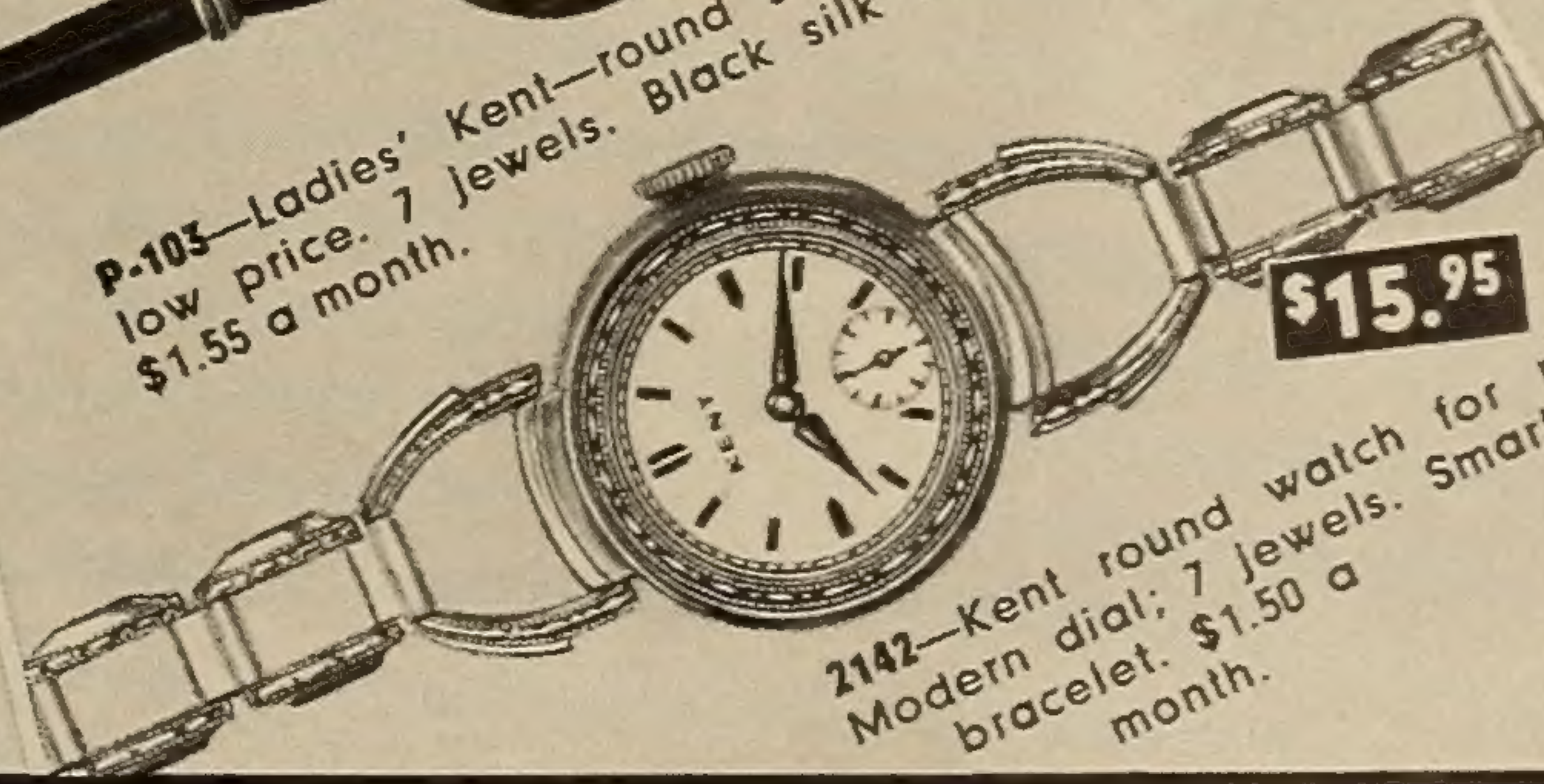
R-4—Ladies' Bulova watch. New round style; 7 jewels. Black silk cord band. \$2.38 a month.



P-103—Ladies' Kent—round style at special low price. 7 jewels. Black silk cord band. \$1.55 a month.



M-1—Bulova Commodore—a new round watch for men. 15 jewel movement. New style link bracelet. \$2.38 a month.



2142—Kent round watch for men. Modern dial; 7 jewels. Smart link bracelet. \$1.50 a month.

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... that is just what we do in making Chesterfield Cigarettes. The three types of home-grown tobaccos (Bright, Burley and Maryland) are welded together. That is, the qualities of each of the three kinds are made into one kind.

Then these three tobaccos which have been welded together are welded with aromatic Turkish tobacco.

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